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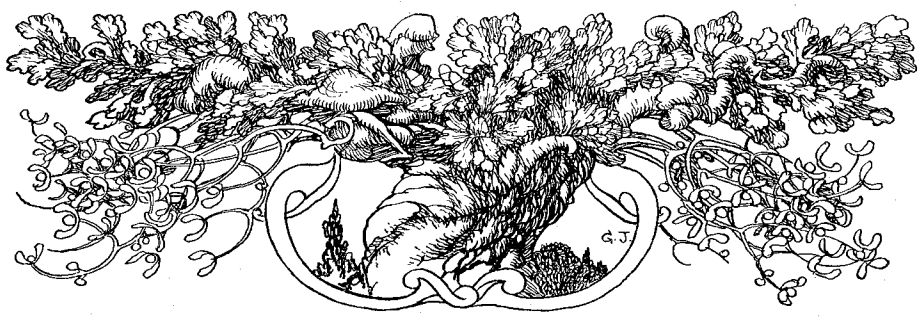

THE STABLE OF THE INN

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

IT was in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar or, as some say, in quite another year—in what was known simply as the tenth month, or, by another account, at the beginning of the eighth month. Toward the eventide of a calm day, two travellers of the peasant class, a man and a young woman—the latter riding an ass, beside which the man walked—toiled slowly up the rough highway that climbed the rocky hills a little to the southward of the ancient capital of Judea where Herod now reigned. The top of the pass in the range toward which their faces were set was crowned with a small town, whose walls, lifted above the straggling olive trees, gleamed white and pink in the light of the declining sun. The wayfarers had journeyed all day, and the woman was faint with fatigue. At length she spoke to the man. He bowed his head and, as they reached a convenient point, turned out of the rough and dusty highway, and at a little distance came to a halt in a sloping, bare field to one side, in which, on an outjut of rock, stood an old and rude tower, lifted above the folds along a ledge of the hill—the tower of Eder. On the lower hills beyond the far edge of the field some shepherds were minding their flocks as they grazed their way slowly homeward along the sides of the rocky ravines which seamed the range.

Moving far enough into the field to be beyond the dust and noise of the highway, and, if necessary, to seek refuge in the tower, the man helped the woman to dismount with more gentleness than was usually shown by people of their class. Behind them streamed the mingled traffic of a road that led to a great city. Men on foot or mounted on asses or camels passed along; truckers with loads of produce packed in immense panniers on their beasts or bearing on their heads bundles so huge that it was a wonder they were not crushed beneath them; drovers with herds of dusty cattle or flocks of sheep

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and goats on the way to market; travellers of a better degree, with servants and attendants following their horses or chariots; long lines of camels swinging slowly by in single file like great flocks of gigantic four-legged birds, the dust spurting in clouds from their lagging feet at every step. And now and then a body of soldiers swung clanking by, taking the best part of the road and with imperious voices ordering every one out of their way.

The man was already past middle age and, though of the peasant class, his face was strong and his features good, like so many of his race. The woman, young enough to be his daughter, might have been taken for his wife, save for a certain distance in his manner toward her. A young Roman noble who passed them that day, on his way to Herod's court, observing them, and noting, with an eye for beauty, the delicate features of the young woman, disclosed by her veil's slipping for a moment, concluded that the woman was some Jewish girl of station, and that her attendant was her father's steward escorting her home. She was, indeed, treated by her companion with a distinction approaching reverence. Having helped her down, he spoke softly and spread his robe on the ground for her to sit upon.

From a little distance floated upward the bleating of sheep, and presently the flocks began to appear, winding up from the lower slopes, led by their shepherds toward the folds built on the sides of the hills. To the woman's sigh of fatigue the man replied soothingly that they would soon be at their journey's end—at Bethlehem.

"Little Bethlehem!" murmured the young woman.

"'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda,'" quoted the man. "'For out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.' But thou art faint. The bottle is dry. The child that cried to us for water took the last drop. I will try to get thee some. The shepherds yonder will have it." She said something of her fear for him if he went among strange men, for the road from Jericho, which they had lately crossed, was infested with robbers—and the shepherds were a wild and reckless class. He reassured her and left her. Bearing the leathern bottle in his hand, he crossed the field and went over to one of the sheepfolds near by, where he talked to one of the shepherds, an elderly man, bearded to the eyes. When he returned a little later, he bore in his hand a bottle of milk and a piece of the coarse bread that the shepherds eat. Not long afterward the shepherds themselves came over, one after one; plain; bearded; beaten by the weather; tanned by the sun; men of the field, with their stout staves, their sheepskin coats and goat-skin leggings, and their bags, or scrips, hung over their shoulders. At their approach the young woman, who was soon to be a mother, shyly drew about her her veil, which was ample enough to cover her from head to foot. The man as quietly moved forward and, interposing between her and the strangers, greeted the leader. But they were friendly. They wanted to talk.

"Thou art from Galilee?" queried the shepherd in the lead, a rough, grizzled man with eyes that burned deep under his shaggy brows. "Thy speech is Galilean?"

The other man bowed.

"Of Nazareth."

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth!" jeered a voice rom the rear.

"As good as from Kerioth," answered another, at which his companions laughed. The speaker turned to the traveller.

"Thy name is—what?"

"Joseph, son of Jacob."

"Thou knowest my uncle, Zebedee, the fisherman? He hath a fine son——"

"I know him and his son James, and young Simon from the Rock who fishes with him."

"I know them not," said the shepherd; "but Zebedee is my mother's brother, and Judas the Zealot——"

"His wife is half-sister to her," said the traveller, with a movement of the head toward the young woman.

The connection made an impression on all around and the men drew closer together.

"Dost thou know Judas the Zealot?"

Joseph bowed.

"Hast thou seen him lately?"

"But the other day he came up from the sea to my shop to get a sheath put to his fish-knife."

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"I know that knife," said the shepherd, glancing around at his companions with pride. "He had it of one of the Sicarians. The Romans did not get it."

The other shepherds laughed hoarsely.

"It hath done other work in its time," continued the shepherd. "I heard my uncle tell of it. When Judas's father was slain, one of his captains flung himself over the cliff, and my uncle found the knife later at the foot of the cliff when he was drying his net."

"When didst thou see him last?" asked Joseph, as if to change the subject.

"He came to the Passover and sought me out. He wanted me to go and be a fisherman, but I told him that I knew the hills better than the water and I would stay here. Dost thou look for the coming one?"

Joseph bowed.

"Whither goest thou?" asked the shepherd. "Jerusalem is behind thee."

"To Bethlehem, to meet the tax, and be enrolled."

"Ah! The tax! The tax! It is always the tax," exclaimed the shepherd, while the others growled their assent. "Why should they enroll us! To slay us? Did not King David try it! And how many men did it cost! Would that we had more like Judas! Art thou of Bethlehem?" he added.

"Yea, of the tribe and lineage of David. Both of us."

He glanced around to where the young woman sat.

The speech evidently made a further impression on the shepherds.

"Would that we had another David! That would be better yet!"

"Aye, aye!" echoed the others. "And he was a shepherd! He would see us righted and not let them carry us off to the war and leave our sheep without a shepherd."

"But there is no war, now, nor rumor of war," said Joseph, "and the ploughshare is better than the sword and the pruning-hook than the spear."

"Dost thou know Joachim?" asked the shepherd suddenly.

"Yea," said Joseph; "well."

"He was once a shepherd here, fifteen or twenty years ago."

Joseph listened with interest.

"It was when the high-priest drove him from the altar because his wife was barren. He came here and lived with me. And 'tis said his wife knew not where he was and feared him dead. And he prayed always, always, and one night a vision came to him. An angel said to him: 'Was not Sara long barren? And Rachael? And yet she bore Joseph who was lord of Egypt —stronger than Samson and holier than Samuel.' And he bade him leave and go to Jerusalem and enter by the Golden Gate. And I have heard that his wife met him there and that she bore him a daughter?"

"It is true," said Joseph; "she is there."

The shepherd stopped and gazed long and curiously at the figure on the ground.

"So!" he murmured. "Zebedee said there was talk of strange things at Nazareth; he said that word had come that again a barren woman had borne a child —a woman as old as our mother Sara, and that her husband had seen a vision—his name was Zachariah, was it not? Hast thou heard of it?" His voice sank and his eyes sought the traveller's eyes. The other shepherds listened intently.

The young woman on the ground drew her veil yet closer about her. It was as if a white morning-glory had withdrawn within itself at the approach of evening.

"I have heard so," said Joseph briefly.

"Can it be that the time draws nigh?" asked the old shepherd tremblingly.

"Who knoweth the times and the seasons?" replied the other, as if to avoid the gaze fixed upon him.

"But it is said that a virgin must bear a child, and he shall be called Emmanuel. Can it be? Does it mean that we are never to see the rising again of Israel?"

"Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?" replied Joseph quietly. "Or is his ear dulled that he cannot hear?" He turned to where the young woman sat on the ground.

"But I grow old," said the shepherd. "I had a son once, but the Romans—" He broke off. "We have scores to settle."

"Aye, that we have," came in chorus from the others.

"Wait on the Lord," said Joseph. The young woman rose from the ground and Joseph lifted her gently to her saddle.

"Have a care of thy wife," said the

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shepherd. "She is young and the soldiers——"

"I have no fear," said Joseph calmly.

"They fear not God, nor regard man. To them an Israelite is a dog."

"We have no fear," said Joseph firmly.

"The place will be full. There is but one inn, and it will be crowded. They have been passing since sunrise. Clouds of dust on the road all day. We could see it from the hills."

The others assented.

"God will provide for us," said Joseph, as, bidding the shepherd adieu, he turned the ass's head toward the road.

The shepherds stood and watched them as they moved slowly upward until they were lost in the shadows on the highway, and then turned back to their flocks. What they said, it was, perhaps, well that no soldiers were near to hear; for the older man's words had stirred them deeply, and prophecy after prophecy was recounted pointing to the overthrow of Roman power.

For two hours nearly the travellers plodded onward up the mountain. The village on its shoulder above them turned pink, then white as alabaster; and then the white faded to an icy blue; once more flushed to a saffron hue, and gradually died until by the time the travellers reached the nearest houses down the slope all was dusk, and with the darkness had come the cold. Once they paused at a turn in the road, and rested while they gazed across the dark valley to the eastward to where some miles away gleamed many lights. "There it is," said Joseph. "There is Jerusalem. The Temple."

"I have had many happy hours there," said his companion softly. As they moved on, between them and the sky on a hill beside the road, a cross lifted itself. "Look the other way," said Joseph quickly; but he was too late. The young woman shuddered and bowed her head low. "Some robber, perhaps, but he is dead," explained Joseph. The young woman's only answer was a moan.

When they arrived at the village itself, they found what the shepherds had said to be true. The village was quite full and the only inn there had no place for them.

When they reached the gate-way of the entrance court, travellers were being turned away, and a number of them were consulting together as to whether they should remain in the street all night or should go back toward Jerusalem. The gates would be shut; but they might find a lodging place in some other village.

It was dark, for the moon, though nearly full, was not yet risen above the hills, and it was too late to seek shelter elsewhere. Joseph went boldly to the gate and knocked. For some time there was no answer; but he continued to knock. Jeers broke out from the group in the street behind him; but he paid no heed. He kept on knocking. After a while the bar was drawn on the inside, and the porter partly opened the gate. When, however, he saw only a plain man with a woman mounted on an ass, he spoke shortly and told him that there was no room for them in the inn. Joseph made known his situation. His wife could go no farther and could not remain in the street all night. This did not avail. The porter spoke with contempt. "Better than you have been turned away tonight."

"Than me?—Yes," said Joseph; "but not better than that I bring." He took from his scrip an official paper and added that he had come "under Cæsar's order."

"You trouble me much," growled the porter. But he admitted them, and told Joseph that he might spend the night in the stable if he could find a place there.

"In the stable!" said Joseph.

"Yes, and you'd better be glad to get that," growled the porter. "The other night we had to put up a man that a dog of a Samaritan had found on the road from Jericho, naked and half-dead. He must needs bring him here and order the best room for him. A priest and a Levite were here that night, and a pretty fuss they made too—they wanted him put in the stable; but the Samaritan's money was good, so the master took him in."

Joseph said that he was glad to have the stable, and, leading the ass inside the gate, he followed the direction of the porter. He picked his way carefully across the dim court, amid the camels and asses crowded therein, and crossed over to the side to which the porter carelessly waved him, where, hollowed in the rock, were the rough caves used as stables for the inn.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

It was, then, not a dream. This was the sign unto them.—Page 646.

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Here in a stall which had, perhaps, been kept vacant in the hope that some guest of quality might come who would pay for it, and would bring honor to the inn, Joseph placed his wife, using such means as he could to make her comfortable.

The inn itself was full of life and movement; lights flared and failed and flared again, as busy servants bustled about attending to the wants of the numerous guests who ate and drank, sang, danced, and slept as they listed.

Across the court, where the camels and other cattle ruminated or slumbered, all was dark and still—as dark and still as it must have been when darkness was upon the waters before the dawn of the first creation, when God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

Far away, across the sea, on her seven hills, Rome glittered with her myriad lights, innumerable as the stars of heaven, and in his imperial palace ruled Augustus Cæsar, master of the world, whose decree had gone out that all the world should be taxed—ruled in such splendor that the greatest men of their time proclaimed him a god—ruled with such power that a simple carpenter in a little town in a far-away province across the seas could not be overlooked and left at home; but must make a long and perilous journey with his wife to be taxed in the city of his fathers, where he was a stranger, and in which when he arrived he was unable to get room in the inn, and was fain to lodge in the inn stables among the cattle, as little considered as they.

None but the lowly shepherds in the fields had taken note of them. To them happened a strange thing that night.

It must have been about midnight. The moon had crept slowly up the sky and flooded the hills with light. The oldest of the shepherds was on watch, while the others slept. Many things revolved in his mind—the promises to Abraham and to his seed forever—the words of peace that the traveller from Nazareth had spoken, swept through his memory. He began to dream. And the first thing that struck him was the strange behavior of the sheep in the folds. They rose from the ground and, facing toward the mountain, knelt as lambs kneel at their mothers' sides. But they were all still, as still as if carved of stone. And while he wondered, suddenly there stood near him—so suddenly that it was as if he had dropped down upon him—a presence. He had no time to question—a light—a glory unimaginable—brighter than the moon—more glorious than the sun—like the glory of the Lord. It awoke some of others. It was round about them, and they were sore afraid. Then a voice sounded in their ears—and the angel said unto them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

Astonished and still terrified—stunned beyond thought—the shepherds lay as they had been found—and suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Then they went away upward—up into the Heaven—and only the shepherds were left on the earth with their flocks. When they recovered their courage and looked up, the sky was as usual on clear and cloudless nights—and only the moon was shining down, flooding the fields with light. They began to talk in low tones of what they had seen and heard, and to wonder what it all meant. One of the younger men who had not spoken before roused up and complained that they had awakened him. "Thou sleptest soundly, then, thou of Kerioth," they said. But Judas declared that they had disturbed a dream he had. "I dreamt of silver," he said; "a garden like one I know near Jerusalem and a great treasure there—a man on his knees and I arrested him—and gave him up, and found thirty great pieces of silver. Oh! I felt rich—as rich as that Zaccheus men talk of—and then you waked me up; I could hang myself." His companions, however, paid little attention to him. They were too wonderstruck—and presently they began to say one to another, "Let us now go even to Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

In a few moments they were ready to start.

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"If we are going," said the leader, "we might as well take with us some milk. We may come across our friends, Joseph and his wife, and they will find it hard to get anything in that crowded place." He went off, and in a little while came back with a bottle of milk.

"What is the use of that?" growled the one who had had his dream disturbed. "They will have enough. Better save and sell it, and let me give the money to the poor."

"Judas, thou art ever prating of giving, yet givest naught," said the man with the bottle of milk. "Come with us."

"I am not going," said the man of Kerioth. "I shall stay and see that no one troubles the sheep."

"See that thou trouble them not thyself," said one of his fellows, at which the others laughed.

"Come on," said the leader. And they set forth in haste, followed by the gibes of the one left behind.

Out in the dusty road they filed, one behind the other, and by the moonlight began to ascend the winding, rocky road which led up toward the hills above them. Stumbling over the rocks in the dusk with their ill-shod feet; passing the commonplace wayfarers coming or going with their asses or on foot, it was hard to believe that but now they had seen and heard Heavenly messengers—as Abraham and Jacob and Daniel had seen them.

"Well we shall know when we get there. If the babe be there—we shall know," said the leader.

It was near day when they reached the town. They came at length to the gate of the inn. In the twilight of the dawn it was just being opened by the sleepy and gruff porter as they arrived, and he stood in the open gate-way yawning. He heard their inquiry in dull silence.

He pondered a moment. "What is it ye want?" he asked sullenly.

"We want to know if two travellers who came here late last night found shelter?"

"Two travellers? Nearer two hundred. Look at the court-yard. So full that one cannot walk across it. And the house is packed."

"Two who came late? A man and a young woman—he was much older than she—she——"

"Oh! Aye. Two came late—too late——"

"What became of them?"

"There was no place for them in the inn——"

"And you turned them away?"

"Who said I did? Am I a dog to do that?"

"What became of them?"

The porter half turned.

"Go look in there." He pointed toward the stable. "I gave them shelter there for the young woman—and none too soon. There are three of them there now, I judge, from what I heard but now."

The shepherds gave an exclamation and, passing across the court-yard to the stable, paused at the opening that led into the dusky recess. A woman's voice, low and soft, yet jubilant, was heard. She was speaking in the tone of gladness of a young mother:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

The shepherds approached softly, and there in the manger, wrapped in swaddling-bands, lay the young child.

It was, then, not a dream. This was the sign unto them.

"His mercy is on them that fear Him, from generation to generation," crooned the young mother as the shepherds drew near. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree." It was the hymn of the poor.

The shepherds entered softly. The morning light stole into the recess and fell on the group, and the shepherds sank to their knees to gaze on the babe in wondering awe. So, in the stable began the first worship of Him who came to save the world—Christ the Lord.

That day it was noised abroad—that wonders had happened in the city of David, and in the country round about. It reached the ears of the authorities, and an investigation was made. In the time of the taxing all rumors were looked into. Theudas and Judas were the proof of how serious such rumors might be. But this report was traced to a few poor shepherds who, returning to the fields from a village, told a strange story of a babe born in a stable and of angels appearing and preaching peace and good-will to all

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men. No one paid any attention to them at the time. Only Mary, the young mother, kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

Cæsar Augustus in Rome was celebrating his world-wide peace, and Herod Ascalonita was too busy with his dreams of power to pay attention to such talk. When some months later it recurred and some Eastern travellers brought it again to his attention, with the story of an old prophecy from the Hebrew writings, referring to Bethlehem, he disposed of the matter finally by sending soldiers and slaying all the babes born in the village mentioned from two years old and under, including among them, it is said, even one of his own children, who was born there. But by this time, says the sacred record, Joseph, having been warned by God in a dream, had taken the young child and his mother and departed into Egypt.

SCANDINAVIAN PAINTERS OF TO-DAY

By Christian Brinton

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY LEADING CONTEMPORARY SWEDISH, DANISH, AND NORWEGIAN ARTISTS

THERE is something more, it must be confessed, than mere insularity in the mental attitude of the English miss who greeted a girl friend's enthusiastic account of her summer trip to Scandinavia with the naive exclamation: "Really, and did you mix with the natives!" The stirring and heroic history of the Peninsula, its remoteness, scenic picturesqueness, and the comparative lateness with which its inhabitants entered the concert of so-called European civilization, are all causes contributing to a kindred position on the part of the general public. To the average person Scandinavia is still the land of Vikings and their descendants, the intrepid sea-rovers and explorers of modern days. It is a country of mountains, water-falls, perpetual snow, and grandiose and eccentric meteorological phenomena. Ibsen and Grieg, Strindberg and Selma Lagerlöf, have, it is true, within the past generation become known to the outside world, yet there doubtless exist otherwise well-equipped individuals who think that Hans Christian Andersen was a German, and to whom the name of Holger Drachmann would presumably spell no little confusion of mind.

In the province of the fine arts matters are much the same. While we can all boast familiarity with Zorn and Thaulow, and on the Continent Krøyer and Edelfelt have likewise won recognition, it is unfortunate that Scandinavian art should thus far be chiefly known through the production of what may in broad terms be characterized as its least typical representatives. Once the way was open, the public has been quick to appreciate the national note in the music and literature of the leading Northern countries. In

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painting, however, marked preference has been shown solely for those few men who have spoken an international artistic language, who have, as it were, concealed their racial legacy beneath a veneer of clever cosmopolitanism. Far from being the only Scandinavian painters of outstanding merit, it should be borne in mind that the above-mentioned artists have merely been the most successful of their generation in disguising the native æsthetic idiom. Dexterous and facile as their work is, it will doubtless present relatively few points of interest to those whose good fortune it may at any time prove to become familiar with the situation at first hand.

It is perhaps more true of Scandinavia than of any other country that its art must be studied in terms of the land and its people. While the production of the leading painters has at certain periods displayed manifest traces of foreign influence, it is seen at its best in the delineation of native type and scene, and in the graphic or plastic rendering of those states of consciousness which we at once recognize as peculiarly Northern in their lyric exaltation or passionate unrest. There is beyond question a marked affinity both ethnic and æsthetic between the three nations, yet the art of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway is none the less in each case distinctive, as much so as the language or physical characteristics of the countries themselves. *La belle école blonde*, as the apt and responsive Frenchmen are in the habit of calling the modern Scandinavian school, is in reality three separate schools of painting which developed at different intervals, and the general features of which are frankly at variance. It is not sufficient to discuss this art at the Exposition Universelle or the Georges Petit or Durand-Ruel galleries. One must at least go to Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania, and it is even better to journey northward into Dalecarlia, to wander leisurely across the lush, wide-horizoned plains of Jutland, or watch the shimmering face of Norse fjord from some high-perched artist home.

A certain outward prestige and distinction, the prestige of priority and a distinction deriving from long-standing acquaintance with the court and customs of France, have always marked the progress of Swedish artistic development. The Swede is endowed with a more flexible temperament than his neighbors, and Swedish painting reveals at all points a spirited eclecticism that is in strong contrast with the quiet intimacy of the Danes and the rugged and not infrequently boisterous individualism of the Norwegians. From the days of Roslin and Hall, the former of whom rivalled Greuze on his own ground, and the latter of whom was a colleague and competitor of Fragonard, the Swedes have demonstrated their ability to hold their own in any artistic company. The foremost living example of this tendency toward æsthetic internationalism is of course Anders L. Zorn, whose Mora home is, like himself, Swedish outside and within filled with the choicest gleanings from foreign lands.

When you leave Stockholm, pass through the ancient university town of Uppsala, and continue onward by way of Gäfle and Falun to Mora station, where you are met by a roomy carriage and pair of sturdy mountain ponies, you may assure yourself that you are in the veritable heart of Sweden. The Dalkarlar are different from the rest of their countrymen. They cling more tenaciously to the primitive communal existence of former days, and are closely identified with the antique spirit of the place. It is only in the parishes of Mora, Rättvik, and Leksand that native costume and customs still prevail, and it is here on the banks of Lake Siljan, within sight of his humble birthplace, that Zorn has built himself a typical Swedish home and furnished it in keeping, with a few additions. When not in London, Paris, New York, Stockholm, or elsewhere, he may usually be found at Mora, or still farther up country at Gopsmor. With superb enthusiasm and unsurpassed manipulative mastery this essentially sophisticated painter has for years past dedicated not a little of his time and energy to the portrayal of peasant life and scene in Dalarne. He is passionately fond of flashing red frock and the fresh glow of healthy skin. He depicts now a strapping girl with a pair of heavy milk pails balanced across her shoulders, now a solitary shepherdess blowing her cattle horn amid the stillness of the birch forest. He shows you here

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the Midsummer Night frenzy of couples dancing on the green, and there the crisp frostiness of church-going on Christmas morn. Beyond question it is magically done. The tones are clear and ringing, the touch swift and sure.

Zorn is always in holiday mood while at Mora and Gopsmor. He dons the native dress, or bathes in mountain streams. He plunges joyously through the wood, and turns homeward to attack each successive canvas with boundless vivacity. And yet, after being on the scene for a few days yourself, you begin to wonder whether, despite his unparalleled opportunities, he really gets very far beneath the surface. You ask yourself, unconsciously of course, if these peasant lassies are not a shade too chic; whether, in short, there is not a deeper note to these simple, earnest souls whose past was so stern and valiant, and whose present is so completely the product of that past. Come upon a little group of them singing or playing to themselves in some tiny hut among the hills, attend their dances, or watch them at work in the fields or about the house, and you will involuntarily look at this art with different eyes. It is barely possible that the painter may

Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Dalecarlian Peasant Girl in Winter Costume. By Anders L. Zorn (Swedish).

Photograph by Erik Wettergren, Esq., Stockholm.

Zorn's home at Mora, the painter in the foreground to left.

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Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Peasant Girl from Floda, Dalecarlia. By Anders L. Zorn (Swedish).

have lingered too long abroad and, without himself realizing it, have exchanged his native birthright for a mere *mélange* of foreign æsthetic sensibility. In any case, you are apt to drive stationward behind the stout ponies with mixed emotions—with an overflowing consciousness of generous hospitality, and an increased sense of how difficult it is for mere paint and canvas to express the fulness of nature and of life in any corner of the globe.

It is a different artistic atmosphere that awaits you on the threshold of Carl Larsson's bright-countenanced and whimsically individual home at Sundborn, near Falun. If Zorn has elected to record peasant character and costume as he finds them so fundamentally unchanged about him at Mora, Larsson, on the other hand, has created his own little kingdom solely to fit his personal caprice. You cannot say that Sundborn and all it signifies are not Swedish, yet it is more accurate to describe them as simply Larsson. A mixture of motives Rococo, Japanese, and downright Dalecarlian, the art of Carl Larsson, and his home as well—for the two are inseparable—display in abundance the priceless stamp of personality. A Stockholm street urchin, as he racily describes himself when you discuss the question of birth and early associations, he has, through his humor, his unfailing inventive faculty, and strongly marked decorative sympathies, managed to endear himself to an entire nation as well as to countless hearts in distant lands.

Carl Larsson needs no models save his wife, his children, and family servants. He cares little for travel, and finds his entire inspiration within the four walls of his gayly tinted homestead, in his garden, and sparkling stretch of river. There is, oddly enough, a strain of mysticism and nervous sensibility in this genial pictorial fabulist's make-up, yet his art is all sunshine, fresh color-contrasts, slender, youthful forms, and happy faces. To visit Sundborn after having been so long familiar with his work is like waking up and having one's dream come true.

Photograph by Fornstedt, Falun.

Sundborn, the home of the painter, Carl Larsson, near Falun, Sweden.

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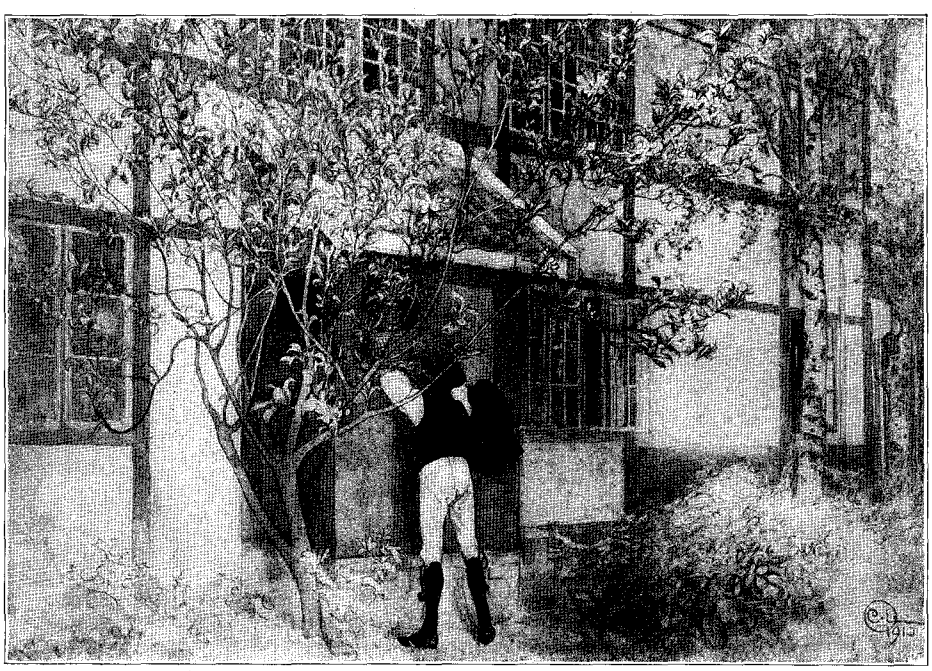
Picnic in the Birchwood at Sundborn. By Carl Larsson (Swedish).

And, indeed, you actually find yourself each morning in that copious panelled bed set deep into the wall, are aroused by rosy-cheeked Martina, and spend your days just as delectably as they do in "On the Sunny Side." It is this sense of domestic intimacy, this fidelity to carefully selected detail, and this same diverting fusion of fact and fancy, that have made the art of Carl Larsson what it is to-day. And there surely never was a case where a man's work and his surroundings were more reciprocally typical.

It is unnecessary to recall in any specific way the homes of other Swedish painters. Those of Zorn and Larsson, unique in all Scandinavia, express the same general tendencies you encounter throughout the Peninsula. The desire to possess a *pied-à-terre*, to live upon one's native sod



The Flirt. By Carl Larsson (Swedish).

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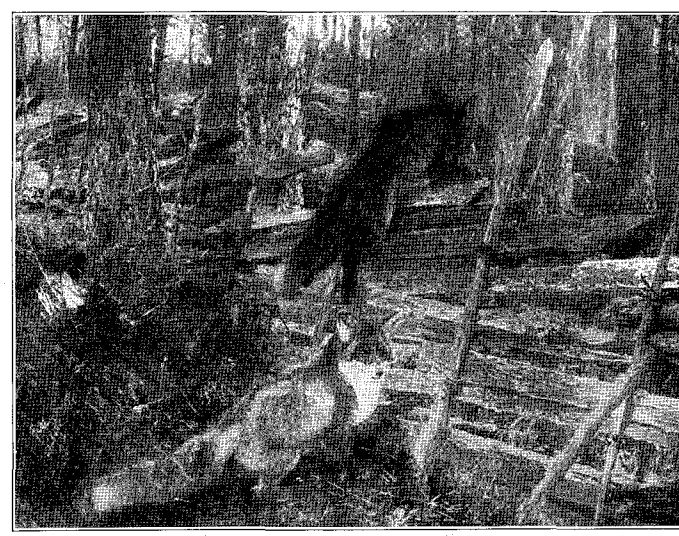
Sea-Eagles. By Bruno Liljefors (Swedish).

and soil, is one of the master currents of the Scandinavian temperament. Though they may reside abroad for longer or shorter periods, these men as a rule return to the land of their birth and develop as best they can its artistic possibilities. It is difficult to separate any of them from the particular localities where they live and work, and no better instance of this can be cited than that of the masterly painter of animal portraits, as he describes himself, Bruno Liljefors. The son of a powder-maker, and a typical sportsman-artist, Liljefors stands alone in his power of depicting creatures of field, forest, mountain fastness, and open stretch of sea and sky in their native character and environment. He is no sentimental humanizer of the animal world. He gives us elk, fox, hare, black-cock, or horned owl of Upp-



Courtesy of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

Foxes. By Bruno Liljefors (Swedish).

land wood and plain with the rarest spirit and veracity, and when he leads us out among the wave-washed skerries of Bullerö, in the *södra skärgård*, and shows us eider-duck, gull, and great sea eagle in their primal spontaneity of play or hungry passion, he does something never before accomplished in paint. There are, in certain of these canvases, lingering touches of the gray mood of the Frenchmen of the early eighties, as well as echoes of the Japanese animal painters of a past century, but at their best they are unmistakably Swedish. It is little short of a veritable epic in paint, this collection of canvases, the most important of which may be seen in the Thiel Gallery. It is the soundest and most sterling chapter yet contributed to the story of modern Swedish art, and combines on even terms the

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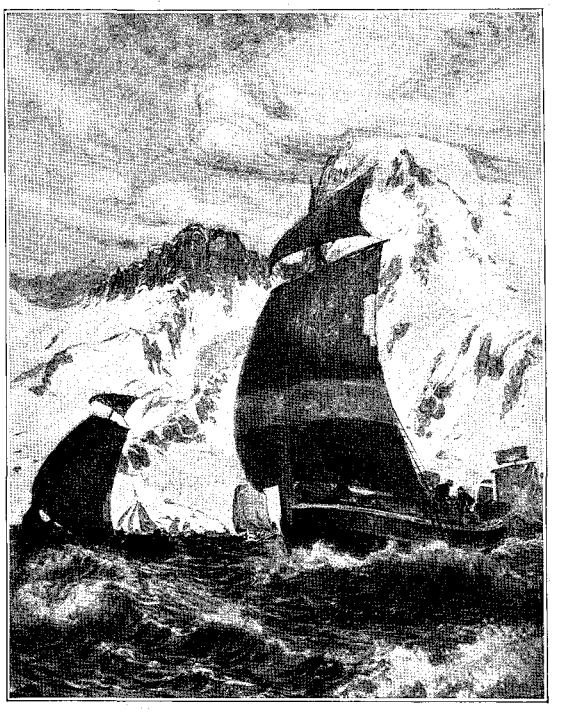
observation of a born naturalist and the inspiration of a painter utterly devoid of *parti-pris* or professional artifice. Although living nearer the capital than most of his colleagues, Liljefors is seen less frequently in Stockholm than any of them. Yet when he does come he never fails to bring with him the breath of the forest and the sense of a man to whom nature and art are a single, indissoluble unit.

Should you follow Gustaf Fjaestad, once champion distance skater, to Arvika in his beloved Värmland, or farther north to Abisko in Lappland, where he is wont to study snow effects in all their solitary, inviolate splendor, or should you watch with Otto Hesselbom the landscape about Lake Vänern unfold itself in spacious, majestic grandeur, you would get still nearer the spirit and significance of contemporary Swedish art, stylistic with the former, nobly synthetic with the latter. It is into an older world that the eloquent fancy of Gunnar Hallström leads us as he paints, draws, or designs tapestries at his island home of Björkö, and it takes but a touch of imaginative insight, and a dash of historical perspective, to see in the fishing-boats of Anna Boberg, viewed off the coast of Lofoten, the Viking ships of a still more remote and primitive past.



Modern Vikings. By Anna Boberg (Swedish).

Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Anna Boberg in winter painting costume.

One must not, however, infer that the charms of Stockholm, the "fair enchantress" of Northern cities, have in any wise been neglected, for in Prince Eugen and Eugène Jansson these palaces and bridges, teeming water-fronts, winding streets, and luminous, star-set firmaments have found interpreters that leave little to be desired. Carl Wilhelmson has furthermore not infrequently come across from the West Coast and forsaken his serious-faced peasant folk in order to add to this pictorial treasury, while the note of good cheer and fellowship, so genuinely Stockholmian, has been struck by the broad brush and vigorous tonality of Gösta von Hennigs. There is in all this work, regardless of subject, a sense of style that is essentially Swedish. The lessons learned abroad, in France or elsewhere, have been assimilated, and the production of the younger generation of painters is to-day

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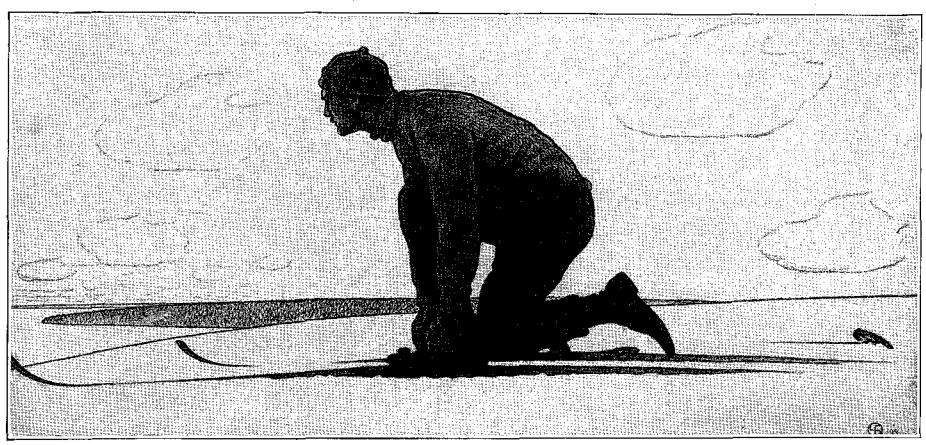
national in theme and treatment. Nowhere, save perhaps in Vienna or Moscow, do you get quite the same æsthetic stimulus on viewing a representative exhibition of current art. And, in point of unified impression and fresh, unfatigued racial feeling, the Swedes are superior to the Viennese and fall very slightly behind the redoubtable Russians.

While it has been within the province of the gifted and versatile inhabitants of Sweden to produce work that discloses a distinctly national physiognomy, it has remained for the less brilliant but more stable Danes to foster what may in scientific terms be considered the only real school of painting in Scandinavia. The genesis of contemporary Danish art may be found in the minute and painstaking little land- and seascape panels of Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg, and the line of development extends in unbroken sequence through Købke and Lundbye down to the present day. There is one quality which above all else characterizes Danish art, and that is modesty—modesty of motive and of treatment. This painting is in the majority of cases restricted to the most unpretentious themes, and they have habitually been expressed in an æsthetic terminology which is itself the epitome of simplicity and restraint. The Danes do not seem to feel the need of those vivid and often crudely contrasting color appositions that confront one throughout Sweden. Their houses are painted white, not red, and are screened behind the leafy seclusion of great protecting beech-trees. The art of Denmark approaches more closely that of Holland than any other country, and, indeed, the land and its people at many points suggest a gradual refinement upon the Dutch, though possessing a combination of dreamy languor, delicate sensibility, and genuine good spirits rarely encountered anywhere else in the world.

While it may without invidiousness be said that the art of Denmark can boast a past, that of Sweden a present, and that of Norway a future, there are nevertheless contemporary Danish painters who are able to render admirable account of themselves, and who are continuing on wholesome and significant lines the traditions and practice of the older men already mentioned. Krøyer, of course, calls for no comment, since it is such men as Krøyer, and in similar fashion Tuxen, who have elected to bear upon their shoulders the precarious burden of international artistic responsibility. Their varying mixture of pleinairism and official portraiture has fortunately seen its day, and Danish painting is at present doubtless more pleased to be known through the fluid, almost monochromatic ambience of Hammershøi's interiors, the faithful transcriptions of rural scene by Ring, and the poignant humanity of Einar Nielsen's austere and sober-toned character studies.



Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Binding on Skees. By Gunnar Hallström (Swedish).

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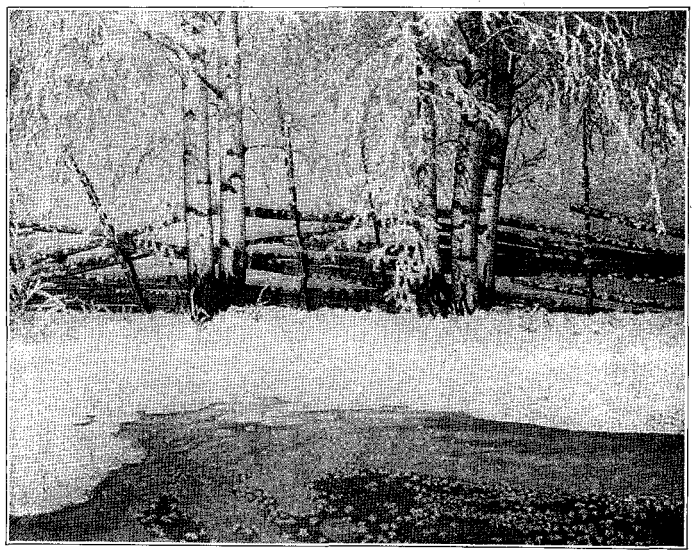
Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Our Country. By Otto Hesselbom (Swedish).

Though each of the three occupies an important place in contemporary Danish painting, it is Vilhelm Hammershφi who merits chief consideration. There is something of the patient impersonality of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, something of the mystic envelope of Eugène Carrière, and not a little of our own Whistler's magic suggestion in these canvases, and yet they are essentially Danish and essentially Copenhagenian in feeling and accent. The best collection of Hammershφi's work is to be found in the home of Dr. Alfred Bramsen, nor could a more fitting setting be conceived than these quiet rooms discreetly filled with old furniture and pottery, each of which seems like a Hammershφi picture come to life. Danish society is more solidified than that of the other Scandinavian countries, and the Danes even more domestic and home-loving than their neighbors. It is this note that you find in the art of Hammershφi, though it has been subtilized and unified far beyond the confines of mere every-day actuality.



Hoar Frost in the Sun. By Gustaf Fjaestad (Swedish).

The absence of striking subject matter and general sobriety of temper which distinguish the art of the foregoing men is hardly so marked in the work of what is locally known as *Den fynske Skole*, which includes Fritz Syberg, Johannes Larsen, and Peter Hansen, all of them former pupils of Zahrtmann. Seeking their inspiration

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Photograph by Em. Crevaux, Paris.

The Mountain Girl. By J. F. Willumsen (Danish).

for the most part in the Island of Fyn, they represent the spirit and traditions of those earlier landscape and figure painters whose tendencies have always been considered specifically Danish. Unlike the Skagen imitators of Krøyer and Ancher, they do not indulge in marine heroics, nor do they aim at displays of technical dexterity. Their general style is one of unabashed simplicity. They view their themes with clear, discerning eye and catch with singular verity the feeling of earth and sky, the breath of spring in orchard or pasture, and the scent of those yellow salt marshes where the wild fowl feed in undisturbed profusion.

Photograph by Jonason, Gotenborg.

Portrait of J. F. Willumsen (Danish).

It is scarcely to be assumed that the endearing serenity of Danish art could in these restless, questing days have remained undisturbed by certain vigorous currents from without. Copenhagen is too near Berlin and Paris for such a situation to obtain very long, and it is through the valiant efforts of Jens Ferdinand Willumsen that the gospel of modernism has become known to the younger generation and has filled the elder with dismay. For a decade or more Willumsen has been the storm centre of contemporary Danish art. He occupies a position analogous to that of Edvard Munch in Norway, Ferdinand Hodler in Switzerland, Gustav Klimt in Austria, and Augustus John in England. An amazingly productive genius, at once painter, sculptor, architect, and decorative designer, it has been his life mission to rouse his countrymen from their cosey complacency of mind. The task could not have fallen to more vigorous or more willing hands. There are few fields of artistic activity which he has left untouched, and the stamp of his personality has been placed on everything that has come within reach. The stressful period of Willumsen's career seems about drawing to its close. He is at present enjoying hard-won recognition in a characteristic home built by himself in the Hellerup quarter of Copenhagen and presided over by a gracious and talented helpmate. He still, however, remains the strong man of modern Danish art, and as such has the distinction, as Ibsen so significantly puts it, of standing most alone.

There have sprung up in the wake of Willumsen, and been given courage by his example, a number of younger men,

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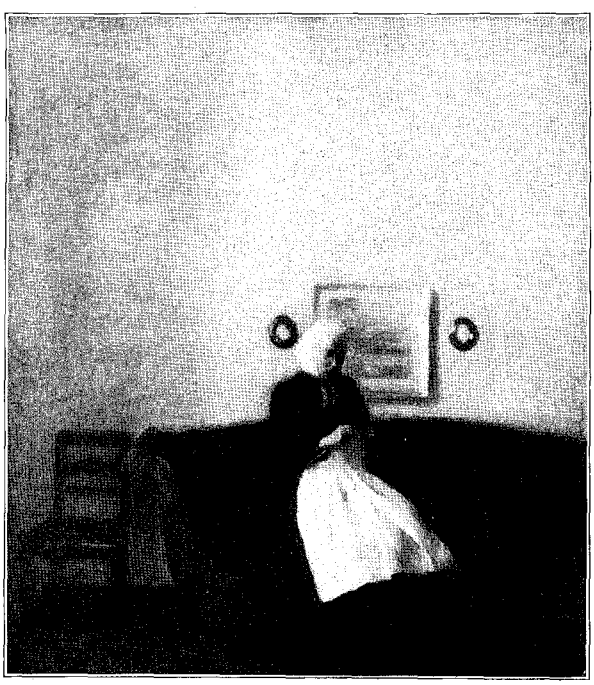
through whose efforts the complexion of Danish painting is rapidly changing. They seek with him to be something more than merely local. They strive to speak that broader language which few, alas, succeed in mastering, though certain of them, such as Axel Jørgensen, Sigurd Swane, and Edvard Weihe, have already grasped more than its rudiments. The chrysalis of a comfortable past has, in fact, been shattered at many points, and there will doubtless emerge something bolder and stronger than we have thus far seen, as was notably the case with the late Thorvald Bindesbøll in the field of decorative art.

Photograph by Paulsen, Copenhagen.

Painting in the Village. By L. H. Ring (Danish).

At all events, and perhaps as a foretaste of things to come, opportunity was lately given the Copenhagen public to inspect the work of the Futurists. And it must be added that they did justice to the situation, having faced it in that spirit of amused tolerance and even sympathetic interest which is alone the gift of a superior civilization.

The battle which raged so hotly about Willumsen has been more than duplicated by the noisy strife stirred up by Edvard Munch in Norway. The relative positions of the two have, indeed, much in common, the former returning from Paris, the latter from a lengthy Berlin sojourn, to encounter respectively the wide-eyed wonder and the bitter, insensate prejudice of his fellow-countrymen. As Ibsen himself discovered, only the strongest natures can hope to gain ascendancy over the stubborn, obdurate provincialism of public opinion in Norway, and this Edvard



Photograph by Paulsen, Copenhagen.

Old Lady Knitting. By Vilhelm Hammershøi (Danish).
In the collection of Dr. Alfred Bramsen, Copenhagen.

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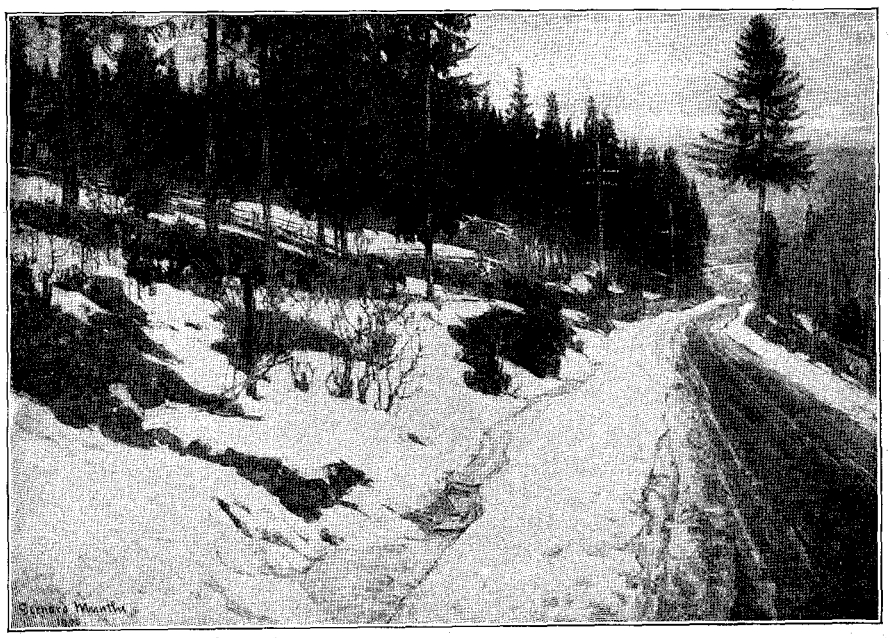
Munch, despite a sensitive, highly keyed nervous organism, has managed, single handed, to do. Munch has shaken Norwegian art to its foundations. Beside this slender, still youthful figure the men of the preceding generation appear like the clumsy giants of a bygone age, and, one after another, he has met and vanquished them on their own ground. It took him but a brief interval to demonstrate his superiority in the province of black-and-white. In the field of painting, his weapons, while few, proved more than adequate. They consisted of a vigorous and innately individual contour, an inherent originality of color, and a power of emotional suggestion possessed only by the master spirits of art or letters. In certain respects Munch recalls Edgar Allan Poe, though to Poe's sensuous and horrific vision the Norwegian adds a psychic restlessness and a tinge of fatigue and disillusion partly personal, and in a measure shared by those about him. In common with other young nations, the Norwegians, when they encounter the seductions of an older social order, are inclined to breast the current too fiercely, and Edvard Munch may be counted among those who are to-day experiencing a period of comparative sequestration. At Kragerφ, or at Hvitsten, still nearer

Photograph by Paulsen, Copenhagen.

The Blind Girl. By Einar Nielsen (Danish).



Photograph by Faering, Christiania.

Winter Landscape. By Gerhard Munthe (Norwegian).

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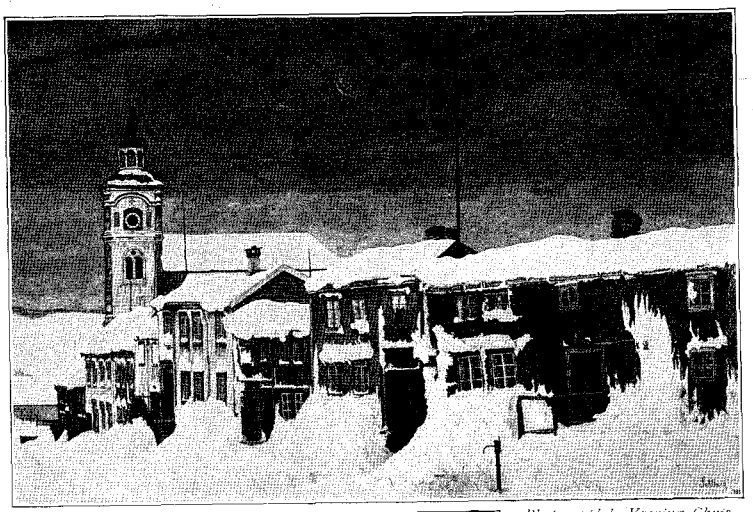
the capital, he takes undisguised delight in his fox terrier "Mr. Phipps," his fowls, and other domestic pets, and is feverishly addicted to motor-boating in the fjord. His position on the Continent is second to that of no living



Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Rǿros in Winter.
By Harald Sohlberg
(Norwegian).

Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Spring. By Edvard Munch (Norwegian).

contemporary artist, Scandinavian or European, and he naturally, after so severe a struggle, relishes this wide-spread recognition, and slyly enjoys the discomfiture of his petty enemies at home, most of them the smug, self-satisfied pillars of social or intellectual convention.

On the pine-crested heights of Lysaker, and farther down at Drǿbak, are clustered the men who belong to what was once considered the heroic epoch of Norwegian painting. At the former spot live, in close proximity, Gerhard Munthe, Eilif Petersen, and Erik Werenskiold, while more exposed to the wind and wave of a magnificently unfolding fjord are to be found Christian Krohg and Edvard Diriks. Though still retaining place in public esteem their current production is, it cannot be denied, largely a matter of reminiscence and recollection. They began as apostles of naturalism; they adjusted themselves with more or less alacrity to the fresher message of the impressionists'

Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Portrait of the Artist. By Edvard Munch
(Norwegian).

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Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

The Police Registry. By Christian Krohg (Norwegian).

palette, and they betray at present no little consternation at the resistless onrush of still newer tendencies. In the words of their penetrant contemporary in the province of the drama, they can hear the younger generation knocking at the door and are undecided as to whether or not the door should be opened. Diriks, through closer and longer-continued contact with Paris, evinces the most progressive sympathies of any, though the once unchallenged master of objective verity, Christian Krohg, remains as sagacious and discerning as ever.

Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Portrait of Hans Jaeger. By Edvard Munch (Norwegian).

And as to the much-discussed younger group of Norwegian painters—have they something vital and significant to say? should, in other words, the door be opened? Such questions have fortunately acquired the habit of settling themselves, and the present case proves no exception to the rule. If at the recent exhibition in Cologne it was Munch who triumphed in undisputed fashion, it was Harald Sohlberg who divided with him popular as well as critical appreciation on the occasion of the Norwegian painters' appearance at the Vienna Hagenbund. Sohlberg, who until lately lived and worked both winter and summer in the primitive

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isolation of Roros, in the north, near Trondhjem, represents, with the late Halfdan Egedius, Nicolai Astrup, and others, a well-defined movement which may be described as the new romanticism. His patiently wrought canvases are imbued with a tense, concentrated emotional appeal quite unlike anything in Scandinavian painting. Egedius possessed a more fluent technical equipment and a broader grasp of character, while Astrup follows out kindred lines with no little sympathy.

These are not, however, the most striking, at least superficially, of the younger generation, many of whom display unbounded potentiality, though most of whose masterpieces are painted *viva voce* in the Café of the Grand Hotel. While there is no gainsaying the abundant talent of such men as, for instance, Henrik Lund and Ludvig Karsten, in each case, as in many another, promise has thus far outrun performance. They lack in general any specific credo or programme. They scoff at the somewhat archaistic attempt to revive a national style as exemplified by the later decorative work of Munthe; they scorn Impressionism as old-fashioned, and have not the proper measure of respect for, or knowledge of, its logical antidote, Expressionism.

No set of men entered the arena of modern art with more assurance than these same Norwegians. In the early, formative periods of Dahl and Fearnley they swept everything before them much after the fashion of one of their own impetuous mountain torrents. The romantic and panoramic view-points were succeeded by the substantial conquests of the noontide of naturalism, and everywhere these sturdy new-comers flaunted the priceless boon of an unspoiled racial heritage. There is, however, no concealing the fact that, apart from certain outstanding figures, the general average of merit is scarcely what it should be. One must not of course seek the cause for such a situation within the province of artistic endeavor, which, after all, is a mere reflex of other conditions. The separation of 1905, which bred such a sense of solidarity in the Swedes, seems to have had an opposite effect upon the Norwegians, who, overtly at least, were the aggressors. They are in many respects the Irishmen of Scandinavia, these brilliant, bellicose Norsemen, and it is not unfitting that they should once have held sway over the destinies of that same fateful isle for some three centuries. They are as yet individualistic, not nationalistic in their attitude, a fact that doubtless accounts for their present position in art as in other avenues of activity. The cherished triumphs of æsthetic endeavor are, in brief, as a rule not the outcome of warring and discordant elements, but the delicate product of a rare and spontaneous unity of feeling and impulse.

THE FORGOTTEN SOUL

By Margaret Widdemer

'Twas I that cried against the pane on All Souls' Night—
(O pulse o' my heart's life, how could you never hear?)
You filled the room I knew with yellow candle-light,
And cheered the lass beside you when she prayed in fear.

'Twas I that touched your shoulder in the gray wood-mist—
(O core o' my heart's heart, how could you never know?)
You only frowned and shuddered, as you bent and kissed
The lass hard by you, handfast, where I used to go.

'Twas I that stood to greet you on the churchyard pave—
(O fire o' my heart's grief, how could you never see?)
You smiled in pleasant dreaming as you crossed my grave—
And crooned a little love-song where they buried me!

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

GERMAN POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE PRESS

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View."

IN the days when Bismarck was welding the German states into a federal organization and finally into an empire, he used the press to spray his opinions, wishes, and suspicions over those he wished to instruct or to influence. He used it, too, to threaten or to mislead his enemies at home and abroad. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* was the newspaper for which he wrote at one time, and which remained his confidential organ, though as his power grew he used other journals and journalists as well.

As Germany has few traditions of freedom, having rarely won liberty as a united people, but having been beaten into national unity by her political giants, or her robuster sovereigns, so the press before and during Bismarck's long reign, from 1862 to 1890, was kept well in hand by those who ruled. It is only lately that caricature, criticism, and opposition have had freer play. That a journalist like Maximilian Harden (a friend and confidant of Bismarck, by the way) should be permitted to write without rebuke and without punishment that the present Kaiser "has all the gifts except one, that of politics," marks a new license in journalistic debate. That this same person was able, single-handed, to bring about the exposure and downfall of a cabal of decadent courtiers whose influence with the Emperor was deplored, proves again how completely the German press has escaped from certain leading-strings. A sharp criticism of the Emperor in *die Post*, even as lately as 1911, excited great interest, and was looked upon as a very daring performance.

There are some four thousand daily and more than three thousand weekly and monthly publications in Germany to-day; but neither the press as a whole, nor the journalists, with a few exceptions, exert the influence in either society or politics of the press in America and in England. As compared with Germany, one is at once impressed with the greater number of journals and their more effective distribution at home. In America there are 2,472 daily papers; 16,269 weeklies; and 2,769 monthlies. Tri-weekly and quarterly publications added bring the total to 22,806. One group of 200 daily papers claim a circulation of 10,000,000, while five magazines have a total circulation of 5,000,000. It is calculated that there is a daily, a weekly, and a monthly magazine circulated for every single family in America. Not an unmixed blessing, by any means, when one remembers that thousands, untrained to think and uninterested, are thus dusted with the widely blown comments of undigested news. Editorial comment of any serious value is, of course, impossible, and the readers are given a strange variety of unwholesome intellectual food to gulp down, with mental dyspepsia sure to follow, a disease which is already the curse of the times in my country, where superficiality and insincerity are leading the social and political dance.

To carry the comparison further, there are 22,806 newspapers published in America; 9,500 in England; 8,049 in Germany; and 6,681 in France: or 1 for every 4,100 of the population in America; 1 for every 4,700 in Great Britain; 1 for every 7,800 in Germany, and 1 for every 5,900 in France.

That a prime minister should have been

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a contributor to the press, as was Lord Salisbury; that a correspondent or editorial writer of a newspaper should find his way into cabinet circles, into diplomacy, or into high office in the colonies; that the editor and owner of a great newspaper should become an ambassador to England, as in the case of Mr. Reid, is impossible in Germany. The character of the men who take up the profession of journalism suffers perhaps from the lack of distinction and influence of their task. Raymond, Greeley, Dana, Laffan, Godkin, in America, and Delane, Hutton, Lawson, and their successors, in England, are impossible products of the German journalistic soil at present.

There have been great changes, and the place of the newspaper and the power of the journalist is increasing rapidly, but the stale atmosphere of censordom hangs about the press even to-day. Freedom is too new to have bred many powerful pens or personalities, and the inconclusive results of political arguments, written for a people who are comparatively apathetic, lessen the enthusiasm of the political journalist. There are not three editors in Germany who receive as much as six thousand dollars a year, and the majority are paid from twelve hundred to three thousand a year. This does not make for independence.

Several of the more popular newspapers are owned and controlled by the Jews, and to the American, with no inborn or traditional prejudice against the Jews as a race, it is somewhat difficult to understand the outspoken and unconcealed suspicion and dislike of them in Germany. There is no need to mince matters in stating that this suspicion and dislike exist. A comedy called "The Five Frankfurters" has been given in all the principal cities during the last year and has had a long run in Berlin. It is a scathing caricature of certain Jewish peculiarities of temperament and ambition.

There is even an anti-semitic party, small though it be, in the Reichstag, while the party of the Centre, of the Conservatives and the Agrarians, is frankly anti-semitic as well. No Jew can become an officer in the army, no Jew is admitted to one of the German corps in the universities, no Jew can hold office of importance in the state, and I presume that no unbaptized Jew is received at court. I am bound to record my personal preference for the English and American treatment of the Jew. In England they have made a Jew their prime minister, and in America we offer him equal opportunities with other men, and applaud him whole-heartedly when he succeeds and thump him soundly with our criticism when he misbehaves. The German fears him; we do not. We have made Jews ambassadors, they have served in our army and navy, and not a few of them rank among our sanest and most generous philanthropists.

To a certain extent society of the higher and official class shuts its doors against him. One of the well-known restaurants in Berlin, until the death of its founder, not long ago, refused admission to Jews.

I venture to say that no intelligent American stops to think whether the Speyer brothers, or Kahn, or Schiff, or the members of the house of Rothschild are Jews or not, in estimating their political, social, and philanthropic worth. Even as long ago as the close of the fourteenth century the great strife between the princes of Germany and the free cities ceased, in order that both might unite to plunder the Jews.

Luther preached: "Burn their synagogues and schools; what will not burn bury with earth that neither stone nor rubbish remain." "In like manner break into and burn their houses." "Forbid their rabbies to teach on pain of life and limb." "Take away all their prayer-books and Talmuds, in which are nothing but godlessness, lies, cursing, and swearing." In the chronicles of the time occurs frequently "Judæi occisi, combusti."

The German comes by his dislike of the Jew through centuries of traditional conflict, plunder, and hatred, and the very moulder of the present German speech, Luther, was a furious offender. The Jews have been materialists through all ages, claim the Germans: "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." It is to be in our day the battle of battles, they claim, whether we are to be socially, morally, and politically orientalized by this advance guard of the Orient, the Jews, or whether we are to preserve our occidental ideals and tra-

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ditions. Many more men see the conflict, they maintain, than care to take part in it. The money-markets of the world are ramparts that few men care to storm, but, if the independent and the intelligent do not withstand this semitization of our institutions, the ignorant and the degraded will one day take the matter into their own hands, as they have done before, and as they do to this day in some parts of Russia.

There are 600,000 Jews in Germany, 400,000 of them in Prussia and 100,000 of these in Berlin. In New York City alone there are more than 900,000. They are always strangers in our midst. They are of another race. They have other standards and other allegiances. Perhaps we are all of us, the most enlightened of us, provincial at bottom, we like to know who and what our neighbors are, and whence they came; and we dislike those who are outside our racial and social experiences, and our moral and religious habits, and the Jew is always, everywhere, a foreigner. At any rate, so the German maintains.

Strange as it may sound in these days, the Germans are not at heart business men. There are more eyes with dreams in them in Germany than in all the world besides. They work hard, they increase their factories, their commerce, but their hearts are not in it. The Jew has amassed an enormous part of the wealth of Germany, considering his small proportion of the total population. The German, because he is not at heart a trader, is an easy prey for him. It has been stated by one in a professional position to know the facts, that in Manhattan and the Bronx some four years ago eighty-five per cent of the felonies were committed by Jews; and a visit to a night court will show an astounding proportion of Jew wranglers and Jew shyster lawyers ready to impede justice.

These things trouble us in America very little, and we smile cynically at the not altogether untruthful portraits of "Potash and Pearlmutter," and their vermin-like business methods. There is an undercurrent of feeling in America, that the virile blood is still there which will stop at nothing to throw off oppression, whether from the Jew or from any one else. If we are pinched too hard financially, if confiscation by the government or by individuals goes too far, no laws even will restrain the violence which will break out for liberty. So we are at peace with ourselves and with others, trusting in that quiet might which will take governing into its own hands, at all hazards, if the state of affairs demands it.

With the Germans it is different. No people of modern times has been so harried and harrowed as these Germans. The Thirty Years' War left them in such fear and poverty that even cannibalism existed, and this was years after Massachusetts and Maryland were settled. But nothing has tarnished their idealism. Whether as followers of Charlemagne, or as hordes of dreamers seeking to save Christ's tomb and cradle in the Crusades, or as intoxicated barbarians insisting that their emperor must be crowned at Rome, or as the real torch-bearers of the Reformation, or even now as dreamers, philosophers, musicians, and only industrial and commerical by force of circumstances, they are, least of all the peoples, materialists.

They have given the world lyric poetry, music, mythology, philosophy, and these are still their souls' darlings. They entered the modern world just as science began to marry with commerce and industry, and so their unworn, fresh, and youthful intellectual vigor found expression in industry.

It is true that they are easily governed and amenable, but this is due not wholly to the fact that they have been so long under the yoke of rulers, or because they are of cow-like disposition, but because their ideals are spiritual, not material. The American seeks wealth, the Englishman power, the Frenchman notoriety, the German is satisfied with peaceful enjoyment of music, poetry, art, and friendly and very simple intercourse with his fellows.

Certainly I am not the man to say he is wrong, when I see how spiritual things in my own country are cut out of the social body as though they were annoying and dangerous appendices.

The German of this type looks down upon the spiritual and intellectual development of other countries as far inferior to his own. Such an one in talking to an Englishman feels that he is conversing with a high-spirited, thoroughbred horse;

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to a Frenchman, as though he were a cynical monkey; to an American, as though he were a bright youth of sixteen.

The German considers his dealings with the intangible things of life to be a higher form, indeed the highest form, of intellectual employment. He is therefore racially, historically, and by temperament jealous or contemptuous, according to his station in life, of the cosmopolitan exchanger of the world, the Jew. He denies to him either patriotism or originality, and looks upon him as merely a distributer, whether in art, literature, or commerce, as an exchanger who amasses wealth by taking toll of other men's labor, industry, and intellect.

German politics, German social life, and the German press cannot be understood without this explanation. The German sees a danger to his hardly won national life in the cosmopolitanism of the Jew; he sees a danger to his duty-doing, simple-living, and hard-working governing aristocracy in the tempting luxury of the recently rich Jew; and besides these objective reasons, he is instinctively antagonistic, as though he were born of the clouds of heaven and the Jew of the clods of earth.

So far, therefore, as the German press is Jew-controlled, it is suspected as being not German politically, domestically, or spiritually; as not being representative, in short. It should be added that, though this is the attitude of the great majority in Germany, there is a small class who recognize the pioneer work that the Jew has done in Germany. Few men are more respected there, and few have more influence than such men as Ballin and Rathenau and others. For the very reason that the German is an idealist the Jew has been of incomparable value to him in the development of his industrial, commercial, and financial affairs. Not only as a scientific financier has he helped, not only has he provided ammunition when German industrial undertakings were weak and stumbling, but along the lines of scientific research, as chemists, physicists, artists—perhaps no one stands higher than the Jew Liebermann as a painter—the Jew has done yeoman service to the country in return for the high wages that he has taken. There are Germans who recognize this, and there are in the Jewish world not a few men to whom the doors of enlightened society are always open.

Whatever one may feel of instinctive dislike, the open-minded observers of the historical progress of Germany all recognize that Germany would not be in the foremost place she now occupies in the competitive markets of the world if she had not had the patriotic, intelligent, and skilful backing of her better-class Jewish citizens.

Printing was born in Germany, and the town of Augsburg had a newspaper as early as 1505, while Berlin had a newspaper in 1617 and Hamburg in 1628. Every foreigner who knows Germany at all, knows the names of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Lokal Anzeiger* and *Der Tag*, *Hamburger Nachrichten*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, this last the official organ of the foreign office. The *Neue Preusische Zeitung*, better known by its briefer title of *Kreutz Zeitung*, is a stanch conservative organ, and for years has published the scholarly comments once a week of Professor Schiemann, who is a political historian of distinction, and a trusted friend of the Emperor. The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* is the organ of the Agrarian League. The *Reichsbote* is a conservative journal and the organ of the orthodox party in the state church. *Vorwärts* is the organ of the socialists and, whatever one may think of its politics, one of the best-edited, as it is one of the best-written, newspapers in Germany. The *Zukunft*, a weekly publication, is the personal organ of Harden, is Harden, in fact. The *Zukunft* in normal years sells some 22,000 copies at 20 marks, giving an income of 440,000 marks; this with the advertisements gives an income of say 500,000 marks. The expenses are about 350,000 marks, leaving a net income to this daring and accomplished journalist of 150,000 marks a year. In Germany such an income is great wealth. The *Zukunft* and its success is a commentary of value upon the appreciation of, as well as the rarity of, independent journalism in Germany.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, or "Aunty Voss" as it is nicknamed, is a solid, bourgeois sheet and moderately radical in tone. It is proper, wipes its feet before entering the house, and may be safely left in the

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servants' hall or in the school-room. *Die Post* represents the conservative party politically, is welcome in rich industrial circles, and is rather liberal in religious matters, though hostile to the government in matters of foreign politics, and of less influence at home than the frequent quotations from it in the British press would lead one to suppose. The two official organs of the Catholics are the *Germania* and the *Volks Zeitung*, of Cologne, whose editor is the well-known Julius Bachern. The *Lokal Anzeiger* and the *Tageblatt* of Berlin attempt, with no small degree of success, American methods, and give out several editions a day with particular reference to the latest news.

Leipsic, Hamburg, Munich, Cologne, Strassburg, Dresden, Königsberg, Breslau, with its *Schlessische Zeitung*, and the Rhine provinces and the steel and iron industries represented by the *Rheinisch-Westfälischer Zeitung*, and other cities and towns have local newspapers. A good example of such little-known provincial newspapers is the *Augsburger Abendzeitung*, with its first-rate reports of the parliamentary proceedings in Bavaria and its well-edited columns. The circulation of these journals is, from our point of view, small. The *Berliner Tageblatt* in a recent issue declares its paid circulation to have been 73,000 in 1901; 106,000 in 1905; 190,000 in 1910; and 208,000 in 1911.

The custom in Germany of eating in restaurants, of taking coffee in the cafés, of writing one's letters and reading the newspapers there, no doubt has much to do with the small subscription lists of German journals of all kinds, whether daily, weekly, or monthly. The German economizes even in these small matters. A German family, or small café or restaurant, may, for a small sum, have half a dozen or more weekly and monthly journals left, and changed each week; thus they are circulated in a dozen places at the expense of only one copy. Where a family of similar standing in America takes in regularly two morning papers and an evening paper, several weekly and monthly, and perhaps one or two foreign journals, the German family may take one morning paper. The custom of having half a dozen newspapers served with the morning meal, as is done in the larger houses in America and in England, is practically unknown. Economy is one reason, indifference is another, provincial and circumscribed interests are others.

The German has not our keen appetite for what we call news, which is often merely surmises in bigger type. Only the very small number who have travelled and made interests and friends for themselves out of their own country have any feeling of curiosity even about the political and social tides and currents elsewhere. An astounding number of Germans know Sophocles, Æschylus, and Shakespeare better than we do, but they know nothing and care nothing for the sizzling, crackling stream of purposeless incident and sterile comment that pours in upon the readers of American newspapers, and which has had its part in making us the largest consumers of nerve-quieting drugs in the world.

No one of these journals pretends to such power or such influence as certain great dailies in America and in England. They have not the means at their command to buy much cable or telegraphic news, and lacking a press tariff for telegrams, they are the more hampered. The German temperament, and the civil-service and political close-corporation methods, make it difficult for the journalist to go far, either socially or politically. The German has been trained in a severe school to seek knowledge, not to look for news, and he does not make the same demands, therefore, upon his newspaper.

German relations with the outside world are of an industrial and commercial kind, and until very lately the German has not been a traveller, and is not now an explorer, and their colonies are unimportant; consequently there is no very keen interest on the part of the bulk of the people in foreign affairs. Even Sir Edward Grey's answering speech on the Morocco question did not appear in full in Berlin until the following day, though Germany had roused itself to an unusual pitch of excitement and expectancy.

As the Germans are not yet political animals, so their newspapers reflect an artificial political enthusiasm. Society, too, is as little organized as politics. There are no great figures in their social world. A Beau Brummel, a d'Orsay, a Lady Palmerston, a Duke of Devonshire, a Gladstone, a Disraeli, a Rosebery, would be impossible

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in Germany, especially if they were in opposition to the party in power. Even the leading political figures are after all merely shadowy servants of the Emperor. They represent neither themselves nor the people, and such subserviency kills independence and leaves us with mediocrities gesticulating in the dark and making phrases in a vacuum.

There are, it is true, charming hostesses in Berlin, and ladies who gather in their drawing-rooms all that is most interesting in the intellectual and political life of the day; but they are almost without exception obedient to the traditional officialdom, leaning upon a favor that is at times erratic, and without the daring of independence which is the salt of all real personality.

There are, too, country-houses. One castle in Bavaria, how well I remember it, and the accomplished charm of its owner, who had made its grandeur cosey—a feat, indeed! But all this is detached from the real life of the nation, which is forever taking its cue from the court, leaving any independent or imposing social and political life benumbed and without vitality. There is no free and stalwart opposition; no centres of power, and much as one tires of the incessant and feverish strife political and social at home, one returns to it taking a long breath of the free air after this hot-house atmosphere, where the thermometer is regulated by the wishes of an autocrat.

The press necessarily reflects these conditions. The Social Democrats, divided into many small parties, and the Agrarians and Ultramontanes, divided as well, give the press no single point of leverage. These political parties wrangle among themselves over the dish of votes, but what is put into the dish comes from a master over whom they have no control. If they upset the dish they are turned out as they were in 1878, 1887, 1893, and 1907, and when they return they are better behaved.

The parties themselves are not real, since thousands of voters lean to the left merely to express their discontent; but they would desert the Social Democrats at once did they think there was a chance of real governing power for them. A small industrial was warned of the awful things that would happen did the Socialists come into power. "Ah," he replied, "but the government would not permit that!" What has the press to chronicle with insistence and with dignity of such flabby political and social conditions?

The press may be, and often is, annoying, as mosquitoes are annoying, but its campaigns are dangerous to nobody. As I write, it is hard to believe that within a few days the members of a new Reichstag are to be elected. There are political meetings, it is true, there are articles and editorials in the newspapers, there is some languid discussion at dinner-tables and in society, but there is a sense of unreality about it all, as though men were thinking: nothing of grave importance can happen in any case! We shall have something to say farther on of political Germany; here it suffices to say that the press of Germany betrays in its political writing that it is dealing with shadows, not with realities.

The snarling *Panther* that was sent to Agadir, teeth and claws showing, came back looking like an adventurous tom-cat that wished only to hide itself meekly in its accustomed haunts; and its unobtrusive bearing seemed to say, the less said about the matter the better. What a storm of obloquy would have burst upon such inept diplomacy in America, or in England, or even in France. Not so here. Everybody was sore and sorry, but the newspapers and the journalists could raise no protest that counted. It is all explained by the fact that the people do not govern, have nothing to do with the whip or the reins, nor have they any constitutional way of changing coachmen, or of getting possession of whip and reins; and hooting at the driver, and jeering at the tangled whip-lash and awkwardly held reins, is poor-spirited business. Only one political writer, Harden, does it with any effect, and his pen is said to have upset the Caprivi government.

As one reads the newspapers day by day, and the weekly and monthly journals, it becomes apparent that the German imagines he has done something when he has had an idea; just as the Frenchman imagines he has done something when he has made an epigram. We are less given either to thinking or phrasing, and far less gifted in these directions than either Germans or Frenchmen, and per-

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haps that is the reason we have actually done so much more politically. We do things for lack of something better to do, while our neighbors find real pleasure in their dreams, and take great pride in their epigrams.

As all great writing, from that of Xenophon and Cæsar till now, is born of action or the love of it, or as a spiritual incitement to action, so a people with little opportunity for political action, and no centres of social life with a real sway or sovereignty, cannot create or offer substance for the making of a powerful and independent press.

There is no New York, no Paris, no London, no Vienna even, in Germany. Berlin is the capital, but it is not a capital by political or social evolution, but by force of circumstances. Germany has many centres which are not only not interested in Berlin, but even antagonistic. Munich, Hamburg, Bremen, Leipsic, Frankfort, Dresden, Breslau, and besides these, twenty-six separate states with their capitals, their rulers, courts, and parliaments, go to make up Germany, and perhaps you are least of all in Germany when you are in Berlin. It is true that we have many States, many capitals, and many governors in America, but they have all grown from one, and not as in Germany been beaten into one, and held together more from a sense of danger from the outside than from any interest, sympathy, and liking for one another.

With us each State, too, has a powerful representation both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, which keeps the interest alive, while in Germany Prussia is overwhelmingly preponderant. In the upper house, or *Bundesrat*, Prussia has 17 representatives; next comes Bavaria with 6; and the other states with 4 or less, out of a total of 58 members. In the *Reichstag*, out of a total of 397 representatives, Prussia has 236.

Political society is not centred in Berlin, as it is in London, Paris, or Washington, nor is social life there representative of all Germany. Berlin's stamp of approval is not necessary to play, or opera, or book, or picture, or statue, or personality. Indeed, Berlin often takes a lead in such matters from other cities in Germany where the artistic life and history are more fully developed, as, for instance, in other days, Weimar, and now Munich, Dresden, and, in literary matters, Leipsic. A recent example of this, though of small consequence in itself, is the case of the opera, the "Rosen Kavalier," which was given repeatedly in Dresden and Leipsic, whither many Berlin people went to hear it, before the authorities in Berlin could be persuaded to produce it.

The nobility, the society heavy artillery, come to Berlin only for three or four weeks, from the middle of January to the middle of February, to pay their respects to their sovereign at the various court functions given during that time. They live in the country and only visit in Berlin. It is complained that the double taxation incident to the up-keep of an establishment both in town and in the country makes it impossible for them to be much in Berlin. They stay in hotels and in apartments, and are mere passing visitors in their own capital. They have, therefore, practically no influence upon social life, and Berlin is merely the centre of the industrial, military, official, and political society of Prussia. It is the clearing-house of Germany, but by no means the literary, artistic, social, or even the political capital of Germany, as London is the English, or Paris the French, or as Washington is fast growing to be the American, capital.

There is no training-ground for an accomplished or man-of-the-world journalist, and the views and opinions of a journalist who is more or less of a social pariah, and he still is that with less than half a dozen exceptions, and of a man who begs for crumbs from the press officials at the foreign or other government offices, are neither written with the grip of the independent and dignified chronicler, nor received with confidence and respect by the reader.

It may be a reaction from this negligence with which they are treated, that produces a quality, both in the writing and in the illustrations of the German newspapers, which is unknown in America. Many of the illustrated papers indulge in pictorial flings which may be compared only to the scribbling and coarse drawings, in out-of-the-way places, of dirty-minded boys. With the exception of the well-known *Fliegende Blätter*, *Kladderadatsch*, and one or two less representative, there

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is nothing to compare with the artistic excellence and restrained good taste of *Life* or *Punch*, for example.

There is one illustrated paper published in Munich, *Simplicissimus*, which deserves more than negligent and passing comment. It has two artists of whom I know nothing except what I have learned from their work, Th. Th. Heine and Gulbransson. These men are Aristophanic in their ability as draughtsmen and as censors, in striking at the weaknesses, political, military, and official, of their countrymen. Their work is something quite new in Germany, and worthy of comparison with the best in any country. It is not elegant, it is Rabelaisian; and though I have nothing to retract in regard to coarseness, and no wish to commend the attitude taken toward German political and social life, in fairness one is bound to call attention to the pictorial work in this particular paper as of a very high order, and to recognize its power. If Heine could have turned his wit into the drawings of Hogarth, we should have had something not unlike *Simplicissimus*, and any German annoyed at the criticisms of his national life from the pen of a foreigner may well turn to his own *Simplicissimus*, and be humbly grateful that no foreign pen-point can possibly pierce more deeply than this domestic pencil, at work in his own country.

The danger for the critic and the wit, which few avoid, is that with incomparable advantages over his opponent he will not play fair. In spite of the awful reputation of our so-called "yellow press," which is often boisterously impudent, and sometimes inclined to indulge in comments and revelations of the private affairs of individuals which can only be dubbed coarse and cowardly, there is seldom a descent to the indescribably indecent caricatures which one finds every week in the illustrated papers in Germany. As we have noted elsewhere, just as the citizens of Berlin, as one sees them in the streets and in public places, give one the impression that they are not house-trained, so many of the pens and pencils which serve the German press leave one with the feeling that their possessors would not know how to behave in a cultivated and well-regulated household.

Every gentleman in Germany must have been ashamed of the writing in the German press after the sinking of the *Titanic*. There was a blaze of brutal pharisaism that put a bar-sinister across any claim to gentlemanliness on the part of the majority. The mark of breeding is more often discovered in what one does not say, does not write, does not do, than in positive action. There was much, at that time, when fifteen hundred people had been buried in icy water, and scores of American and English gentlemen had gone down to death, just in answer to: "Ladies first, gentlemen!" that should have been left unsaid and unwritten. The quality of the German journalist, with half a dozen exceptions, was betrayed to the full in those few days, and many a German cheek mantled with shame.

However, a man may eat with his knife and still be an authority on bridge-building; he may tuck his napkin under his chin preparatory to, and as an armor against, the well-known vagaries of liquids, before he takes his soup or his soft-boiled eggs, and still be an authority on soap-making; he may wear a knitted waistcoat with a frock coat to luncheon, and be deeply versed in Russian history. In their lack of sensation-mongering, in their indifference to social gossip, in their trustworthy and learned comments upon things scientific, musical, theatrical, literary, and historical, they are as men to school-boys compared to the American press. They have the utter contempt for mere smartness that only comes with severe educational training. They have the scholar's impatience with trivialities. They skate, not to cut their names on the ice, but to get somewhere, and the whole industrial and scientific world knows how quickly they have arrived.

Our newspapers make a business of training their readers in that worst of all habits, mental dissipation. The German press is not thus guilty. Despite all I have written, I am quite sure that if I were banished from the active world and could see only two newspapers on my lonely island, one of the two would be a German newspaper. It may be that I have a perverted literary taste, for I can get more humor, more keen enjoyment out of a census report or an etymological dictionary than from a novel. My favorite literary dissipation is to read the works of that distin-

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guished statistician at Washington, Mr. O. P. Austin, the poet-laureate of industrial America, and the toilsome and exciting verbal journeys of Rev. Mr. Skeat. The classic humorists do not compare with them, in my humble opinion, as sources of fantastic surprises. This, perhaps, accounts for my sincere admiration for that quality of scholarship, learning, and accuracy in the German press. Nor does the possession of these qualities in the least controvert the impression given by the German press of political powerlessness, and of social ignorance and incompetence. A great scholar may be a booby in a drawing-room, and a lamentable failure as an adviser in matters political and social. "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." Germany has put some astonishing failures to her credit through her belief that learning can take the place of common-sense, and scholarship do the tasks of that intelligent and experienced observation to which the abused word, worldliness, is given. Perhaps it is as well that the German press declines to keep a social diary; well, too, that it has no candidates for the office of society Horuspex, whose ghoulish business it is to find omens and prophecies in the entrails of his victims. In that respect, at any rate, both society and the press in Germany are as is the salon to the scullery, compared with ours.

I am bound, both by tradition and experience as an American, to discover the reason for such conditions in the lack of fluidity in social and political life in Germany. The industrials, the military, the nobility, the civil servants, and to some extent the Jews, are all in separate social compartments; and the political parties as well keep much to themselves and without the personal give and take outside of their purely official life which obtains in America and in England.

It is an impossible suggestion I know, but if the upper and lower houses of the empire, or of Prussia, could meet in a match at base-ball, or golf, or cricket; if the army could play the civil service; if the newspaper correspondents could play the under-secretaries; if they could all be induced occasionally to throw off their mental and moral uniforms and meet merely as men, a current of fresh air would blow through Germany that she would never after permit to be shut out.

Personal dignity is refreshed, not lost, by a romp. Who has not seen distinguished Americans and distinguished Englishmen, in their own or in their friends' houses, or at one or another of our innumerable games, behaving like boys out of school, crawling about beneath improvised skins and growling and roaring in charades; indulging in flying chaff of one another; in the skirts of their wives and sisters playing cricket, or base-ball, or tennis with the one hand only; caricaturing good-humoredly some of their own official business, or arranging a match of some kind where their own servants join in to make up a side; or, and well I remember it, half a dozen youths of about fifty playing cricket with one stump and a broom-handle for an hour one hot afternoon, amid tumbles and shouts of laughter, and a shower of impromptu nicknames, and one or two of them bore names known all over the English-speaking world. Nobody loses any dignity, any importance; but there is an unconquerable stiffness in Germany that makes me laugh almost as I make this suggestion.

The first thing to be afraid of is oneself, but after oneself is conquered why be afraid to let him loose!

It would be quite untrue to give the impression that there is no fun, no larking, no chaff, in Germany. I can bear witness to a healthy love of fun, and to an exuberant exploitation of youthful vitality in many directions among the students and younger officers for example. Better companions for a romp exist nowhere! Having been blessed with an undue surplus of vitality, which for many years kept me fully occupied in directing its expenditure, alas, not always with success, I can only add that I found as many youthful companions in a similar predicament in Germany as anywhere else.

But with the Englishman and the American, both temperament and environment permit youthfulness to last longer. The German must soon get into the mill and grind and be ground, and he is by temperament more easily caught and put into the uniform of a constantly correct behavior. As for us, we are all boys still at thirty, many of us at fifty, and some of us die ere the school-boy exuberance has all been

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squeezed or dried out of us. Not so in Germany. One sees more men in Germany who give the impression that they could not by any possibility ever have been boys than with us. They begin to look cramped at thirty, and they are stiff at fifty, as though they had been fed on a diet of circumspection, caution, and obedience. They are drilled early and they soon become amenable, and then even indulgent, toward the drill-master.

This German people have not developed into a nation, they have been squeezed into the mould of a nation. The nation is not for the people, the people are for the nation.

Of course, in every nation its affairs are, and must be, conducted by officials. That is as true of America as of Germany. The fundamental difference is that with us these official persons are executive officers only, the real captain is the people; while in Germany these official persons are the real governors of the people, subject to the commands of one who repeatedly and publicly asserts that his commission is from God and not from the people. This puts whole classes of the community permanently into uniform, and the wearers of these uniforms are almost afraid to laugh, and would consider it sacrilege to romp.

Caution is a very puny form of morality. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." It is as true politically as of other spheres of life that "he or she who lets the world or his own portion of it choose his plan of life for him has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation." Thus writes John Stuart Mill, and what else can be said of the political activities of the Germans? What journalist or what patriot indeed can take seriously a majority that has no power? What people can call itself free to whom its rulers are not responsible? The Social Democrats, at the moment of writing, have won one hundred and ten seats in the Reichstag, but the army and navy estimates are beyond their reach, the taxes are fixtures, a constitution is a dream, and if they are cantankerous or truculent the Reichstag will be dismissed by a wave of the hand. Say what one will, they are a mammillary people politically, and the strongest party in the Reichstag is merely an energetic political mangonel. Their leaders moult opinions, they do not mould them, and could not translate them into action if they did.

Not since 1874 has there been a Reichstag so strongly radical, but nothing will come of it. The Reichskanzler, Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg, did not hesitate to take an early opportunity, after the opening of the new Reichstag, to state boldly that the issue was Authority *versus* Democratization, and that he had no fear of the result. It is customary for the newly elected Praesidium, the president and two vice-presidents of the Reichstag, to be received in audience by the Emperor. On this occasion the Socialists forbade their representative to go, and the Emperor, therefore, refused to receive any of them. As usual, they played into his hands. *Hans bleibt immer Hans*, and on this occasion his vulgar lack of good manners only brought contumely upon the whole Reichstag, and left the Emperor as the outstanding dignified figure in the controversy. Such behavior is not calculated to invite confidence, and not likely to induce this enemy-surrounded nation to put its destinies in such hands, not at any rate for some time to come. "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Intellectually Germany is a republic, and we Americans perhaps beyond all other peoples have profited by her literature, her philosophy, her scientific and economic teaching. We have kneaded these things into our political as well as into our intellectual life. "Intellectual emancipation, if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves, is poisonous." And who writes thus? Goethe! But the intellectual freedom of Germany has done next to nothing to bring about political self-control.

It is a strange state of affairs. Intelligent men and women in Germany do not realize it. Not once but many times I have been told: "You foreigners are forever commenting upon our bureaucracy, our officialdom, but it is not as all-powerful as you think. We have plenty of freedom!" These people are often themselves officials, nearly always related to, or of the society of the ruling class. The rulers and the ruling class have naturally

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no sense of oppression, no feeling that they are unduly subject to others, since the others are themselves. I am quite willing to believe of my own and of other people's personal opinions that they are not dogmas merely because they are baptized in intolerance. I must leave it to the reader to judge from the facts whether or no the Germans have a political autonomy which permits the exercise and development of political power. A glance at the political parties themselves will make this perhaps the more clear.

The official organization of the conservative party may be said to date back to the founding of the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* in 1848, and the organization of the party in many parts of Germany. Earlier still Burke was the hero of the pioneers of the party whose first newspaper had for editor no less a person than Heinrich von Kleist, and whose first endeavors were to support God and the King, and to throw off the yoke of foreign domination.

In 1876 was formed the *Deutsch-Konservativ* party supporting Bismarck. "Königthum von Gottes Gnaden" is still their watchword, with opposition to Social Democracy, support of imperialism, agrarian and industrial protection, and Christian teaching in the schools, as the planks of their platform. They also combat Jewish influence everywhere, particularly in the schools. Allied to this party is the *Bund der Landwirte* and the *Deutscher Bauernbund*. In the election of 1912 they elected forty-five representatives to the Reichstag, a serious falling off from the sixty-three seats held previous to that election. The Free Conservative portion of the Conservative party is composed of the less autocratic members of the landed nobility, but there is little difference in their point of view.

The *Centrum*, or Catholic party, is in theory not a religious party; in practice it is, though it does not bar out Protestant members who hold similar views to their own. Its political activity began in 1870, and the first call for the formation of the party came from Reichensperger in the *Kölnischer Volkszeitung*. The famous leader of the party, and a politician who even held his own against Bismarck, was the Hanoverian Justizminister, Doctor Ludwig Windthorst. The stormy time of the party was from 1873 to 1878, when Bismarck attempted to oppose the growing power of the Catholic Church, and more particularly of the Jesuits. The so-called May laws of that year forbade Roman Catholic intervention in civil affairs; obliged all ministers of religion to pass the higher-schools examinations and to study theology three years at a university; made all seminaries subject to state inspection; and gave fuller protection to those of other creeds. In 1878 Bismarck needed the support of the Centrum party to carry through the new tariff, and the May laws, except that regarding civil marriage, were repealed. The party stands for religious teaching in the primary schools, Christian marriage, federal character of empire, protection, and independence of the state. More than any other party it has kept its representation in the Reichstag at about the same number. In 1903 they cast 1,875,300 votes and had 100 members. In 1907 they had 103 members, and in the last election of 1912 they won 93 seats. Even this Catholic party is now divided. Count of Oppersdorff leads the "Only-Catholic" party, against the more liberal section which has its head-quarters at Cologne, where the late Cardinal Fisher was the leader. At the next session of the Reichstag it is proposed to raise the question of the readmission of the Jesuits.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that in 1903 the population of Germany was 58,629,000, and the number qualified to vote 12,531,000; in 1907 the population was 61,983,000 and the number qualified to vote, 13,353,000; in 1912 the population was 65,407,000 and the qualified voters numbered over 14,000,000, of whom 12,124, 503 voted. In 1903 there were 9,496,000 votes cast; in 1907 11,304,000. The German Reichstag has 397 members, or 1 representative to every 156,000 inhabitants; the United States House of Representatives has 433 members, or 1 for every 212,000 inhabitants; England, 670 members, or 1 for every 62,000; France, 584, or 1 for every 67,000; Italy, 508, or 1 for every 64,000; Austria, 516, or 1 for every 51,000.

Despite the fact that the Conservative and the Catholic parties have much in common, and are the parties of the Right and Centre: these names are given the political parties in the Reichstag according

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to their grouping on the right, centre, and left of the house, looking from the tribune or speaker's platform, from which all set speeches are delivered, they are often at odds among themselves, and Bismarck and Bülow brought about tactical differences among them for their own purposes. Their programme may be summed up as "As you were," which is not inspiring either as an incentive or as a command.

The Liberal parties are the Nationalliberale; Fortschrittspartei, or Progressives; and the Freisinnige Volkspartei, or Liberal Democratic party.

The National Liberal party was strongest during the days when Prussia's efforts were directed mainly toward a federation and a strengthening of the bonds which hold the states together; "unter dem Donner der Kanonen von Königgratz ist der nationalliberale Gedanke geboren." Loyalty to emperor and empire, country above party, a fleet competent to protect the country and its overseas interests, are watchwords of the party. The party is protectionist, and in matters of school and church administration in accord with the Free Conservatives.

The Liberal Democratic party demands electoral reform, no duties on foodstuffs, and imperial insurance laws for the workingmen.

The Fortschrittspartei finds its intellectual beginnings in the condensing of the hazy clouds of revolution in 1848 in the persons of Wilhelm von Humboldt and Freiherr von Stein. Politically, the party came into being in 1861, and Waldeck, von Hoverbeck, and Virchow are familiar names to students of German political history; later Eugen Richter was the leader of the party in the Reichstag. This party is still for free-trade, in opposition to military and bureaucratic government, favorable to parliamentary government. Of the grouping and regrouping of these parties, of their divisions for and against Bismarck's policies; of their splits on the questions of free-trade and protection; of their leanings now to the right, now to the left; of their differences over details of taxation for purposes of defence; of their attitudes toward a powerful fleet, it would require a volume, and a large one, to describe. Though it is dangerous to characterize them, they may be said without inaccuracy to represent the democratic movement in Germany both in thought and political action, and to hold a wavering place between the Conservatives and the Social Democrats.

The Social Democratic party, the party of the wage-earners, only assumed recognizable outlines after the appeal of Ferdinand Lassalle for a workingman's congress at Leipsic in 1863. In 1877 they mustered 493,000 voters. Bismarck and the monarchy looked askance at their growing power. It was attempted to pass a law, punishing with fine and imprisonment: "wer in einer den öffentlichen Frieden gefährdenden Weise verschiedene Klassen der Bevölkerung gegeneinander öffentlich aufreizt oder wer in gleicher Weise die Institute der Ehe, der Familie und des Eigentums öffentlich durch Rede oder Schrift angreift." This was a direct attack upon the Socialists, but the Reichstag refused to pass the law. In May, 1878, and shortly after in June, two attempts were made upon the life of the Kaiser. Bismarck then easily and quickly forced through the new law against the Socialists.

Under this law newspapers were suppressed, organizations dissolved, meetings forbidden, and certain leaders banished. For twelve years the party was kept under the watchful restraint of the police, and their propaganda made difficult and in many places impossible. After the repeal of this law and for the last twenty years the party has increased with surprising rapidity. In 1893 the Social Democrats cast 1,787,000 votes; in 1898, 2,107,000; in 1903, more than 3,000,000; and in the last election, 1912, 4,238,919; and they have just returned 110 delegates to the Reichstag out of a total of 397 members.

It is noteworthy that in America there is one Socialist member of the House of Representatives; while in Germany, which combines autocratic methods of government with something more nearly approaching state ownership and control than any other country in the world, the most numerous party in the present Reichstag is that of the Social Democrats.

Freedom is the only medicine for discontent. There is no rope for the hanging of a demagogue like free speech; no such disastrous gift for the socialist as freedom of action. Imagine what would have happened in America if we had attempted to suppress Bryan! The result of giving him

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free play and a fair hearing, the result of allowing the people to judge for themselves, has been a prolonged spectacle of political hari-kari which has had a wholesome though negative educational influence. The most accomplished oratorical Pierrot of our day has seen one hundred and sixty cities and towns in America turn to government by commission, and has kept the heraldic donkey always just out of reach of the political carrots. No autocrat could have done so much.

As early as 1887 Auer, Bebel, and Liebknecht outlined the programme of the party, and this programme, again revised at Erfurt in 1891, stands as the expression of their demands. They claim that: "Die Arbeiterklasse kann ihre ökonomischen Kämpfe nicht führen und ihre ökonomische Organisation nicht entwickeln ohne politische Rechte." Roughly they demand: the right to form unions and to hold public meetings; separation of church and state; education free and secular, and the feeding of school children; state expenditure to be met exclusively by taxes on incomes, property, and inheritance; people to decide on peace and war; direct system of voting, one adult one vote; citizen army for defence; referendum; international court of arbitration. Their leader in the Reichstag to-day is Bebel, and from what I have heard of the debates in that assembly I should judge that they have not only a majority over any other party in numbers, but also in speaking ability. The members of the Socialist party always leave the house in a body, at the end of each session, just before the cheers are called for for the Emperor. They have become more and more daring of late in their outspoken criticism of both the Emperor and his ministers. In consequence, they are replied to with ever-increasing dislike and bitterness by their opponents. At a recent banquet of old university students in Berlin, Freiherr von Zedlitz, presiding, quoted Barth and Richter: "The victory of Social Democracy means the destruction of German civilization, and a Social Democratic state would be nothing more than a gigantic house of correction."

In addition to the four important political divisions in the Reichstag, the Conservative, Liberal, Clerical, and Socialist, there are many subdivisions of these. Since 1871 there have been some forty different parties represented, eleven conservative, fourteen liberal, two clerical, nine national-particularist, and five socialist. To-day, besides four small groups and certain representatives acknowledging no party, there are some eleven different factions.

So far as one may so divide them, the voters have aligned themselves as follows:

	1871	1881	1893	1907	1912
Right, or Conservative....	895,000	1,210,000	1,806,000	2,141,000	1,149,916
Liberal.....	1,884,000	1,948,000	2,102,000	3,078,000	3,227,846
Clerical.....	973,000	1,618,000	1,920,000	2,779,000	2,012,990
Social Democrats....	124,000	312,000	1,787,000	3,259,000	4,238,919

In the last elections, in 1912, the Conservatives and their allies elected 75 members; the Clericals, 93; the Poles, 18; and the Guelphs, 5; and these come roughly under the heading of the party of the Right. Under the heading Left, the National Liberals and Progressive party elected 88, and the Social Democrats 110 members to the Reichstag. The parties stand therefore roughly divided at the moment of writing as 191 Conservative, and 200 Radical, with 6 members unaccounted for. The Poles, with 18 seats, the Alsatians with 5, the Guelphs and Lorrainers and Danes with 8 seats, and the no-party with 2 seats, are also represented, but are here placed with the party of the Right. To divide the parties into two camps gives the result that roughly four and a half millions voted that they were satisfied, and seven and a half millions that they were not.

No doubt any chancellor, including Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg, would be glad to divide the Reichstag as definitely and easily as I have done. Theoretically these divisions may be useful to the reader, but practically to the leader they are useless. Bebel, the leader of

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the Social Democrats, declares himself ready to shoulder a musket to defend the country; Heydebrandt, the leader of the Conservatives, and possibly the most effective speaker in the Reichstag, has spoken warmly in favor of social reform laws; the Clericals are for peace, almost at any price; the Agrarians or Junkers for a tariff on foodstuffs and cattle, and one might continue analyzing the parties until one would be left bewildered at their refining of the political issues at stake. Back to God and the Emperor; and forward to a constitutional monarchy with the chancellor responsible to the Reichstag, and perhaps later a republic, represent the two extremes. Between the two everything and anything. It is hard to put together a team out of these diverse elements that a chancellor can drive with safety, and with the confidence that he will finally arrive with his load at his destination. In addition to these parties there are the frankly disaffected representatives of conquered Poland, of conquered Holstein, of conquered Alsace-Lorraine, and of conquered Hanover, this last known as the Guelph party; all of them anti-Prussian.

It is not to be wondered at that the comments, deductions, and prophecies of foreigners are wildly astray when dealing with German politics. In America, religious differences and racial differences play a small rôle at Washington; but the 220 Protestants, the 141 Catholics, the 3 Jews, the 5 free-thinkers, and so on, in the last Reichstag are in a way parties as well. In that same assembly 2 members were over 80, 78 over 60, 271 between 40 and 60, 42 under 40, and 3 under 30 years of age. One hundred and six members were landed proprietors, 220 were of the liberal professions, including 37 authors, 35 judges or magistrates, 21 clericals, 7 doctors, and 1 artist; 13 merchants; 21 manufacturers; and 20 shopkeepers and laborers. Seventy-two members were of the nobility, a decided falling off from 1878, when they numbered 162. Two hundred and fifty members were educated at a university, and practically all may be said to have had an education equal if not superior to that given in our smaller colleges.

In the American Congress, in the House of Representatives, we have 212 lawyers, though there are only 135,000 lawyers in our population of 90,000,000. We have in that same assembly 50 business men, representing the 15,000,000 of our people engaged in trade and industry. Perhaps the German Reichstag is as fairly representative as our own House of Representatives, though both assemblies show the babyhood of civilization which still votes for flashing eyes, thumping fists, hollering patriotism, and smooth phrases. The surprising feature of elective assemblies is that here and there Messrs. Self-Control, Ability, Dignity, and Independence find seats at all. The members are paid, since 1906, a salary of 3,000 marks, with a deduction of 20 marks for each day's absence. They have free passes over German railways during the session. The Reichstag is elected every five years.

The appearance of the Reichstag to the stranger is notable for the presence of military, naval, and clerical uniforms. It is, as one looks down upon them, an assembly where at least one-fourth are bald or thin-haired, and together they give the impression of being big in the waist, careless in costume, slovenly in carriage, and lacking proper feeding, grooming, and exercise. It is ostensibly an assemblage, not of men of action, but of men of theories. Not only their appearance betrays this, but their debates as well, and what one knows of their individual training and preferences goes to substantiate this judgment of them. There are no soldiers, sailors, explorers, governors of alien people; no men, in short, who have solved practical problems dealing with men, but only theorists. Such men as Götzen, Solf, and others, who have had actual experience of dealing with men, are rare exceptions. Probably the best men in Germany wish, and wish heartily, that there were more such men; indeed, I betray no secret when I declare that the most intelligent and patriotic criticism in Germany coincides with my own.

The electoral divisions of Germany, as we have noted elsewhere, have not been changed for forty years, with a consequent disproportionate representation from the rural, as over against the enormously increased population of the urban and industrial districts. The Conservatives, for example, in 1907 gained 1 seat for every 18,232 votes; the Clericals or Centrum,

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1 seat for every 20,626 votes; the National Liberals 1 for every 30,635 votes; and the Social Democrats 1 for every 75,781 votes. It may be seen from this how overwhelming must be the majority of votes cast by the Social Democrats in order to gain a majority representation in the Reichstag itself. In 1912 they cast more than one-third of the votes, and are represented by 110 members out of the total of 397.

To the student of German politics it is very important to remember that the Social Democrats are not all representatives of socialism or of democracy. Their demands at this present time are far from the radical theory that all sources of production should be in the hands of the people. Only a small number of very red radicals demand that. Their successes have been, and they are real successes, along the lines of greater protection for and more political liberty for the workingman. The number of their votes is swelled by thousands of voters who express their general discontent in that way. The state in Germany owns railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, operates mines and certain industries, and both controls and directly helps certain large manufactories which are either of benefit to the state, or which, if they were entirely independent, might prove a danger to the state. The state enforces insurance against sickness, accident, and old age, and the three million office-holders are dependent upon the state for their livelihood and their pensions.

It is a striking thing in Germany to see human nature cropping out, even under these ideal conditions; for it is difficult to see how the state could be more grandmotherly in her officious care of her own. But this is not enough. Physical safety is not enough, the demand is for political freedom, and for a government answerable to the people and the people's representatives. Rich men, powerful men, representative men by the thousands, men whom one meets of all sorts and conditions, and who are neither radical nor socialistic, vote the Social Democrat ticket. The Social Democrats are by no means all democrats nor all socialists. As a body of voters they are united only in the expression of their discontent with a government of officials, practically chosen and kept in power over their heads, and with whose tenure of office they have nothing to do.

The fact that the members of the Reichstag are not in the saddle, but are used unwillingly and often contemptuously as a necessary and often stubborn and unruly pack-animal by the Kaiser-appointed ministers; the fact that they are pricked forward, or induced to move by a tempting feed held just beyond the nose, has something to do, no doubt, with the lack of unanimity which exists. The diverse elements debate with one another, and waste their energy in internecine rebukes and recriminations which lead nowhere and result in nothing. I have listened to many debates in the Reichstag where the one aim of the speeches seemed to be merely to unburden the soul of the speaker. He had no plan, no proposal, no solution, merely a confession to make. After forty-odd years the Germans, in many ways the most cultivated nation in the world, are still without real representative government.

Why should the press or society take this assembly very seriously, when, as the most important measure of which they are capable, they can vote to have themselves dismissed by declining to pass supply bills; and when, as has happened four times in their history, they return chastened, tamed, and amenable to the wishes of their master?

No wonder the political writing in the press seems to us vaporish and without definite aims. It is perhaps due to this weakness that the writing in the German journals upon other subjects is very good indeed. The best energies of the writers are devoted to what may be called educational and literary expositions. In the field of foreign politics the German press is less well-informed, less instructive, and consequently irritating. The poverty of material resources makes such writing as that of Sir Valentine Chirrol, and in former days that of Mr. G. W. Smalley, beyond the reach of the German journalist, and their press is painfully narrow, frequently unfair, and often purposely insulting to foreign countries. They are not only anti-English, but anti-French, anti-American, and at times bitter. If the American people read the German newspapers there would be little love lost between us.

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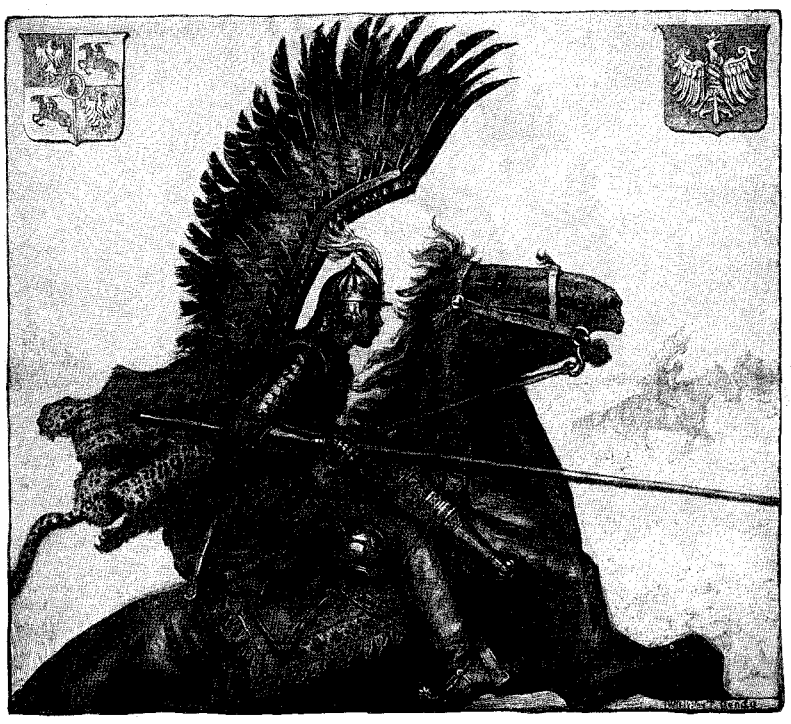

THE WINGED HUSSAR

By Albert Kinross

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

IN the winter of 1905–6 a half-dozen men sat round a table in the Hotel Bristol at Warsaw and played a game of poker. As many agencies and newspapers had sent them out to report upon the Russian revolution. They had seen men die behind the Moscow barricades, and women and small children; they had listened to the shooting of the Lettish prisoners in the sand dunes behind Riga; while here, from the hotel windows, they had watched Cossack and dragoon sabre the cheering Poles who had gathered unarmed in the Cracow Faubourg. That afternoon, however, the snow was falling heavily, and it seemed at last as though the revolution had died a natural, or unnatural, death. So, instead of looking for "stories" or strolling in the dismal streets, the men had raided Carthew's room—he mixed their drinks and found them matches—and settled down steadily to a game of poker.

"The last round," said Gilbert Coke, of the *London Tribune;* "I'm dining with a Russian colonel and mustn't be too late; and so is Baldwin. The colonel's going to give us *his* version."

"All right," from two of the others, who, it appeared, had booked seats for the wrestling matches at the circus.

"I'm off to the opera," said Slavin, a young man from New York; and so it was carried. Nor did Carthew mind. "What a fug you've made—I'll have to sit here with the windows open and lay down disinfectants," he cried, standing behind Baldwin, who was shuffling and reshuffling as though wound up and become an automaton.

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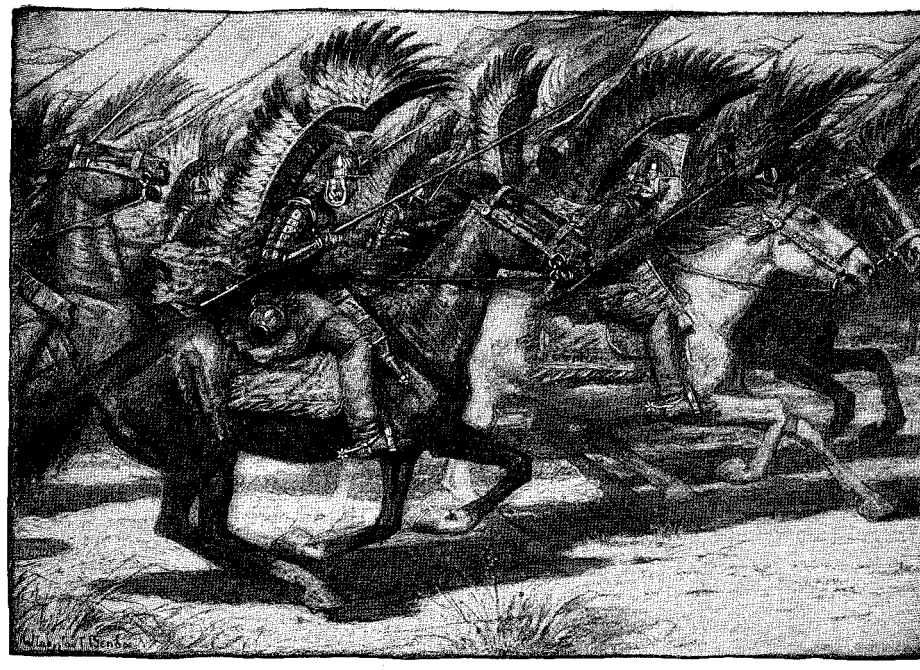

What foe could stand before the awful sibilance of their onrush, this apparition

Nothing very strenuous happened till Slavin picked up four aces in the last deal of all. He had been losing steadily throughout the afternoon, in the pernicious, deadly way a man will lose when the luck is sheer against him, when misfortune seems to have settled on him, like a cloud over his head, immovably, malignantly, and as though it bore him a personal grudge. He looked at his cards again, and the four aces were there right enough. Now, at the finish and too late for any serious profit, Fate, it seemed, was showing him what she might have done had she so willed. It was a hand to "put one's shirt on"; if only some of the others had good hands as well, he might even yet recoup his losses and come out not too far from the right side. . . . He threw away the fifth card and took another from the dealer. So did Coke. Two of the other men had kept a pair, and Baldwin, who was always venturesome, had discarded all five and asked for a "book." Homerton did nothing and joined Carthew.

The betting began, and Slavin squared his jaw, prepared to back his four aces against anything that might come along. His one fear was that the others might have poor hands and crawl out. He resolved to back his four aces as far as anybody would go.

Baldwin retired at once—his "book," as usual, had been a failure. One of the pairs was bluffing or had advanced; the other fled when Coke produced a green three-ruble bill. At thirty rubles only Slavin and the Englishman remained. Would the Englishman run away? Slavin hoped to play him a little longer. He, too, had kept four and taken one. He might have a straight, or a flush, or a full-house. He might—it was all but impossible—have fours as well. In any case he couldn't beat four aces. So Slavin kept on; and so did the Englishman.

They betted, coolly, regularly, unhurriedly, in five-ruble raises, and occasionally in tens, which was the limit. When they wanted change they helped themselves from the money on the table. So sure they seemed of themselves, so far removed from doubts or hesitations, that a spectator, ignorant of their purpose, might have fancied them engaged in some austere and rigid occupation. The other men, grown feverish, looked on, impatiently awaiting the result.

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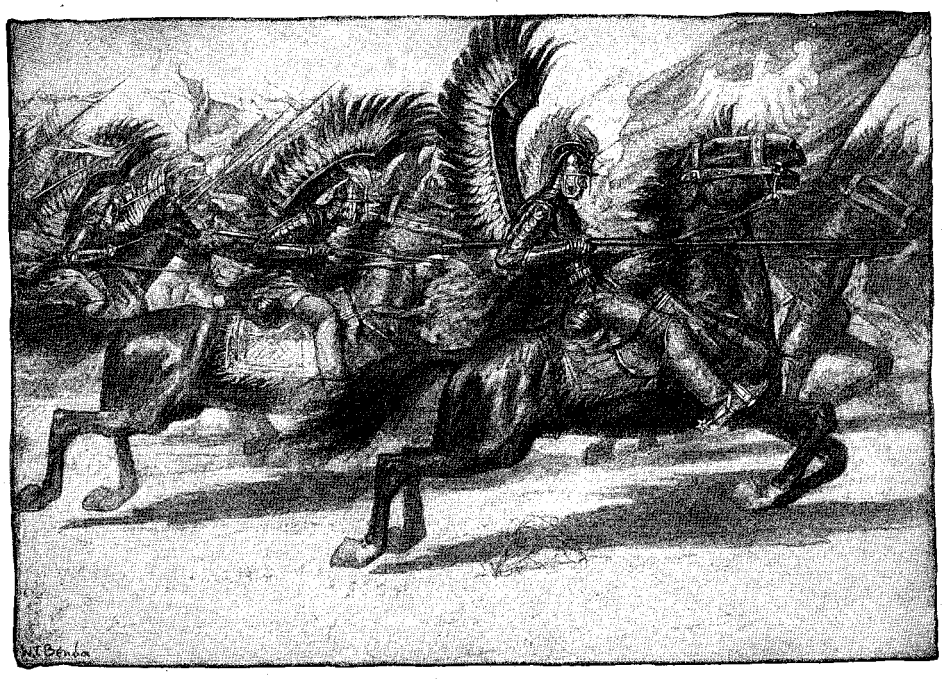

of something inconceivably monstrous, yet inconceivably superb?—Page 683.

Slavin's personal wealth at that moment amounted to just over the twelve hundred rubles, which were really the property of his newspaper, and had to be accounted for in the usual way. The bulk of the money had reached him a day or two ago, when he was running short. Incidentally, he had been informed that if he didn't get a good story quick he would be fired. His proprietors were like that, and there was no help for it. . . .

Coke, silent, letting his money "talk," had just put down another ten-ruble bill, and then another on top of it.

"I guess that makes twelve hundred," said Slavin. "I'm getting off here," he added, equalizing. "What is it?"

"Kept a busted straight flush and it came right—simply had to back it," said Coke, showing his five cards. There they were, large as life—the seven, eight, nine, ten, and jack of diamonds.

"It's yours," said Slavin. . . . This last ironic stroke had been far deeper, far subtler than he had imagined. Instead of tantalizing him, mocking him, with a tardy favor, now valueless, Fate had done the impossible; had presented him with what looked like a certainty, then done the impossible to finish his rout.

Baldwin had pounced on Slavin's defeated hand and was displaying the four aces.

"If I had a pencil and paper I'd work it out," cried Homerton. "It was at least a hundred thousand to one on you—at least!"

"Poisonous game, poker," said the Englishman, pocketing his winnings; "but I suppose you Americans can stand it. Anyhow, it's your invention;" and he said good-night.

Carthew flung the windows open and began to air the room.

The excitement of the last half hour supported Slavin till he reached his own quarters; but, once the door had closed: "I'll be fired for sure—and there's this deficit to make good—I've got to 'make good,' anyway;" and he smiled feebly at his little joke. "And who's to pay the hotel bill and get me home again?" he ran on. "Strapped in Warsaw, broke, stranded—and not a word of the lingo—and no visible job I could turn to. *That* would make a stunning good story!" . . . Nevertheless, and in spite of these reflec-

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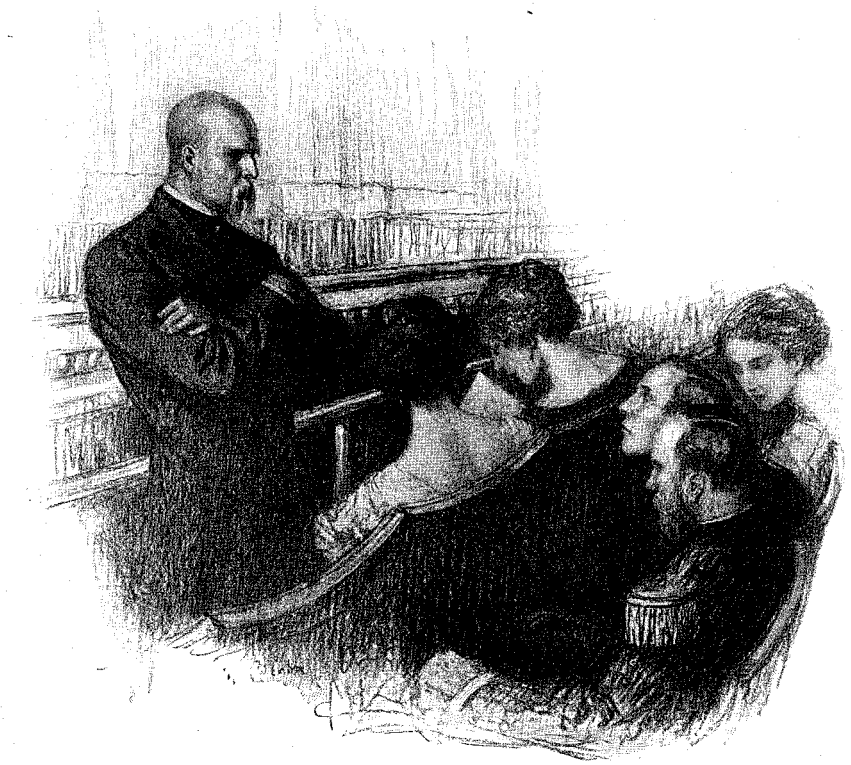
tions, he changed his clothes and took his dinner in the big dining-room of the hotel, gay with what they called "Secessionist" decorations and resonant with the two big tables where the Russian officers messed, splendid in splendid uniforms, borrowed, stripped—almost literally stripped—from the backs of the conquered and subjected Pole. Here a waiter brought him the inevitable beet-root soup.



Slavin looked up to a man who seemed to have escaped from the ancient figures on the stage.—Page 682.

"You're going to the opera?" asked Coke, coming through.

Slavin nodded.

"I've discovered a café concert—opera's rather too hard for such as me."

Slavin watched him go out, then felt in his waistcoat-pocket for the ticket. He had asked the hotel porter to get him one that morning. It would pass away the time; he was fond of music; and Warsaw, without the revolution, was dead slow.

On the way between the hotel and the Grand Theatre, it occurred to him that he might cable home some quite astounding lie about himself; say that he had been robbed, pillaged, hooliganized. . . . No, they weren't out for that. They might stand something tall about other people; but a story about himself. . . .

II

The hotel porter, consulted that morning about the opera, had expressed astonishment; also he had folded his hands behind his long tail-coat and wagged a dubious head. The opera? Did not Mr. Slavin know? A ticket would be a very difficult affair. For over a month the house had been sold out. Everybody was going; he himself was going. To-night, it appeared, was no ordinary night, but a *première*, a first performance. And such a performance! The porter was full of it. To-night was the first night of "Maria."

Slavin, musical, possessed, moreover, of all a journalist's curiosity, asked for particulars. From the porter he learned

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that some years ago a patriot, noble and wealthy, had written the libretto of "Maria"—the subject was one familiar to every Polish school-boy, to everybody acquainted with Poland's glorious past. This nobleman had offered a handsome prize to whomsoever should furnish the best music for his libretto. A young composer, hitherto unknown, had won the prize; yet, till the issue of the famous October Manifesto, and ever since the revolution of the eighteen-sixties, all theatrical performances of a national character had been forbidden. So that only recently had it been possible to rehearse and prepare for the production of "Maria." All Warsaw would be present; all Poland would be present; there were guests in the hotel from Wilna, from Lublin, from Sandomir, from Posen, from Cracow, from Danzig. . . . A ticket? For Slavin still persisted. The porter reflected. Perhaps, by calling in the assistance of the Hebrew and paying a price, a ticket might yet be secured. There were always Jews who speculated in such affairs. . . . In the end the porter had proved successful. Slavin had paid his money cheerfully; and it was this ticket that he now presented to an attendant.

He received a programme that was altogether incomprehensible; for Polish he had none, nor any other of the Slavonic tongues. He turned it over, straying from it, wondering how he would face the morrow — equally incomprehensible, it seemed, in that sad moment when his isolation came upon him. For here, in the packed theatre, filled with strange faces, strange speech, strange interests, a loneliness had invaded him, and, for the first time, he realized with shattering acuteness his position. In the solitude of his room it had had its humors. Now not even that ghostly light relieved it. . . . Beside him, equally aloof from all that seethed and effervesced in the crowded house, bringing with him an atmosphere passively hostile to this perfervid audience, sat an officer of Circassian horse. A Russian face, pale, intellectual, looked out from the Asiatic uniform, a full-length garment of dark blue, pointed with silver, edged with scarlet. Once or twice Slavin observed him, feeling that he too was an intruder, that they were intruders both, among the hundreds, the thousands, to whom this festival belonged. The Russian kept his position and gave no sign.

The composer himself, young, untried, appeared at the conductor's desk and was received with cheering. In all that multitude of applause, it seemed as though only Slavin and the Russian were silent. The curtain rose; the first act had begun.

The first act of "Maria" passes in the great hall of the Voyevoda, or governor, of a palatinate. Here an army of guests were feasting and merrymaking in approved operatic style. Slavin was aware of the Voyevoda and his companions, their heads shaven, mustachios full and drooping, in the ancient Polish fashion. He heard their recitatives and declamations, their gallantries and toastings; but of the actual happenings, what they plotted and discussed, he knew nothing, nor did he try to know. His own trouble lay heavy on him, had seized him, gripped him, overpowered him; till gradually it broke, gave way, yielded, as before long draughts of potent wine. It was hardly the music that thus aroused him and filled him with a gathering power, a gathering clairvoyance; that shook the load from his shoulders, dispersed the mists, and at last held his eyes to a stage that was to him a revelation, a joy, a carnival.

He had known the polonaise, he had known the mazurka, disembodied things —perhaps of Chopin—flowing easily from the piano. So, till then, he had known them—dances without dancing. Never as seen here, substantial, incarnate, thrilled with a life of which they were the essence, the supreme manifestation, and dressed and staged as in their greatest day. The Poles? Hitherto they had been a gray and subject people seen dimly in the wintry streets of Warsaw—gray and cowed. To-night they had thrown off this disguise and come once more into their own. Gray? Their dress was crimson and gold and sable, ran through all scales of ruby, of blue, of emerald, sounded all chords, all basses and trebles of color mated with color. A torrent, a triumph, level with the composer's music, of velvets bordered with fur, of silks and tissues, of satins and dyed leathers, of damasks and brocades, jewelled, begemmed, aigretted, mixed here and mingled. The Venetians had known how to

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dress with splendor, but here in Poland it had been an art, ranking with music, with painting, and the chronicles of poet-historian. And thus attuned, attired, entered upon, their dancing had become a greater art, their greatest—national, impersonal, something different from a drilled performance in an opera-house. As well as with the dyed leathers that were a part of their magnificence, as well as with the disks of clinking metal that chimed with the music, their feet were shod with a fire that transcended passion, a white heat beyond the red, beyond the white a flame invisible. Light as leaves swaying in summer breezes their bodies moved, till, wilder and more wild, they went as leaves before an autumn gale. Dignity, pomp, ceremonial; and then, changing with the changed measure, from polonaise to the mazurka was but a step. And now the colors flowed and blended, the bodies swayed as though they were all one body, and turned, wind-driven, flame-compelled. Men and women were ravished by an abandonment, complete, perfect. The dancers had forgotten the theatre, forgotten the audience; the audience had forgotten the theatre, forgotten the dancers. This was the ancient Poland, jocund, joyous—fire and light and chivalry and pomp. It ended only with a summons to war, and a sudden entry of people fleeing from the invader.

The curtain lowered and the applause over, Slavin caught a glimpse of the Russian on his left. The pale face had grown paler, and in the eyes there glowed a dull antagonism, a stifled jealousy, as of some zealot belittling the rites, the doctrines of an alien and exultant church. So might in Rome an icy Calvinist, hating yet impotent, motionless yet resentful, sit out the service at St. Peter's; so might a Romanist endure the ardors of the Protestant north. Otherwise the Russian gave no sign, and a casual observer would have put him down as altogether cold.

From this sullen profile Slavin looked up to a man who seemed to have escaped from the ancient figures on the stage. This man was tall and towering; he had his back toward the footlights, his face turned to the audience, proprietorially, immensely. He stood immediately in front of Slavin and the Russian, and seemed to menace them, to challenge them, to challenge that whole theatre, not so much with an expression of disdain as with the statement that he who stood there was a Pole of Poles. His head was shaved as had been the heads of the great nobles on the stage, his long mustachios fell like theirs, and, instead of a white shirt-front, he wore a vest of black flowered silk, closed at the throat, that recalled in some indefinable way the caftans of the dancers. Over six feet high he stood, ignoring yet observing, unconscious yet compelling by the mere bulk of him, the vast, unstudied insolence wherewith he bore the mask and impinged on the costume of a *Pan* of old.

Slavin had time to absorb these things, to synthesize the meaning, the significance of what had gone before, when the curtain rose upon the second act.

Now all was changed to a wild and open country on whose horizon one saw the red glare of towns and villages going up in flame. The Tartar had fallen on Poland out of the Muslim south. Slavin gleaned that much from the affrighted peasantry who crossed the stage, from the martial declamations of the principals. The rest—the intrigue, the lovers' parting, the heroine's tears—was a blank, a convention; until at last he heard the tramp of armies and saw Poland going forth to war.

The dresses of the first act had been rich: they were the dresses of peace and relaxation; their richness was the richness of security. Now they were changed; but in their place was something even more apart, even more quick to stir the imagination and heat the blood. Silk and satin, fur and velvet had given way to shimmering metal, to plumed helmet, and the pelt of bear and wolf; instead of the warm glow of precious stones, flashed the cold glint of naked steel; in place of caftan, cloak, and loose trousers, one saw breast-plate, loin-guard, and pelisse. And here were faces curiously still under the curved earpieces; and here were bodies sheathed in plumage and the skins of wild beasts. Yet this was not enough. For to the roll of kettledrums, the swirl of fifes behind *quartian*, dragoon, and *reiter* came the hussar, mounted, and pennoned lance at rest. These men sat their heavy horses, their lances made a forest, and from their shoulders rose the famous "wings." Suf-

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ficiently splendid in themselves, they had added this last touch of splendor. From their shoulders, as in the reliefs of ancient Egypt, rose great wings—the rustling of them filled the theatre. Might and terror were incarnate in these warriors. What foe could stand before the awful sibilance of their onrush, this apparition of something inconceivably monstrous yet inconceivably superb? War had fired this people to new improvisations that ended on a grandeur reaching to the epic, the sublime. The other nations had but dreamt of war-gods buoyed on the spread of carved and painted wings; the Pole had dared to attempt them in his line of battle, to embody them, to be them. . . .

Over this army floated Poland's eagle, white upon its blood-red ground. A bishop raised the sacred relics and the cross and gave his blessing. Plainly, without music, the front ranks kneeling, the mounted men behind, rose a solemn chant of male voices. It was the hymn made for Sobieski's legions when they marched out to Vienna.

The curtain fell, and, through its tears, a generation that had been forbidden the traditional uniforms saw Poland rearisen. The women threw their flowers onto the stage; the men, tinder, stood there, all but ignited to some desperate enterprise. This tableau roused them, was a resurrection of old glories, bardic, invincible, transfigured by the virtue of a great religion. Again and yet again they feasted on that spectacle.

"They were really like that—*ils étaient vraiment comme ça?*" Slavin, ablaze and finding his best French, was addressing the officer of Circassian horse. Already the wings were sprouting on his shoulders, and he was charging madly—for Poland, for the faith, for sheer devilment. "*Ils étaient vraiment comme ça?*" he repeated.

"*Nyet,*" said the Russian; and now, on a sudden, Slavin realized his mistake. A hatred, burning, unquenchable, lowered in the man's eyes. He had closed these overtures, this conversation, with a single abrupt negative; and Slavin then knew that where he saw valkyries and gods, this other saw Sathanas, something accursed, to be stamped out with blood and iron.

"The hussars were really like that. They were even more than that—we are but in a theatre." Slavin looked up. It was the Pole, returned to his old dominant station, more towering, more formidably representative than ever.

It was the Pole, occupant of the stall in front of theirs, who had intervened, and who in an excellent French continued:

"They cleared a path to the Black Sea and the Baltic; they rode with Lubomirski to Berlin, with Sobieski to Vienna, with Zolkiewski to Moscow. Swede, German, Turk, and Russ they drove before them. At Khotin they trampled out the Janissary Guards; at Kirkholm three thousand of them destroyed an army of sixteen thousand Swedes; at Smolensk the Russian laid one hundred and twenty banners at their feet."

Slavin, glowing, all interest, all excitement, heard the tale. He had had no idea. "You Poles did all this?" he asked.

"At Orsza the Russian went down like grass before us—at Bazya—at Lachowicz—at Chudnow—at Zeromsk."

Each well-remembered name was a blow aimed at their neighbor. Pale, impotent, he let the volley pass. His revenge, if any, must be deferred. Midway through the interval he rose from his seat and left the theatre.

Slavin smiled up at the Pole. "We've driven him away?" he suggested.

"That spy!" was the contemptuous answer.

"Do you really mean it?"

"He is one of the governor-general's *aides* come here to make a report."

"Then he really is a Russian? The uniform——"

"The Cossacks, the Circassians, are often officered by Russians."

"What will he say about it?"

The Pole shrugged his shoulders.

"It was my intention to make him speak here; but the governor-general has issued an order against duelling, which he obeyed—so not even that satisfaction is left to us."

"You tried to provoke him?" Slavin guessed it now.

"I did my best;" and it occurred to Slavin that this was not the first time his new-found friend had done his best, and that there might have been occasions when he had succeeded.

The third act of "Maria" combines and concentrates the color, the movement, the emotions of the two others. The troops

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return victorious; there follows a solemn thanksgiving; the opera ends amid new feastings and rejoicings. Now it was the composer's turn to receive a last ovation. And well enough he deserved it, for he had wrought a miracle. To all these people he had given back their past, roused them with a vision of what they had been, what they yet might be; conquered the slothful, the indifferent, heartened the active and the strong; dealt a momentous blow at that carefully fostered policy of forgetfulness and slow oblivion, decreed then by an alien government, which for more than a generation had been at work, stifling their ardors, numbing flesh and spirit. To-night, for a couple of hours, Poland, ancient, warlike, and jocund, had lived upon the boards, and a subject people had seen the splendid ghosts of its desires.

Even to Slavin—and perhaps the more so for his ignorance—this thing had come as a revelation; and as wildly as any there he found himself shouting, cheering, and gesticulating; until there succeeded a moment, when, standing clear away from his tumultuous participation, he saw himself once more as an American journalist sent out by a newspaper. And then, "What the deuce has all this got to do with me?" he asked himself; and yet again, nonplussed by a ferment stronger than reason or self-knowledge, "What the devil has all this got to do with me!"

III

Noon had struck next morning when he awoke. He was back at the hotel, and he lay for a long hour in bed, helping himself to rolls and coffee, smoking cigarettes, luxuriously going over, reviving scene by scene, the memories, the surprises of the previous night.

The opera ended, somehow he had gravitated toward the Pole; and, somehow, the Pole had taken a similar direction. It was as though a tie, an understanding had been forged by their enthusiasms; as though, tacitly, they had agreed that, of all who had been moved by to-night's spectacle, none had been so samely moved as they. He had found himself promenading under the starlight with this stranger, plying him with questions, eagerly accepting answer, explanation, comment. He remembered now that wheresoever his imagination led, the other met him; indeed, as one who had preceded and was waiting.

For a moment they had halted beside the monument to the national poet, Mickiewicz; they had reached the Vistula, and, in the moonlight, looked out on the vast spread of the river and what had once been the palace of the Polish kings. On the opposite bank was Praga, the suburb that had witnessed Poland's last stand as a nation, and a massacre of the innocents unequalled since the Russian waded in the blood of Novgorod the Great. . . . More and more, under this man's guidance, he had become aware of a people, a history; of a past, too near for death and such decay as is buried in the sands of Egypt or the dust of Rome. One magic touch might rekindle it; perhaps the Princess, as in the fairy-tale, was but asleep. To be the Prince whose coming should remove this enchantment seemed a destiny heroic beyond dreams.

At some small hour of the morning they had turned in at the other's club, a large house, sufficiently comfortable, where had followed the usual exchange of names, habitat, and occupation. The conversation, so far impersonal, became personal. The Pole uncorked champagne; their corner of the room was warm, intimate, secluded; and here, his tongue loosened, wagging as tongues will do after 2 A. M., he had talked about himself, his home, his profession, and about America. Now it was his turn. . . .

"Slavin—the name is English?" the Pole had asked, examining the card before stowing it away in his pocket-book. "No, Irish," he had replied; "or, at least, so I've been told. Over there we don't trouble much about such things till we've made our pile."

But for the one interruption the Pole had listened, was curious, was sympathetic; the natural insolence and *panache* of the man, conspicuous in the theatre, had disappeared; and it was without astonishment that he saw himself launching into confidences, and even telling about Gilbert Coke, the English journalist, and the four aces, and how he was up against it generally, and that if he didn't get a good story quick he would be fired.

"A true Pole—we are all gamblers," the other had laughed. And then, "Per-

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haps I may be of some service to you—you are at the Hotel Bristol?"

From here the conversation had swerved to insurrections; to Kosciuszko's rising after the second partition, to the revolts of the eighteen-thirties and the sixties; and so to the present attempt which had misfired, which seemed to have neither head nor tail nor purpose nor leading.

The other admitted it. "We are too weak," he said; "Russia, Prussia, and Austria are against us; but once there should be a European war, then will come our chance—we wait for that—perhaps we pray for it."

Free, sincere, unguarded, the hours had sped. At last they separated, bidding each other good-night, proposing future meeting-grounds. He had made his way back to the hotel, through the deserted streets with their patrols, who searched him twice for hidden weapons and then sheered off again. Now he lay snugly in his bed, reviving it all, browsing on it all. A tapping at the door made him cry, "Come in!" There entered Gilbert Coke, who had won his money.

"You're late," he began.

"I didn't get home till morning."

"Business?" The Englishman was on the alert at once.

"No, pleasure."

"I see;" and Coke ventured a grin. "By the way," he added, coming to his point, "that opera you went to last night is suppressed. What was it all about?"

Slavin tried to tell him.

"Er—tuppence colored, eh?" It was a certain point of view, and Slavin saw no reason to dispute it.

"I guess it was the fellow that sat next to me," he answered; "there was a Russian in a Circassian uniform."

The next interruption was a message brought up by one of the hotel servants. It was in French and written by the Pole.

"Perhaps I may help you to get right with your newspaper," it ran. "If you care for an adventure, take the 7.45 train this evening and descend at Wolomin station. I will meet you there. It is the second station on the line to Petersburg. Burn this as soon as you have made a note of the hour and place."

Though the envelope containing this message was addressed to "Harold Pascoe Slavin," evidently copied from his card, the message itself was headed, "My dear Slavinski."

IV

Was it a hint, a suggestion? Likeliest of all it was a joke. "A true Pole" the other had called him once last night, and had now continued in the same playful spirit. Really, it was the obvious thing to do—Slavin led inevitably to Slavinski—the name, indeed, seemed made for the extension — unlike Smith or Brown or Robinson or Jones.

So, at first, he dismissed both joke and jester; then, in his bath, he repeated "My dear Slavinski;" next it occurred to him that the Polish things of Poland had roused him as nothing else in his experience. The Russian things of Moscow, the German, the Lettish things of Riga, infinitely more tragical—homes fired over heads thenceforth homeless, faces holed with unrecorded death—all that butchery, all that futility, had never penetrated beyond the surface. It was their business, not his. Often he had wondered at himself, questioned himself, a little despised himself. "I'm looking on like a man in a theatre," he had said; "but if I believed in it, it would break my heart; and then I wouldn't be much use to a newspaper." So he had excused himself. To-day, literally, he had looked on in a theatre, and the fictive drama had stirred him as never the living drama seen out there. No, not even at home had any national movement found him thus responsive, thus impressionable. The war with Spain — tariffs or no tariffs — he had been apathetic by comparison. . . . "Slavinski"—yes, there might be something in it.

He had read stories—mainly Oriental, or told by writers saturated with the East—of men who remembered, whose past lives or whose ancestry had overpowered and made a nothing of the present. He realized suddenly then how very little he knew about himself and of himself, the actual Slavin. He did know that, like the people here, he was a Catholic, or that at least he had been born one, though why he had never previously considered, ex-

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cept that it was a reason he had taken it the more for granted that he and his name had originated in Ireland. He tried hard to go backward, and could see no further than his grandparents—even these none too clearly. Perhaps, in a family, poor, obscure, like his, it was natural. On the paternal side they had been Slavins—and there was a great-uncle as well. His second name, Pascoe, had been a fancy of his father's, and he had always let it go at that—he didn't care much what he was called. Perhaps, as he had indicated to the Pole, an American only troubled about such things after he had made money. . . . It was time he opened his Baedeker and found out something more of Wolomin station. For he was going. He jotted the name down on a slip of paper and the hour at which his train started. Then he set fire to the note, as the Pole had requested, and watched it burn.

The purchase of his railway ticket brought him up against fact—hard fact. It left him with but a single three-ruble bill and the loose silver in his pocket. He owed money at the hotel; he might be ordered home or elsewhere at any moment; there were at least five hundred dollars for which he must render honorable account. His whole career and reputation were at stake—had been staked on those four aces. If only he could have seen it that way at the time! "A true Pole—we are all gamblers," the other had laughed; but, by Gum, it wasn't a laughing matter! If it had been his own money he might have stood it and stuck it out—it wouldn't have been joyous exactly. A feeling, recognizable as actual funk, possessed him as the train drew up at Wolomin.

The station was a bare shed, dumped down in the darkness and the snow; beyond it, making a skyline, was the black edge of a forest. Slavin was the only passenger who descended; an official, carrying a lantern, saw the train proceed upon its way. There was no one else here. He went outside and peered into the empty night. He could find no trace of the Pole, no trace of anybody. The man with the lantern turned a key, coughed, and then, his light still burning, set off down an invisible road. Slavin had Wolomin station to himself.

He stood there a long half hour, huddled in his furs and wondering. The darkness grew less dark, the skyline more distinct—it was the moon rising above the blackness of the forest. A mile away, he knew from his Baedeker, was the town of Wolomin.

Doggedly he stuck to his post outside the station. The Pole had promised, the Pole had made this rendezvous. If the Pole failed him, he would be more utterly adrift, more utterly wrecked than ever. He might just manage to return to Warsaw—and then? The landscape won a new desolation; more truly than before he seemed alone in this bleak world of snow, of darkness, and of wintry stars. . . . The moon had cleared the forest when a two-horse sleigh, lamps burning, carrying with it a flying dust of snow, sprang out of the night and came to a halt within a yard of where he stood. It was superbly done.

"Pan Slavinski?" cried an unfamiliar voice.

Slavin was aware of a man, young as himself, slender, tall, fine-featured, and with a little fair mustache. Irresistibly the strength, the lightness, and the fineness of him recalled a greyhound. He had leaped out of the sleigh, and then, in easy French, introduced himself and made apologies for the Pole.

"You have heard that 'Maria' is suppressed—it has to do with that," he ended; "I can tell you little more at present, except that to me has fallen the honor of replacing our absent friend."

"You were at the opera last night?" asked Slavin. "It was magnificent."

"It was magnificent," echoed the young man. "We were all there—and now it has been suppressed—on the ground that its performance 'may lead to new disorders.'" He was obviously quoting from the official notification. "But I lose time," he added, and invited Slavin to take the seat beside him.

It was the second occasion on which Slavin had found himself answering to the name "Slavinski," and it occurred to him then that the name meant something, that this young man pronounced it as though he took a pleasure in its sound, its context, its associations. He would say nothing here. The Pole must explain it

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all; he had invented it, he was responsible.

The horses were fast and fresh, the snow firm and hard frozen. Straight into the forest they steered, losing the sky and the brightness of the moon. It was a mysterious place, whispering of the hidden, the secret, the unknown; and it seemed endless—endless.

"Do we go through Wolomin?" asked Slavin.

"No, we avoid it." And that, for the present, was all their conversation.

Now and again he caught a glimpse of his companion's face. It had the quality of steel; of something swift and flexible and bright, that only waited on the signal—the word, the command, the opportunity.

On and on they kept, turning once where the road was marked by a wayside shrine, a sudden image of the Crucified, life-size, and so lifelike in that dimness that Slavin looked back and crossed himself—involuntarily; for he had never done such things at home.

They took a second turning. The road ran narrower here, but always through the forest, thick and massive and interminable. The bare branches met overhead, the bare trunks stood like soldiers, massed in their hundreds and their thousands and in ranks past computation. Sometimes a star shone through the tangle, as a jewel is caught up in a woman's hair; sometimes the moonlight filtered through and made the scene more ghostly, more surprising. Now and again came clearings, and Slavin felt like a diver returned to air. The sky was over them once more, and the beauty of the forest made a magic ring, an amphitheatre, fit for the sports of fairies, of hobgoblins, of spirits joyful or sardonic. For well over an hour they must have driven when the road curved into a clearing larger than them all. It was here that they crossed the railway line.

Abruptly the sleigh had halted, and, still holding the reins, the young man was out upon the snow.

"Already! They have done it," he cried.

"Done what?" asked Slavin.

"Come here!" and Slavin sprang out and joined him.

There was no need for other explanation. As far as the eye carried, the line had been torn up, the rails scattered and flung in all directions.

"This will teach them to suppress a Polish opera!" cried the young man.

"But what's the good of destroying a railway train?" asked Slavin; "some of your own people may be on board."

"The train will not suffer—there is no embankment. It will only stop—stop rather unpleasantly. It is the Petersburg Express. To-night it brings the money with which to pay the Russian garrison—to pay the governor-general—to pay everybody."

"Then there will be a strong escort."

"Let us hope so. It comes through before midnight;" and looking out on the slope that commanded the line, the two or three hundred yards that separated them from the encircling forest, "This will be a fine place for our work," he ended; "we could not have a better. Now we must go on."

They started once more, and presently—perhaps a mile or two beyond the clearing—the forest ceased. Without warning, without preparation, it met the open. The great sky had its own way at last.

Slavin looked back. The long wall touched the two horizons; its head was in the stars, its feet were buried in the snow. It stood there, rigid and impenetrable, against the sudden brightness of the night. He turned, and, in the distance, found a gaunt silhouette, which, as they drew nearer, assumed the bulk, the contours of a ruined castle; of a stronghold that, in its day, must have been huge, immense. From the inside of it, from whatever spaces it enclosed, came a ruddy glow, and once a leaping spurt of flame.

"We are driving there?" he asked.

"Nowhere else."

"It is the ruin of a castle that once belonged to the dukes of Masovia?" Not in vain that afternoon, it appeared, had Slavin studied his Baedeker.

"They began it, and the Zamoyskis added to it. It was destroyed during the Swedish wars."

The two men pushed forward. The sleigh was racing now. The red glow increased and lit the sky as they came closer, as they dashed through the ruined

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entry to the keep, into a first court-yard, and, from here, gained the court-yard where this fire burned and blazed, illuminating a scene that made Slavin sit bolt upright, feasting his eyes, his heart, his spirit.

Round the fire, some standing to their horses, others already mounted, armored, splendid, terrible, was a company of the winged hussars. Yes, there could be no mistaking them. The great wings rose from their shoulders, throwing gigantic shadows across the place. . . . From this group a man had ridden out, one of the tallest and the most imposing. He came toward the sleigh, and, leaning forward in his saddle, "Welcome, Pan Slavinski!" he cried.

It was the Pole.

Slavin's face had formed a hundred questions.

"Yes," laughed back his friend, "they have suppressed 'Maria.' We are going to treat them to a second performance —here—to-night! You come with us—I have kept a uniform for you—you told me that you ride."

A dozen men pressed round and were listening; tall they were, and elegant, and lithe. They sat their horses like centaurs; standing, they seemed as though built for that impressive panoply. The Pole raised his lance and flung out a sentence, of which Slavin could only catch at his re-edited name. It must have been a presentation; for now his hands were gripped, the winged figures had taken possession of him; he knew that he was welcome, and, something more than welcome—honored.

In a sheltered corner of the ruins, roofed but doorless, Slavin found his uniform. The Pole was with him and ready to lend a hand. The change took but a few moments. When he joined the others round the fire, instead of a fur cap he wore plumed helmet and earpieces, instead of a fur overcoat a leather jerkin and a breastplate with a leopard-skin floating from its clasp. Above his shoulders rose the famous wings. His horse, a mettlesome bay, was waiting. Lightly he sprang into the saddle, sword on hip and gripping his lance with the forked pennon. Now, indeed, he was "Pan Slavinski" with a vengeance!

"You had better take this in case we should need it." The Pole was holding out a heavy calibred automatic pistol on a sling. "Hang it round your neck—it is loaded; and here are more cartridges—you must find somewhere to stow the clips away."

A horseman joined them; and Slavin recognized the young man who had replaced the Pole at Wolomin. Radiant he was, as though approaching some passionate consummation.

He asked a question and rode off again. A bugle sounded. It was the signal for departure.

Slavin sat beside the Pole and watched the troop file out. "God's own light horse!" he found himself repeating. He had made the phrase last night, looking round on the men who applauded in the theatre. Even there he had felt it in them. Perhaps Poland had ceased because cavalry had ceased. Yet, given that arm, who could stop them, who could stand against them!

Riding two abreast they passed before Slavin and the Pole, with what might be a baggage-wagon in the centre.

"Thirty-six of us," said the Pole; "one to each uniform."

"They came from the opera-house," answered Slavin; "how did you manage to get hold of them?"

"The opera was suppressed; so everything was sold to a gentleman—'a French gentleman who is going to produce it in Paris.' Needless to say, he is one of our collaborators. To-night he is lodging a complaint with the police, to the effect that, though he paid ready money and holds numerous receipts, part of his property has been diverted. A vanload of it has disappeared."

Slavin understood.

"The carriers to whom he entrusted this removal have also disappeared—he gave his commission too easily. He had, it seems, not been long in Warsaw. *Mon Dieu*, I thought at first of selling it to you for a production in America. And then I thought it would be better if you came here—it may set you right with your newspaper."

V

The Petersburg Express was in the forest. The long low murmur of it, gathering from afar in that nocturnal

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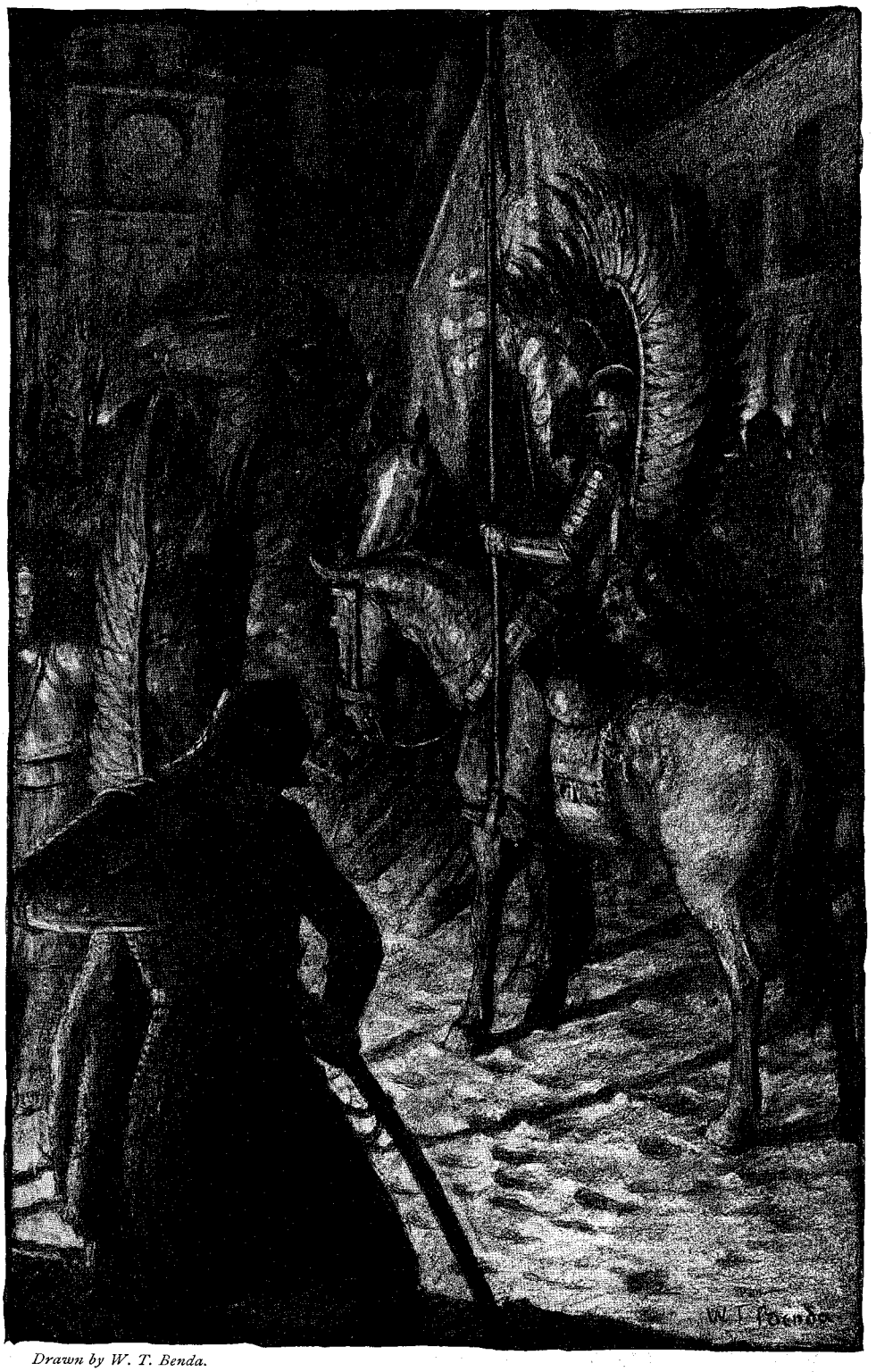

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

Round the fire, some standing to their horses, others already mounted, armored, splendid, terrible, was a company of the winged hussars.—Page 688.

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stillness, could mean one thing, and one thing only. The men, waiting for it, unlocked their pistols. They looked out, sitting their horses behind the giant boles, from which they would presently emerge into the open. Themselves invisible, they commanded the slope that ran down to the railway line, with its torn metals, its carefully planned disorder. The moonlight filled this space, the rising ground beyond; the rest was mystery and shadow. In silence Slavin watched beside the Pole; in silence the Pole watched beside Slavin. One heard no sound there but the murmur of the oncoming train.

Smoothly, unhurriedly it was moving toward its destination. With every moment it came closer. Its head had come out of the forest emitting a cloud of smoke before it began to swerve and plough a new course in the snow. There was something ludicrous in these contortions. But still it kept its wheels upon the ground, and, midway through the clearing, the brakes had brought it to a halt. From the inside of it swarmed a body of soldiers, who, led by an officer in gray, leaped out upon the snow. A stream of passengers followed; but these were driven back by the officer. Reluctant, protesting, they returned to their places and hung their heads out of the carriage windows. The officer shouted a command, which was followed by the rattle and the click of bayonets. Next he marched his men to a van in the rearward of the train, divided them into two parties, and ordered a party to each front. This must be the van that contained the money "to pay the Russian garrison—to pay the governor-general—to pay everybody."

There were two courses open to the Pole. He could either send a handful of his men, keeping their cover, round to the other side of the train, in the hope that their appearance on that quarter would engage, or even draw away, the half of the escort guarding that particular front, thereby leaving him free to let loose his main body on the other half; or else he could at once discover his presence from this side, thus giving the two parties time to unite, when they might be destroyed as a whole instead of singly. With characteristic daring he chose the latter plan. And now, to the note of a bugle, the whole company rode out into the open, showing itself, standing clear and splendid against the forest. As had so evidently been foreseen, the effect of this manœuvre was to make the Russian officer join up his forces. The Pole nodded his approval, and, turning to Slavin, "When the bugle sounds a second time, we charge," he said. "Heaven help us if they have the sense to make a fortress of the train!"

Of that wonderful moment Slavin knew little beyond that his lance was in position, and that, against reason, against prudence, against everything stable and ordered in his life, he was going madly, was hurling himself headlong—for Poland, for the faith, for sheer devilment, the dream he had dreamt come true. He caught the thunder of the horses; and then, above that sound, a gathering sibilance, as from a rising wind. It was the roaring of the wings. His heart exulted in that fateful music, a hissing, and at last a storm unbolted, that swept through space with them, that went with them, of which they were the core, the manifest and terrible incarnation. A hoarse shout broke from the two score voices. It was the ancient Polish battle-cry: "Kill, kill!"

Vainly the Russian officer shrieked his orders, fired his pistol, and gesticulated. His men, superstitious and fearful, simple peasants put into uniform, stood rooted to the spot. Wide-eyed and trembling, they gazed before them; for here, indeed, were demons, were spirits monstrous and invulnerable, the proud and pitiless legionaries of Antichrist himself; and well they knew that such places were haunted. Against human foes they would stand firm, even at night-time and in the darkness. . . . Before the Poles could close with them, they had dropped their rifles and fled all ways into the forest. When Slavin next saw the officer a lance had pierced his throat, half lifting him, half carrying him backward into death.

From several of the carriage windows now came shots. The Pole, a hand uplifted, rode to meet them. He asked a question, gave a warning, stern, peremptory. It was enough. Then he rode back again, unharmed.

The victory had been an easy one—so fate had willed it. Their next task was

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to empty the van and pile its contents into the baggage-wagon. The implements were there and willing hands. Slavin looked on at the splintering of wood, the forcing of locks and fastenings. It was the work of a few minutes. A bugle sounded. They were ready for the return.

A strange enough picture they left behind them in the moonlight—the derailed train with its excited passengers, the snow that carpeted the clearing, the black circle that was the forest, the dead man flung beside his trust. And there too gleamed the lance-points and the armor, and moved the ghostly figures of the winged hussars. With the loaded wagon once more in the centre began the march back to the castle.

Fast they rode and without much converse; yet in each man's breast the exaltation of a supreme adventure, of an hour lived, of an hour snatched from the buried and thrice buried past: from the past that was before the massacre of Praga, the past that had beheld the first great revolution, and then the second. To them it was an hour to have lived for, be the near future what it might. And Slavin shared it. It belonged to him as well. Forever he would carry the thrill of it, the romance and the wonder; of a chapter, passionate and lyrical, flushing the sober records of his insignificance.

VI

THE fire in the castle-yard was burning low when they returned. They fed it with huge logs, with fagot-wood, with the thin and tenuous shearings of the outmost branches. It occurred to Slavin that, ordinarily, these ruins were used as a place of storage by the woodmen of the forest. There was fuel enough here to feed a score such fires. Soon it was blazing, was leaping once more to the sky; reddening the darkness, playing upon the men, their pride, and their magnificence.

The Pole rode out before them and made a speech. It was brief; it was vigorous. What the exact content of it was Slavin could not say; but he guessed from the fervor it aroused that it was national, and that its reasoned passages had the full approval of this audience.

The Pole had finished. Then came the strangest scene of all. Silently, reverently, the men unbraced their wings and gave them to the flames.

"You too," said the Pole, addressing Slavin—he had himself set the example. And Slavin obeyed.

After the wings came arms and armor; came lance and sword and leopard-skin and plume.

Slavin found his fur cap, his coat, his vest, his overcoat, and when he had donned them, there was no man here that did not wear the dress of every day. Two of them, indeed, were priests, he discovered with some amazement. All their pomp, all their splendor, all their chivalry had perished, were cast into those hungry flames. From that pyre who knew what phœnix might arise! If the Pole had used that image, as probably he had, it was at least a just one.

The men were ready to disperse. Some led out the horses they had ridden and harnessed them to sleighs; others simply sprang into the saddle once more and went off through the night. But, before they went, there was not one of them who had not taken Slavin's hand and pressed it, uttering some quick word of farewell stressed with emotion. "Slavinski," they all ended. Why "Slavinski"? Who *was* "Slavinski," and what had *he* to do with it?

"Come, we must all be safe in Warsaw before they discover that anything unusual has happened." The Pole was at his elbow, accompanied by the young man who had first appeared at Wolomin station.

"You will go home by road," the Pole continued; "our friend here will drive you. I have still work to do—there is no rest for the wicked. Look out for me at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

Slavin hesitated. The young man was waiting.

"Very well, then," he replied. "I will expect you at the hotel—at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

VII

SLAVIN had got his "good story quick," and by the afternoon it was at least all ready on paper. He had sat down to it promptly, with every detail fresh and hot before him. There was no doubt what-

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soever about it—that kind of story only came up once in a blue moon. Somehow he would cable it across, if he had to beg or borrow or steal for it. And no one else had it, or stood a chance of having it till he had squeezed it dry. If that went over the wires he knew there was small risk of his being "fired."

It was on the crest of this mood, with the ink still wet on the paper, that the Pole discovered him, and forthwith asked for a translation.

Slavin needed no second bidding.

"Very good—very good," nodded the Pole, as the tale proceeded; "this lives—this is really full of life." And when it was over: "Permit me," he observed, "you might have added that among the party was a young American, the great-grandson of the hero and patriot Slavinski."

Slavin thrust his papers to one side and faced round eagerly.

"I was coming to that," he said. "Now what in thunder does all this mean—all this Slavinski-ing and talk about Slavinski?"

The Pole laughed at him.

"Have you no suspicions?" he asked.

"Any amount. But what's the good of suspicions? I want to know what you know, what all those men seemed to know last night!"

"Well, in the first place," the other answered, "they knew that Sapieha of the Russian embassy in Washington—all of us, by the way, are not conspirators; some are even in the diplomatic service—they knew that Sapieha had written home, saying that the family of Slavinski was not extinct, and that, curious as it might seem, one of its members, calling himself Slavin, was actually in Russia, where he was engaged as the correspondent of American newspapers. Sapieha had been attracted by the particular excellence of this correspondence; he made inquiries; one thing led to another; he had established the facts of the case beyond a doubt. It had cost him time, money, and several journeys; but the subject has his passionate interest, and he was very proud of his discovery. That," concluded the Pole, "is what those men knew; though of course it was I who made the personal application of Sapieha's facts. I think, however, that even without them I would have arrived at the same conclusion; for I felt the Pole in you from the moment of our first meeting at the theatre——"

"And I," broke out Slavin, "I've felt it too—but it's been something more than that—something beyond me."

"Your blood answered to ours," the other pursued; "our emotions were your emotions. You knew no word of our language; and yet the language of our hearts—that you understood! It was your own."

The two men sat silently for a long moment; till, in a voice firmer and less personal, the Pole continued:

"It was only yesterday morning that I learned what Sapieha had written; and then I had made his discovery for myself. Once started, it was not too difficult. I was thinking of our meeting, of our conversations—after the theatre, you will remember?"

Slavin did remember.

"Your name, of course, suggests Slavinski—you may recollect that I asked you a question about it? Your American nationality should have made me certain the moment I could put the two together. In addition, there was your second name, Pascoe. I had overlooked it. Yesterday morning, examining your card, I remembered that Pascoe was the name of the American lady whom Slavinski married—Miss Helen Pascoe, a good Catholic, of the city of Baltimore. The marriage was against the wishes of her parents. I have read the whole story over again in Zajonczek's 'Lives of Kosciuszko's Generals'—and so doubtless had Sapieha. In it you will find transcribed the letters that reached Poland after your ancestor's escape, as well as those written under happier circumstances. Here is the work itself—my own copy—I wish you to accept it;" and the Pole produced a sealed package which he placed upon the writing-table. The weight, the shape, the size of it were hardly suggestive of a book; but, maybe, they would come to that as the story unfolded.

"You will not be able to read it now—later on, perhaps, in your own country," the Pole resumed. "Meanwhile I will try and replace Zajonczek. . . . Briefly,

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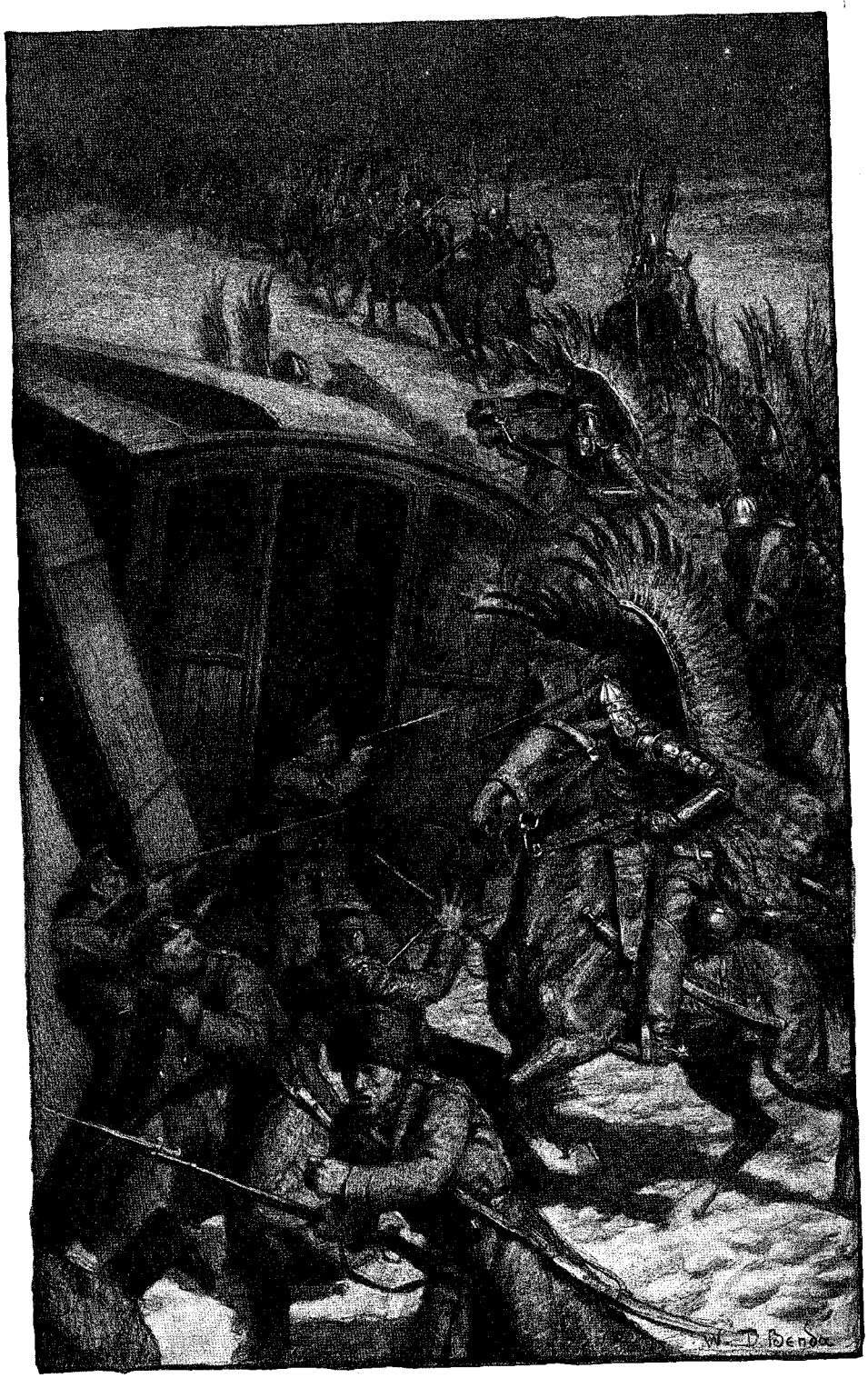

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

Vainly the Russian officer shrieked his orders, fired his pistol, and gesticulated.—Page 690.

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in 1794, when Kosciuszko was taken, when Warsaw had fallen, when all hope was dead, Slavinski, the hero of Polonna, of Raclawice, one of the many heroes of the siege, escaped to Danzig. From there he embarked on a ship bound for America. Its captain befriended him and offered him the passage. There was a price upon his head; he was in the enemy's country; he was without money or the means of procuring money. A man in his position does not hesitate.

"He crossed the Atlantic safely; and then—he himself has written it—his troubles began in earnest. Over there little was known of Poland; all eyes were turned on France and the Revolution. If he had been a Frenchman, they might have received him handsomely; a Pole, he discovered, hardly ranked as a European—is it not much the same to-day? Who knows of us, our history, and what we have endured? But I stray from my subject. . . . Slavinski was proud. He accepted the position and was silent. A soldier, second only to his chief, admittedly the finest cavalry leader of both campaigns, he was forced to play the violin at street corners, in a theatre, to do a thousand menial tasks that gave him bread. . . . When next we hear of him—that is some years later—General Jan Henrik Slavinski has become Mr. John Slavin, teacher of the violin and foreign languages. Miss Pascoe was one of his pupils. Referring to the alteration in his name, he writes in one of his letters: 'They tell me it is an Irish name, which is the next best thing to Polish.' And on another occasion: 'Should Poland have need of me,' he says, 'my life is at her service; yet, while I am in America, why should I wear a name that so proclaims my nationality and our misfortunes; a name that I have carried hopefully, proudly, and even gallantly under such different circumstances?' After his marriage he returns for the last time to this subject. It had been his pride which first dictated this change, and now the paternal heart confirms it. 'I wish my children, should God grant me children, to be free, to escape the shadow that has fallen on my nation,' he says. 'I wish them to know no other nationality than the one to which they have been given. Let them serve this new country, their mother's country, with undivided hearts.' . . . Such, as well as I can remember them, are his words, his intention. He died suddenly, in the city of Baltimore, where he had made his home. It was on the same day that Napoleon entered Warsaw."

The Pole had finished. Slavin was busy thinking.

"My father and my grandfather had a hard struggle," he said at last; "and I knew that we lived in the South before the Civil War. That wiped out a good many things—people like us don't seem to remember much beyond it." And then, looking across at his companion, "I think I understand what those men said to me last night," he added; "and I think I understand myself as well."

"For one night you had returned to us," said the Pole, rising; "now it is over."

"It will never be over," responded Slavin.

"Now," the other pursued, "you are going to cross the frontier with that telegram. You may take my word for it that there will be nothing else for you to do in Poland; and, besides, it is better that it should go from Germany than from here. You will find all the money you need within this parcel," and he indicated the package that he had placed upon the writing-table. "It is not a gift," he resumed, waving aside Slavin's hesitations; "it is a simple act of restitution. The Russian confiscated your home, the little property that should have come to you. *Bien*, we have made him disgorge. It is our wish. You will accept it from us? We have done precisely the same thing with the people at the theatre."

"I can't afford to refuse it; but some day——"

"We are living in the present;" and the Pole moved to the door. "In all probability we will never see each other again," he said, with extended hand; "I am sorry for that. You will not forget us?"

"How can I?" asked Slavin; and "How can I?" he repeated when the door had closed again and he had turned the key in it.

He was alone, packing his kit-bags and preparing for to-morrow's journey, when

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he heard Gilbert Coke's perfunctory tap and the Englishman's voice making inquiry.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Can I come in?"

Before opening, Slavin put his gold away in one bag and stuffed the notes inside another.

Coke entered; and to-day his stolid countenance reflected something that might be described as doubt.

He took a chair. He cleared his throat. He hesitated.

"You're off?" he began.

"It looks like it."

"Er—nothing much doing here, is there?"

Slavin went on with his packing.

The Englishman lit a cigarette and watched him.

"Er—you know that money," he began, starting afresh; "that money I won from you at poker—seems a bit stiff, don't it?"

Slavin looked up, wondering.

"Well—er—I've been thinking it might be—er—rather more than you could afford. You can have it back if you want it."

THREE SONGS IN A GARDEN

By Theodosia Garrison

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I

WHITE rose-leaves in my hands,
I toss you all away;
The winds shall blow you through the world
To seek my wedding day.
Or East you go, or West you go
And fall on land or sea,
Find the one that I love best
And bring him here to me.
And if he finds me spinning
'Tis short I'll break the thread;
And if he finds me dancing
I'll dance with him instead;
If he finds me at the Mass—
(Ah, let this not be,
Lest I forget my sweetest saint
The while he kneels by me!)

II

My lilies are like nuns in white
That guard me well all day,
But the red, red rose that near them grows
Is wiser far than they.
Oh, red rose, wise rose,
Keep my secret well;
I kiss you twice, I kiss you thrice
To pray you not to tell.
My lilies sleep beneath the moon
But wide awake are you,
And you have heard a certain word
And seen a dream come true.
Oh, red rose, wise rose,
Silence for my sake,
Nor drop to-night a petal light
Lest my white lilies wake.

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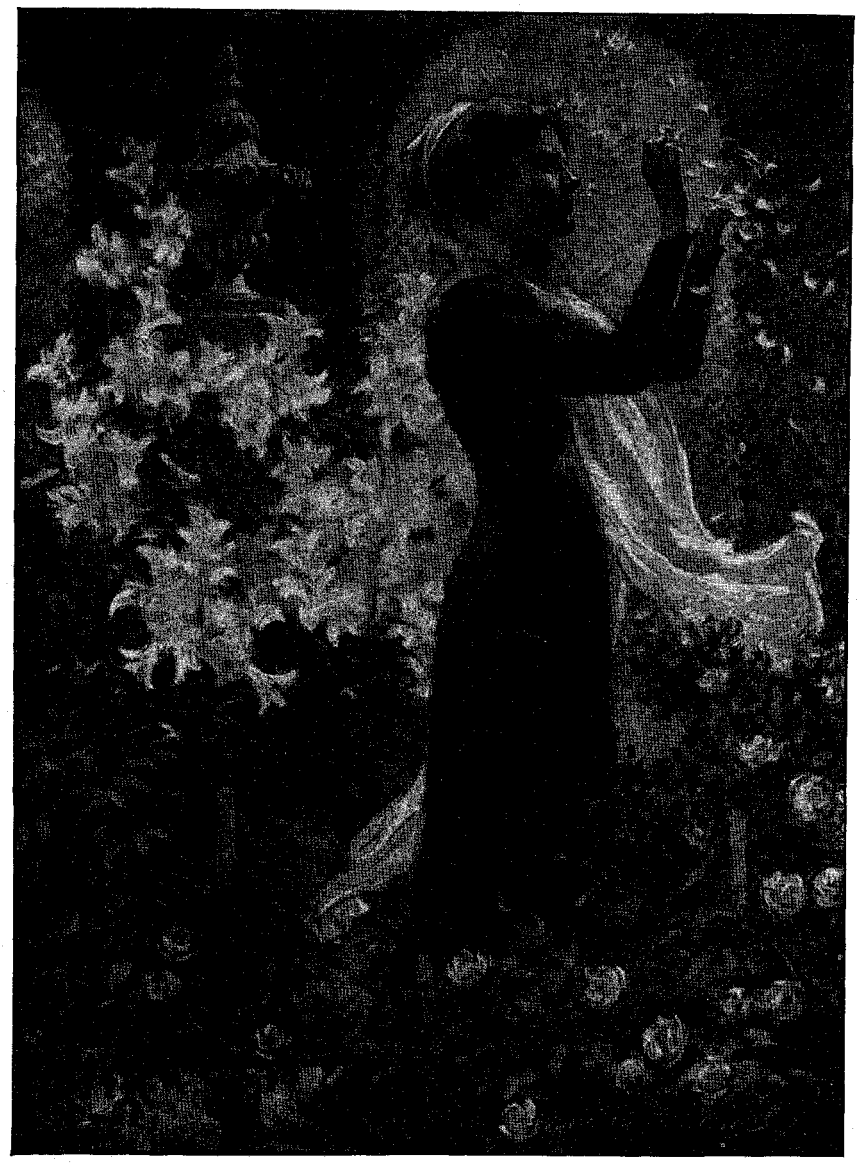

III

Will the garden never forget
That it whispers over and over,
"Where is your lover, Nanette?
Where is your lover—your lover?"
Oh, roses I helped to grow,
Oh, lilies and mignonette,
Must you always question me so,
"Where is your lover, Nanette?"
Since you looked on my joy one day
Is my grief then a lesser thing?
Have you only this to say,
When I pray you for comforting?
Now that I walk alone
Here where our hands were met,
Must you whisper me every one,
"Where is your lover, Nanette?"
I have mourned with you year and year
When the Autumn has left you bare.
And now that my heart is sere
Does not one of your roses care?
Oh, help me forget—forget,
Nor question over and over,
"Where is your lover, Nanette?
Where is your lover—your lover?"

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XXVI

ONE officer pushed Jason up the steps of the car with one hand clutched in the collar of the boy's coat. Steve Hawn followed, handcuffed, and as the second officer put his foot on the first step, Steve flashed around and brought both of his huge manacled fists down on the man's head, knocking him senseless to the ground.

"Git, Jason!" he yelled, but the boy had already got. Feeling the clutch on his coat collar loosen suddenly, he had torn away and, without looking back even to see what that crashing blow was that he heard, leaped from the moving train into the darkness on the other side of the train. One shot that went wild followed him, but by the time Steve was subdued by the blow of a pistol butt and the train was stopped, Jason was dashing through a gloomy woodland with a speed that he had never equalled on a foot-ball field. On top of a hill he stopped for a moment panting and turned to listen. There were no sounds of pursuit, the roar of the train had started again, and he saw the lights of it twinkling on toward the capital. He knew they would have bloodhounds on his trail as soon as possible; that every railway-station agent would have a description of him and be on the lookout for him within a few hours; and that his mother's house would be closely watched that night; so, gathering his breath, he started in the long, steady stride of his foot-ball training across the fields and, a fugitive from justice, fled for the hills. The night was crisp, the moon was not risen, and the frozen earth was slippery, but he did not dare to take to the turnpike until he saw the lights of farm-houses begin to disappear, and then he climbed the fence into the road and sped swiftly on. Now and then he would have to leap out of the road again and crouch close behind the fence when he heard the rattle of some coming vehicle, but nothing overtook him, and when at last he had the dark silent fields and the white line of the turnpike all to himself he slowed into a swift walk. Before midnight he saw the lights of his college town ahead of him and again he took to the fields to circle about it and strike the road again on the other side where it led on toward the mountains. But always his eyes were turned leftward toward those town lights that he was leaving perhaps forever and on beyond them to his mother's home. He could see her still seated before the fire and staring into it, newly worn and aged, and tearless; and he knew Mavis lay sleepless and racked with fear in her little room. By this time they all must have heard, and he wondered what John Burnham was thinking, and Gray, and then with a stab at his heart he thought of Marjorie. He wondered if she had got his good-by note—the taking back of his promise to her. Well, it was all over now. The lights fell behind him, the moon rose, and under it he saw again the white line of the road. He was tired, but he put his weary feet on the frozen surface and kept them moving steadily on. At the first cock-crow, he passed the house where he had stayed all night when he first rode to the blue-grass on his old mare. A little later lights began once more to twinkle from awakening farm-houses. The moon paled and a whiter light began to steal over the icy fields. Here was the place where he and the old mare had seen for the first time a railroad train. Hunger began to gnaw within him when he saw the smoke rising from a negro cabin down a little lane, and he left the road and moved toward it. At the bars which let into a little barn-yard an old negro was milking a cow, and when, at the boy's low cry of "Hello!"

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he rose to his feet, a ruse came to Jason quickly.

"Seen any chestnut hoss comin' along here?"

The old man shook his head.

"I jist got up, son."

"Well, he got away from me an' I reckon he's gone back toward home. I started before breakfast—can I get a bite here?"

It looked suspicious—a white man asking a negro for food, and Jason had learned enough in the blue-grass to guess the reason for the old darkey's hesitation, for he added quickly:

"I don't want to walk all the way back to that white house where I was goin' to git something to eat."

A few minutes later the boy was devouring corn bread and bacon so ravenously that again he saw suspicion in the old darkey's eyes, and for that reason when he struck the turnpike again he turned once more into the fields. The foot-hills were in sight now, and from the top of a little wooded eminence he saw the beginning of the dirt road and he almost shouted his gladness aloud. An hour later he was on top of the hill whence he and his old mare had looked first over the land of the blue-grass, and there he turned to look once more. The sun was up now and each frozen weed, belated corn-stalk, and blade of grass caught its light, shattered it into glittering bits, and knit them into a veil of bewildering beauty for the face of the yet sleeping earth. The lad turned again to the white breasts of his beloved hills. The nation's army could never catch him when he was once among them—and now Jason smiled.

XXVII

BACK at the little capital, the plebeian sat pat behind thick walls and the muskets of a thousand men. The militia, too, remained loyal, and the stacking up of ammunition in the adjutant-general's office went merrily on. The dead autocrat was reverently borne between two solid walls of living people to the little cemetery on the high hill overlooking the river and with tribute of tongue and pen was laid to rest, but beneath him the struggle kept on. Mutual offers of compromise were mutually refused and the dual government went on. The State-house was barred to the legislators. To test his authority the plebeian governor issued a pardon—the Democratic warden of the penitentiary refused to recognize it. A company of soldiers came from his own pennyroyal home and the wing of the mountain army still hovered nigh. Meanwhile companies of militia were drafted for service under the banner of the dead autocrat. The plebeian ate and slept in the State-house—never did he leave it. Once more a Democratic mob formed before the square and the Gatling gun dispersed it. The President at Washington declined to interfere.

Then started the arrests. It was declared that the fatal shot came from the window of the office of the pale, dark, young secretary of state, and that young mountaineer was taken—with a pardon from the plebeian in his pocket; his brother, a captain of the State guard, the ex-secretary of state, also a mountain man, and still another mountaineer were indicted as accessories before the fact and those indictments charged complicity to the pennyroyal governor himself. And three other men who were found in the executive building were indicted for murder along with Steve and Jason Hawn. Indeed the Democrats were busy unearthing, as they claimed, a gigantic Republican conspiracy. No less than one hundred thousand dollars was offered as a reward for the conviction of the murderers, and the Republican cry was that with such a sum it was possible to convict even the innocent. In turn, Liberty Leagues were even formed throughout the State to protect the innocent, and lives and property were pledged to that end, but the ex-secretary of state fled for refuge across the Ohio, and the governor over there refused to give him up.

The Democrats held forth at the Capitol Hotel—the Republicans at the executive building. The plebeian sent arms from the State arsenal to his mountain capital. Two speakers were always on hand in the Senate, and war talk once again became rife. There was a heavy guard of soldiers at every point in the Capitol Square, there were sentries at the governor's mansion, and the rumor was that the

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militia would try to arrest the lieutenant-governor who now was successor to the autocrat. So, to guard him, special police were sworn in—police around the hotel, police in the lobby, police patrolling the streets day and night; a system of signals was formed to report suspicious movements of troops, and more men were stationed at convenient windows and in dark alley-ways, armed with pistols, but with rifles and shot-guns close at hand, while the police-station was full of arms and ammunition. To the courts it was at last agreed that the whole matter should go, and there was panting peace for a while.

A curious pall overhung the college the morning of Jason's flight for the hills. The awful news spread from lip to lip, hushing shouts and quelling laughter. The stream of students moved into the chapel with little noise—a larger stream than usual, for the feeling was that there would be comment from the old president. A common seriousness touched the face of every teacher on the platform and deepened the seriousness of the young faces that looked expectantly upward. In the centre of the freshman corner one seat only was vacant, and that to John Burnham suggested the emptiness of even more than death. Among the girls one chair, too, yawned significantly, for Mavis was not there and the two places might have been side by side, so close was the mute link between them. But no word of Jason reached any curious ear, and only a deeper feeling in the old president's voice when it was lifted, and a deeper earnestness in his prayer that especial guidance might now be granted the State in the crisis it was passing through, showed that the thought of all hearts was working alike in his. At noon the news of Jason's escape and flight spread like fire through town and college—then news that bloodhounds were on his trail, that the trail led to the hills, and that a quick capture was certain. Before night the name of the boy was on the lips of the State and for a day at least on the lips of the nation.

The night before John Burnham had gone down to the capital to see Jason. All that day he had been hardly able to keep his mind on book or student, all day he had kept recalling how often the boy had asked him about this or that personage in history who had sought to win liberty for his people by slaying with his own hand some tyrant. He knew what part politics, the awful disregard of human life, and the revengeful spirit of the mountains had played in the death of the autocrat, but he knew also that if there was in that mountain army that had gone to the capital the fearful, mistaken, higher spirit of the fanatic it was in the breast of Jason Hawn. He believed, however, that in the boy the spirit was all there was, and that the deed must have been done by some hand that had stolen the cloak of that spirit to conceal a malicious purpose. Coming out of his class-room, he had seen Gray, whose face showed that he was working with the same bewildering, incredible problem. Outside Marjorie had halted him and tremblingly told him of Jason's long-given promise and how he had taken it back; and so as he drove to the country that afternoon his faith in Jason was miserably shaken and a sickening fear for the boy possessed him. He was hardly aware he had reached his own gate, so lost in thought was he all the way until his horse of its own accord stopped in front of it, and then he urged it on with a sudden purpose to go see Jason's mother. On top of the hill he stopped again, for Marjorie's carriage was turning into the lane that led to Martha Hawn's house. His kindly purpose had been forestalled and with intense relief he turned back on his heart-sick way homeward.

With Marjorie, too, it had been a sudden thought to go to Jason's mother, but as she drew near the gate she grew apprehensive. She had not been within the house often and then only for a moment to wait for Mavis. She had always been half-fearful and ill at ease with the sombre-faced woman who always searched her with big dark eyes whose listlessness seemed but to veil mysteries and hidden fires. As she was getting out of her carriage she saw Martha Hawn's pale face at the window. She expected the door to be opened, as she climbed the steps, but it was not, and when she timidly knocked there was no bid to enter. She was even about to turn away bewildered and indignant when the door did open and a forbidding figure stood before her.

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"Mavis has gone down to see her pappy."

"Yes, I know—but I thought I'd come——"

She halted helplessly. She did not know that knocking was an unessential formality in the hills; she did not realize that it was her first friendly call on Martha Hawn; and curiously enough the mountain woman became at that moment the quicker of the two.

"Come right in and set down," she said with a sudden change of manner. "Rest yo' hat thar on the bed, won't you?"

The girl entered, her rosy face rising from her furs, and she seemed to flood the poor little room with warmth and light and make it poor indeed. She sat down and felt the deep black eyes burning at her not unkindly now and with none of her own embarrassment, for she had expected to find a woman bowed with grief and she found her unshaken, stolid, calm. For the first time she noticed that Jason had got his eyes and his brow from his mother, and now her voice was an echo of his.

"They've got dogs atter my boy," she said simply.

That was all she said, but it started the girl's tears, for there was not even resentment in the voice—only the resignation that meant a life-long comradeship with sorrow. Marjorie had tried to speak, but tears began to choke her and she turned her face to hide them. She had come to comfort, but now she felt a hand patting her on the shoulder.

"Why, honey, you mustn't take on that-a-way. Jason wouldn't want nobody to worry 'bout him—not fer a minute. They'll never ketch him—never in this world. An' bless yo' dear heart, honey, this ain't nothin'. Ever'thing 'll come out all right. Why, I been used to killin' an' fightin' an' trouble all my life. Jason hain't done nothin' he didn't think was right—I know that—an' if hit was right I'm glad he done hit. I ain't so shore 'bout Steve, but the Lord's been good to Steve fer holdin' off His avengin' hand even this long. Hit'll all come out right—don't you worry."

Half an hour later the girl on her way home found Colonel Pendleton at his gate on horseback, apparently waiting for some one, and, looking back through the carriage window, Marjorie saw Gray galloping along behind her. She did not stop to speak with the colonel, and a look of uneasy wonder crossed his face as she drove by.

"What's the matter with Marjorie?" he asked when Gray drew nigh. The boy shook his head worriedly.

"She's been to the Hawns," he said, and the colonel looked grave. Twenty minutes later Mrs. Pendleton sat in her library, also looking grave. Marjorie had told her where she had been and why she had gone, and the mother, startled by the girl's wildness and distress, had barely opened her lips in remonstrance when Marjorie, in a whirlwind of tears and defiance, fled to her room.

XXVIII

On through the snowy mountains Jason went, keeping fearlessly now to the open road, and telling the same story to the same question that was always looked, even when not asked, by every soul with whom he passed a word: he had gone to the capital when the mountain people went down, he had been left behind, and, having no money, was obliged to make his way back home on foot. Always he was plied with questions, but the death of the autocrat had not yet penetrated that far. Always he was gladly given food and lodging, and sometimes his host or some horseman, overtaking him, would take him up behind and save him many a weary mile. Boldly he went until one morning he stood on the icy, glittering crest of Pine Mountain and looked down a white wooded ravine to the frozen Cumberland locked motionless in the valley below. He could see the mouth of Hawn Branch and the mouth of Honeycutt Creek—could see the spur, the neck of which once separated Mavis's home from his—and with a joyful throb and a quickly following pang he plunged down the ravine. Ahead of him was the house of a Honeycutt and he had no fear, but as he swiftly approached it along the river road, he saw two men, strangers, appear on the porch and instinctively he scudded noiselessly behind a great clump of evergreen rhododendron and lay flat

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to the frozen earth. A moment later they rode by him at a walk and talking in low, earnest tones.

"He's sure to come back here," said one, "and it won't be long before some Honeycutt will give him away. This peace business ain't skin-deep and a five-dollar bill will do the trick for us and I'll find the right man in twenty-four hours."

The other man grunted an assent and the two rode on. Already they were after Jason; they had guessed where he would go, and the boy knew that what he had heard from these men was true. When he rose now he kept out of the road and skirted his way along the white flanks of the hills. Passing high up the spur above Hawn Branch, he could see his grandfather's house. A horse was hitched to the fence and a man was walking toward the porch and the lad wondered if that stranger too could be on his trail. On upward he went until just below him he could see the old circuit rider's cabin under a snow-laden pine, and all up and down the Hawn Creek were signs of activity from the outside world. Already he had watched engineers mapping out the line of railway up the river. He had seen the coming of the railroad darkeys who lived in shacks like cave-men, who were little above brutes and driven like slaves by rough men in blue woollen shirts and high-laced boots. And now he saw that old Morton Sander's engineers had mapped out a line up the creek of his fathers; that the darkeys had graded it and their wretched shacks were sagging drunkenly here and there from the hillsides. Around the ravine the boy curved toward the neck of the dividing spur and half-unconsciously toward the little creek where he had uncovered his big vein of coal, and there where with hand, foot, and pick he had toiled so long was a black tunnel boring into the very spot, with supporting columns of wood and a great pile of coal at its gaping mouth. The robbery was under way and the boy looked on with fierce eyes at the three begrimed and coal-blackened darkeys hugging a little fire near by. Cautiously he backed away and slipped on down to a point where he could see his mother's old home and Steve Hawn's, and there he almost groaned. One was desolate, deserted, the door swinging from one hinge, the chimney fallen, and every paling of the fence gone and the roof of the little barn caved in. Smoke was coming from Steve Hawn's chimney, and in the porch were two or three slatternly negro women. The boy knew the low, sinister meaning of their presence on public works; and these blacks ate, slept, and plied their trade in the home of Mavis Hawn! All the old rebellion and rage of his early years came back to him and boiled the more fiercely that his mother's home could never be hers, nor Mavis's hers—for a twofold reason now—again. It was nearing noon and the boy's hunger was a keen pain. Rapidly he went down the crest of the spur until his grandfather's house was visible beneath him. The horse at the front fence was gone, but as he slipped toward the rear of the house he looked into the stable to make sure that the horse was not there. And then a moment later he reached the back porch and noiselessly opened the door—so noiselessly that the old man sitting in front of the fire did not hear.

"Grandpap," he called tremulously.

The old man started and turned his great shaggy head. He said nothing, but it seemed to the boy that from under his bushy brows a flash of lightning was searching him from head to foot.

"Well," he rumbled scathingly, "you've been a-playin' hell, hain't ye? I mought 'a' knowed whut would happen with Honeycutts a-leadin' that gang. I tol' 'em to go up thar an' fight open—man to man. They don't know nothin' but way-layin'. A thousand of 'em shootin' one pore man in the back! Whut 've I been tryin' to l'arn ye since you was a baby? God knows I *wanted* him killed. Why," thundered the old man savagely, "didn't *you* kill him face to face?"

The boy's chin had gone up proudly while the old man talked and now there was a lightning-flash in his own eyes.

"I tried to git to him face to face fer three days. I knowed he had a gun. I was aimin' to give him a chance fer his life. But seemed like thar wasn't no other——"

"Stop!" thundered the old man again, "don't you say a word."

There was a loud "hello" at the gate.

"Thar they air now," said the old man

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with a break in his voice, and as he rose from his chair he said sternly: "An' stay right where you air."

Through the window the boy saw the two horsemen who had passed him in the road that morning. His eyes grew wild and he began to tremble violently, but he stood still. The old man went to the door.

"Hyeh he is, men," he shouted; "come in hyeh an' git him."

Then he turned to the boy.

"You air goin' back thar an' stand yore trial like a man."

The boy leaped wildly for the door, but the old man caught him and with one hand held him as though he were a child, and thus the two astonished detectives from the blue-grass found them, and they gaped at the mystery, for they knew the kinship of the two. One pulled from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and old Jason glared at him with contempt.

"Don't you put them things on this boy—he's my grandson. An', anyhow, ef you two full-grown men can't handle a boy without 'em I'll go 'long with you myself."

Shamed, the man put the irons back in his pocket, and the other one started to speak but stopped. The old man turned hospitably toward his unwelcome guests.

"I reckon all o' ye want a bite to eat afore ye start. Mammy!"

The door to the kitchen opened and the aged grandmother halted there, peering through brass-rimmed spectacles at her husband and the two men, and catching sight last of little Jason standing in the corner—trapped, white-faced, silent. Instantly she caught the meaning of the scene, and with a little cry she tottered over to the boy and putting both her hands on his breast began to pat him gently. Then, still helplessly patting him with one hand, she turned to her husband.

"You hain't goin' to give the boy up, Jason?" she asked plaintively, and the old man swerved his face aside and nodded.

"Git up somethin' to eat, mammy," he said with rough gentleness, and without another look or word she turned with her apron at her eyes to the kitchen door. The old man glared out the window, the boy sank on a chair at the corner of the fireplace, and in the face of one of the men there was sympathy. The other, shifty of eyes and crafty of face, spoke harshly.

"How much o' this reward do you want?"

Old Jason wheeled and the other man cried sternly:

"Shut up, you fool!"

"You lop-yeared rattlesnake!" began old Jason, and with a contemptuous gesture dismissed him. "How much is that reward?"

The other man hesitated, and then with the thought that the fact would soon be world-known answered promptly:

"For the capture and conviction of the murderer—one hundred thousand dollars."

The old man gasped at the amazing sum, his face worked suddenly with convulsive rage and calmed in a sudden way that made the watching boy know that something was going to happen. Quietly old Jason walked over to the fire and stood with his back to it. He pulled out his pipe, filled it, and turned again to the mantel-piece as though to reach for a match, but instead whipped two big revolvers from it and wheeled.

"Hands up, men!" he said quietly. For a moment the two were paralyzed, but the thick-set man, whose instincts were quicker, obeyed slowly. The other one started to laugh.

"Up!" called the old man sternly, levelling one pistol, and the laugh stopped, the man's face paled, and his hands flew high.

"Git their guns fer a minute, Jasie, an' put 'em up hyeh on the mantel. A hundred thousand dollars is a *leetle* too much."

The kitchen door opened and again the old woman peered through her spectacles within.

"I knowed you wouldn't do it, pap," she said. "Dinner's ready—come on in now, men, an' git a bite to eat."

The thin man's shifty eyes roved to his companion, who had almost begun to smile and who muttered to himself as he rose:

"Well, by God!"

In utter silence the meal went through, except that the old man, with his pistols crossed in his lap, kept urging his guests to the full of their appetites. Jason ate like a wolf.

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"Git a poke, mammy," said old Jason when the boy dropped knife and fork, "an' fill it full o' victuals."

And still with a smile the thick-set man watched her gather food from the table, put it in a paper sack, and hand it to the boy.

"Now git, Jasie—these men air goin' to stay hyeh with me fer 'bout an hour, an' they can go atter ye ef they think they can ketch ye."

With no word at all even of good-by, little Jason noiselessly disappeared. A few minutes later, sitting in front of the fire with his pistols still in his lap, old Jason Hawn explained:

"Fer a mule, a Winchester, and a hundred dollars I can git most any man in this country killed. Fer a thousand I reckon I could git hit proved that I had stole a side o' bacon or a hoss. Fer a hundred thousand I could git hit proved that the President of these United States killed that feller—an' human natur' is about the same, I reckon, ever'whar. You don't git no grandson o' mine when thar's a bunch o' greenbacks like that tied to the rope that's a-pinin' to hang him."

An hour later he told his guests that they could be on their way, though he'd be mighty glad to have 'em stay all night—and they went, both chagrined, the thin one raging within but obedient and respectful without, while the other, chuckling at his companion's discomfiture and no little at his own, watched with a smile the old fellow's method of speeding his parting guests.

"Git on yo' hosses, men," he suggested, and when the two stepped from the porch he replaced his own guns on the mantel and followed them with both of their guns in one hand and a Winchester in the other. While they were mounting he walked to the corner of the yard, laid both their pistols on the fence, walked back to the porch, and stood there with his Winchester in the hollow of his arm.

"Ride by thar, men, and git yo' guns, an' I reckon," he suggested casually but convincingly, "when you pick 'em up you better not *even look back—nary one o' ye.*"

"Can you beat it?" murmured the quiet man, while the other snarled helplessly.

"An' when you git down to town you can tell the sheriff. He's a Honeycutt, an' he won't come atter me, but I'll go down thar to him an' pay my leetle fine."

Again the man said:

"Well, *by* God!"

And as the two rode on, the old fellow's voice followed them:

"Come ag'in, men—I wish ye both well."

Two nights later St. Hilda, reading by her fire, heard a tap on her window-pane, and, looking up, saw Jason's pale face outside. She ran to the door, and the boy stumbled wearily toward the threshold and stopped with a look of fear and piteous appeal. She stretched out her arms to him, and, broken at last, the boy sank at her feet, and, with his head in her lap, sobbed out of his heart the truth.

XXIX

St. Hilda herself took Jason back to the blue-grass, took him to the gray frowning prison at the capital, and with streaming eyes watched the iron gates close between them. Then she went home, sent for John Burnham, and within an hour both started working for the boy's freedom, for Jason must keep on with his studies, and, with Steve Hawn in jail, must help his mother. Through Gray's influence Colonel Pendleton, and through Marjorie's Mrs. Pendleton as well, offered to go sponsors for the boy's appearance at his trial. The man from the Pennyroyal who sat in the governor's chair, and even the successor to the autocrat who was trying to pre-empt that seat, gave letters to help, and before any prison pallor could touch the boy's sun-tanned face he was out in the open air once more on bail. And when old Jason Hawn in the mountains heard what had happened he laughed.

"Well, I reckon if he's indicted only fer *helpin'* Steve, he ain't in much danger, fer they can't git him onless they git Steve, an' if thar *is* one man no money can ketch—that man is slick Steve Hawn. An' lemme tell ye: if the right feller was from the mountains an' only mountain folks knows it, they hain't *nuver* goin' to find him out. Mebbe I was a leetle hasty—mebbe I was."

After one talk with John Burnham, the

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old president suggested that Jason drop down into the "kitchen" and go on with his books, but against this plan Jason shook his head. He was going to raise Steve Hawn's tobacco crop on shares with Colonel Pendleton, he would study at home, and John Burnham saw, moreover, that he shrank from the ordeal of college associations and any further hurt to his pride. The pores of the earth were beginning to open now to the warm breath of spring. Already Martha Hawn and Mavis had burned brush on the soil to kill the grass, and Jason ploughed the soil and harrowed it with minute care, and sowed the seed broadcast by hand. Within two weeks lettuce-like leaves were peeping through the ground, and Jason and Mavis stretched canvas over the beds to hold in the heat of day and hold off the frost of night. Three weeks later came the first ploughing; then there was ploughing and ploughing and ploughing again, and weeding and weeding and weeding again. Just before ripening, the blooms came—blooms that were for all the world like the blooms of purple rhododendron back in the hills, and then the task of suckering began. Sometimes Mavis would help and the mother started in to work like a man, but the boy had absorbed from his environment its higher ideal of woman and, all he could, he kept both of them out of the tobacco field. This made it all the harder for him and there was no let up to his toil. Just the same, Jason put every spare moment on his books, and in Mavis's little room, which had been turned over to him, his lamp burned far into every night. And when he struck a knotty point or problem, he would walk over to John Burnham's for help, or the schoolmaster, as he went to and fro from his college duties, would find the boy on a fence by the roadside waiting with his question for him. All the summer he toiled. When there was no hard labor, always he had to fight the tobacco worms with spray, and hand, and boot-heel, until the rich dark-green of the leaves took on a furry, velvety sheen—until at ripening they turned to a bright gold and were ready for the chisel-bladed, double-edged knife with which the plants are cut close to the ground. Then they must be hung on upright tobacco sticks, stalks upward, to wilt under the August sun, and then on to be housed in Colonel Pendleton's great barns to dry within their slitted walls. Several times during the summer Arch Hawn came by and looked at the boy's work with keen, approving eye and in turn won a falling off in Jason's old prejudice against him; for Arch had built a church in the county-seat in the mountains, had helped the county schools, and was making ready to help the mountain people fight unjust claims to their lands, and, himself charged with helping to bring the mountain army down to the capital, stood boldly ready to surrender to the call of the law. And more—he meant to help Steve Hawn in his trouble, for Steve, after an examining trial, had been remanded back to prison without bail. And Arch was going to help Jason in his trial, which would closely follow Steve's.

All summer, too, Gray and Marjorie would be riding or driving past the tobacco field, and Jason and Mavis, when they saw either or both coming, would move to the end of the field that was farthest from the turnpike, and turning their backs would pretend not to see. Sometimes the two mountaineers would be caught where avoidance would be impossible, and then Marjorie and Gray would call out cheerily and with a smile—to get in return from the children of the soil a grave, silent nod of the head and a grave, answering glance of the eye—for neither knew the part the blue-grass boy and girl had played in the getting of Jason's freedom, until one late afternoon of the closing summer days, for John Burnham had been asked to keep the matter a secret. But Steve Hawn had learned from his lawyer and had told his wife Martha when she came to visit him in prison; and that late afternoon she was in the tobacco field when Mavis and Jason moved to the other end and turned their backs, as Marjorie rode by on her way home and Gray an hour later galloped past the other way.

"I reckon," she said quietly to Jason, "ef you knowed whut that boy an' gal has been a-doin' fer ye, you wouldn't be a-actin' that-a-way."

And then she explained and started for home. Both stood still—silent and

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dumfounded—and only Mavis spoke at last.

"*Both* of us beholden to *both* of 'em."

Jason made no answer, but bent to his work, and when Mavis, too, started for home he stayed behind without explanation, and when she was out of sight climbed the fence at the edge of the woods and sat there looking toward the sunset fading behind Marjorie's home.

XXX

THE tobacco was dry now, for the autumn was at hand. It must come to case yet, then it must be stripped, the grades picked out and left then in bulk for sale. With all this Jason had nothing to do. He had done good work on his books during the spring and autumn, such good work that, with the old president's gladly given permission, he was allowed a special examination which admitted him with but one or two "conditions" into his own sophomore class. Then was there the extraordinary spectacle of a college boy—quiet, serious, toiling—making the slow way toward the humanities under charge of murder and awaiting trial for his life. And that course Jason Hawn followed with a dignity, reticence, and self-effacement that won the steadily increasing respect of every student and teacher within the college walls. A belief in his innocence became wide-spread, and that coming trial began to be regarded in time as a trial of the good name of the college itself. A change of venue had been obtained and the trial was to be held in the college town. It came in mid-December. Jason, neatly dressed, sat beside his lawyer, and his mother, in black, and Mavis sat quite near him. In the first row among the spectators were Gray and Marjorie and Colonel Pendleton. Behind them was John Burnham, and about him and behind him were several other professors, while the room was crowded with students. The boy was pale when he went to the witness-chair, and the court-room was as still as a wooded ravine in the hills when he began to tell his story, which apparently no other soul than his own lawyer had ever heard; and it was soon apparent that even he had never heard it all.

"I went down there to kill him," the boy said calmly, though his eyes were two deep points of fire—so calmly, indeed, that as one man the audience gasped audibly—"an' I reckon all of ye know why. My grandpap al'ays told me the meanest thing a man could do was to shoot another man in the back. I tried for three days to git face to face with him. I knowed he had a gun all the time, an' I meant to give him a fair chance fer his life. That mornin' I heard through the walls of the boardin'-house I was in—an' I didn't know who was doin' the talkin'—that the man was goin' to be waylaid right then an' I run over to that ex-ec-u-tive building to reach Steve Hawn an' keep *him* anyways from doin' the shootin'. I heard the shots soon as I got inside the door, and purty soon I met Steve runnin' down the stairs. 'I didn't do it!' Steve says, 'but any feller from the mountains better git away from *here*.' We run out through the yard an' got into Steve's buggy an' travelled the road till we was ketched—an' that's all I know."

And that was all. No other fact, no other admission, no other statement could the rigid, bitter cross-examination bring from the lad's lips than just those words; and those words alone the jury carried to their room. Nor were they long gone. Back they came, and again the court-room was as the holding in of one painful breath, and then tears started in the eyes of the woman in black, the mountain girl by her side, and in Marjorie's, and the court-room broke into stifled cheer, for the words all heard were:

"Not guilty."

At the gate of the college a crowd of students, led by Gray Pendleton, awaited Jason. The boy was borne aloft on their shoulders through the yard amid the cheers of boys and girls—was borne on into the gymnasium, and before the lad could quite realize what was going on he heard himself cheered as captain of the foot-ball team for the next year, and was once more borne out, around and aloft again—while John Burnham with a full heart and Mavis and Marjorie with wet eyes looked smilingly on. A week later Arch Hawn persuaded the boy to allow him to lend him money to complete his course and a week

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later it was Christmas again. Christmas night there was a glad gathering at Colonel Pendleton's. Even St. Hilda was there, and she and John Burnham, and Colonel Pendleton and Mrs. Pendleton, Gray and Mavis, and Marjorie and Jason, danced the Virginia reel together, and all the stars were stars of Bethlehem to Mavis and Jason Hawn as they crunched across the frozen fields at dawn for home.

(To be continued.)

THE MID-VICTORIAN

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

WHEN Mrs. Abergenny came down to meet her young friend, Philippa Foxcroft, who had been announced perhaps five minutes before, she found Philippa standing near the long window outlined by two Doric pillars of the veranda, and shaking hands with Inga, the maid. Rather it seemed that she was holding Inga's hand in affectionate detention. She dropped it, though not with the haste of having been interrupted in a social eccentricity, and turned to give the hand, no less cordially and no more, to Mrs. Abergenny. Inga, on the contrary, withered slightly in the changed atmosphere of the room, induced by the entrance of the lady from whom she received her wages and the right inculcation of conduct.

"Good-by, Eva," said Philippa, touching the initial vowel with a continental grace. "Rehearsal to-night and to-morrow noon."

Then Inga, become temporarily Eva, with a little more red in her cheeks than was customary, though not more than proved becoming, also with downcast lids, went out in her list slippers, her little card-tray at her side like a fairy shield not yet wanted. Mrs. Abergenny stood for a moment looking up at Philippa, whom she found sometimes, with an inexplicable irritation, too tall, too full of the west wind of curt incisive fact. Philippa was splendid, Mrs. Abergenny's husband told her, an Amazon. She needed only shiny breastplates and a spear to walk on the stage and sing her confidence in life. But she lacked a good many of the fringing softnesses Mrs. Abergenny had felt necessities in her own day. There was no atmosphere about her—save perhaps the honest dawn—no questioning reverence in the tent of her superiors. Mrs. Abergenny knew that her husband, who wrote novels, was Philippa's superior; and yet Philippa seemed to have nothing to learn of him. She always spoke to him with a gay unconsciousness of anything beyond their neighborly affiliations, perhaps as Parkman's uncle, and with a shade of frank solicitude when she wanted to hear from Park. Sometimes Mrs. Abergenny had an impulse to reach up and lay hold of her strong shoulders, shake her into attention, and say: "You tall, gaunt girl, don't you know Robert Abergenny has written novels translated on the continent and praised in England?" In the second while they stood looking at each other, delicate, plump, peach-colored matron, and well-equipped girl, some of these antagonisms came out, but in a glance only and this from Mrs. Abergenny. Philippa's limpid grayness of eye beamed forth pure affection, an inability perhaps to be moved save from abstract causes.

"Eva is going to play in the mystery play," said she, when they had seated themselves.

"You call her Eva," said Mrs. Abergenny.

"Yes, that's her name. Isn't her name Eva?"

"I believe it was something different,"

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said Mrs. Abergenny, wrinkling her brow slightly in the effort of remembering. "We called her Inga because that nice girl that got married was Inga. We've had three Ingas now. It's so much easier."

"Could she rehearse to-morrow at noon?" asked Philippa. "Eva didn't like to ask. It's a bad hour, but it's the only one the mill-hands have. And that's the last rehearsal. Performance to-morrow night, you know."

"Yes," said Mrs. Abergenny, with dignity. "Cook will wait on us at dinner, I'm sure."

"When's Park coming?" asked Philippa, with a plump directness staggering to Park's aunt.

When Mrs. Abergenny had lived in the shadowy, iridescent-vapored land of tentative engagement to her husband, she couldn't have mentioned his name in such evident fervor of interest, even if he had been away the eight months that Park had used up in his onslaughts on the camps of city journalism.

"Mr. Abergenny will be home to-night," she said rather primly. "He will be likely to know the latest."

"Has Mr. Abergenny been in New York?"

"Yes, for three days. He thinks it wise to go on once in a while to make the rounds of the editors. I fancy it's partly to see Park. He gets very homesick for him."

Philippa was wrinkling her brow now, unbecomingly yet frankly, with a hard intensity. There was nothing of the wistful pray-do-tell-me-if-you-know about it that makes a girl's pure brow so charming. It said rather, "I'm thinking. In a few minutes I shall have weighed the matter. Then I'll inform you accurately."

"I want awfully to get hold of Park," said she. "You see, Mary Crewe has been collating her mill-operative data. I want to know what Park thinks about it: whether he'd advise her to get it into shape for half a dozen articles or more. If he could just sit down and listen to her, it would save a lot of writing back and forth."

Were not she and Park then writing back and forth, weaving the fabric of their dream, or did they wait for crucial topics like data to spur them to epistolary haste?

"I'm sure Park would be delighted to do anything he could," said Mrs. Abergenny, the least stiffness of unsatisfied inquiry in her tone. "Is Miss Crewe a college friend?"

"Yes," said Philippa. Waves of brightness were flushing over her face. She evidently believed in her friend tremendously. "She's visited me a lot."

"I don't think I ever met her."

"No. There never's been any time for calling. Besides, for the last year she hasn't been here at all. She's been working in the mills."

"In the mills?" Mrs. Abergenny repeated with an involuntary warmth of pity. "Poor child!"

"Oh, no," said Philippa, "not that way. She's not working for a living. Mary has her own money now. She is simply going round and hiring out under assumed names, working in the same conditions with other girls to find out what the conditions really are."

A flush crept into Mrs. Abergenny's face. She looked a dignified remonstrance.

"That certainly doesn't seem to me," she said, "the thing for a young lady to do. Pardon me, Philippa. But even if she is your friend——"

Philippa didn't blame her. She had a large, kind way with Mrs. Abergenny. It sometimes mirrored, in the older woman's mind, the toleration of her orthodox friends for her defined Unitarianism. They hardly recognized it as a faith, but they regarded it, she thought, as too inconsiderable to be rejected. But Philippa was speaking in a warm, moved voice, sprung out of enthusiasm over Mary's deeds.

"Mary's done a lot. The eight-hour bill in Hill Haven really was due to her. There's Mr. Abergenny."

A town hack was crawling up the driveway, and by the time Mrs. Abergenny had the door open, her husband had paid his quarter and picked up his suit-case from the veranda where the driver had deposited it with a friendly ease, and was smilingly in evidence. He was a tall, personable man over sixty, looking out of kind eyes set round with wrinkles and ambushed under well-cut brows. He made a distinguished figure, wearing the caped coat and soft hat his wife thrust on him

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as fitting her especial taste. Abergenny found them very comfortable. He would have hooted if he had come on the child-like subtlety of her motive, that they made him, as an author, picturesque. He kissed her, not in a matrimonial meagreness, but with a soft enthusiasm.

"All right, Ellen?" he asked.

Ellen had flushed in a perfect delight. She was more than all right. She was his with a young intensity. Philippa, also receptive, had come into the hall, and he shook hands with her. She was ready with the instant question:

"When's Park coming?"

"Why," said Mr. Abergenny, in a gay consciousness of having his answer pat, "Park's coming to-night."

"To-night!"

Both women echoed it.

He nodded.

"He wasn't in New York. I haven't seen him. He's been in Minneapolis with Eaton Lang. They're putting on a play of Lang's."

"Trying it out," supplied Philippa. "But coming here?"

"On the way. Be here a day or two I understand. I'll tell him a young lady's been inquiring for him."

Mrs. Abergenny threw him a quick, repressing look. "Don't chaff," it said. "Philippa really shouldn't have asked for him. Don't encourage her."

"Tell him to come over," said Philippa, the brusqueness of it qualified by her bright eyes. "Or, no, you needn't. He's got precious little time. Mary and I'll run over here."

She had shut the front door behind her, and Abergenny had got off his coat, before his wife knew fairly what comment it was fair to make on a girl they liked as they did Philippa. But when he had gone into the front room and mended the fire and stretched his legs to it, in a frank relief at finding himself at home, she allowed herself the interjection, "Did you ever!" That was safe. It was so safe that Abergenny saw nothing in it. He took her hand, patted it, kissed it, pulled her little chair nearer, and put her into it. Then, the flush gone from his face and the light of recognition from his eyes, he settled into a muse of his own, and in that she caught him.

"Why, Rob," said she, "you're tired."

He pulled himself back.

"No," said he, "I don't believe I'm tired—very."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Well enough."

"See all the men you meant to?"

"Yes, I guess so. Yes, I did."

"What did Ellis say about the serial?"

"Well"—there he dragged himself still further out of his muse, and the laughing lines knit round his eyes—"I didn't mention it."

"You didn't! Why, that's what you went for."

"I tried to." He seemed to be justifying himself to her, justifying his failure to himself. "This is what Ellis said to *me:* 'Abergenny, the magazine's going splendidly. All the Jews are writing to me about the immigration series. Circulation's gone up like the deuce.'"

"But you don't object to his pleasing the Jews."

"Dear, no! Like to please 'em myself. But listen to what he said next: 'I've got three stories of yours in the safe.' Well, after that——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Abergenny thoughtfully, "I see." But she recalled herself to her office as heartener of the hearth. "I think you're too sensitive."

"No," said Abergenny, in a smiling consideration, "I don't think I'm too sensitive. I think I'm just sensitive enough."

"Well, where else d'you go?"

"Oh, I dropped in at the *Islander* office, and they didn't mention the magazine at all. They asked me to lunch."

"D'you go to lunch?"

"No. I wasn't hungry."

The wave of her partisanship towered and rushed upon him, bringing the salt tang of allegiance.

"Oh, Rob!"

"You see, Ellen," he went on—he had begun patting her hand again; it looked as if he had something to break to her—"while I've been sitting in my study here, the world's been moving."

"Well!" said Ellen. "My patience! but haven't we moved with it?"

"I can't continue the terrene figure," said Abergenny, "but I've a strong conviction that I've got left."

"You don't mean it's what that doctor

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said somewhere about not working after forty?"

"No, no, plenty of 'em are working after forty—after fifty—after seventy, working to beat the band. I'm not in step somehow. I fitted a certain time. I was the round peg in the round hole. The time's only something to be remembered now. I'm there just the same, in my round hole, but I don't move a cog."

"What is it?" cried his wife, in a passion of resentful wonder. "What's happened to everything? That's what I'd like to know. It's the same thing throughout. It's what makes Philippa's feet so big."

Having thus embodied her distaste of the athletic and well developed, she was immediately ashamed. However, he understood her, though Philippa's feet had never been used by him to the disparagement of modernity. He always saw them walking on the mountain-tops of hope.

"You see," said he, "I'm not timely."

"What do you mean by timely?" she pursued him.

"I mean chiefly," said Abergenny, "brotherly love."

He said it gravely, and yet with a curious distaste, as if he couldn't accept it in its present guise.

"Why! why!" She could scarcely control her baffled wonder. To her he was brotherly love. She knew the kindness of him, the humility, the things he had done and been.

"Dear girl," said Robert, "it's a science now, and you and I haven't taken that course. We don't know the terms. We couldn't use 'em if we did. It's like saying their creed in their sleep. We only say it when we're awake. They're chanting their creed, they're printing it, putting up posters, turning out pamphlets, cheap editions, *éditions de luxe*." She stopped following him there. He had got into the cloud where he hid sometimes and talked to himself, and she was content because the obscurity of the cloud was soothing to him, and she could always think it over afterward.

"It's an esoteric society," said he, "with pass-words. 'Do you love your brother man? If you don't say so, you don't. Repeat the misdeeds of the industrials. Give the lineage of the conspicuous railroad robberies. If you can't, you'll get left.' Ellen, as sure as shooting, I *am* left."

He was making a joke of it. That was serious, appalling. The puppets he had dressed up for jokes had been skeletons, spooks he was actually afraid of. Tears were spotting the pretty gray of Ellen's dress. For one of the few times in his life, Abergenny failed to see them.

"Going to New York isn't an adventure any more," he discoursed.

"You've been so many times," she reminded him.

"Ah, but it used to be an adventure. I felt as if I were carrying on nuggets of gold, all in my brain. They wanted it then, the merchants that squatted in the market-place. They acted as if I'd got a virgin mine, and was a cunning artificer besides. They crowded about me. Now they're round the corner looking at samples from the other mines."

"You can do exactly as good work as you ever did," she countered hotly.

"Of my own pattern. Don't forget that. But I'd like one stupendous adventure yet before I die—throw myself into something neck and heels. That was being young, I suppose, Ellen. We never knew what was coming. We never cared. That was the witchery of it. If I could have an adventure—even a poor elderly adventure—an adventure on paper—Hullo! there they are."

Eaton Lang and Park were putting their heads out of the low-browed cab. They seemed to accomplish it all in a rush, flung the man his coin, seized their suitcases, pelted up the steps, and Park enriched Aunt Ellen with his home-coming kiss. From that moment the house took on a tumultuous warmth of preparation. The "boys" went to their rooms, and Mrs. Abergenny invaded the kitchen and herself impressed the cook with the deeply significant nature of the next repast. It was not dinner. No one dined in those white-pillared houses. They simply sat down to something indifferently called tea, an assemblage of dishes as rich as hospitailty and inherited cook-books could manage. Mrs. Abergenny put on her lilac silk and she and her husband were ready to go into the dining-room when the boys came down. Looking at Park, who, though Robert's nephew, was,

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as she told them both, the only son she had, she warmed with maternal pride. Park was not tall. That had seemed a pity, a few years ago; but now he had broadened out, and he was hard and strong. His clean-shaven face had much of the Abergenny distinction, though none of the whimsical query that made her husband's dear to her. Park questioned nothing. He was sure. Eaton Lang was the same type of fellow. They might have come out of an illustration in a modern book. They ate a great deal, with a frank enjoyment, and were very nice to their hostess. Park was chaffing her about the coquetry of her lavender and lace, and condescending to her in a fashion she liked. It was a little cocky, a purely masculine brand, and she never objected to even a young man's setting her sex right. She liked, she said, their point of view. But now she caught Eaton's question to her husband.

"What percentage of Letts are there here in the mills?"

Abergenny hesitated, and Abergenny's nephew burst into a laugh, quick with affectionate tolerance.

"He can't tell you, can you, Uncle Van? He don't know a Lett from a—hindrance."

"Come, come, now," said Abergenny. "I'm a very intelligent uncle, give me time."

Park had turned frankly to his friend. He was always snatching the reins of talk, and he did handle them capably, though with a perfect unconsciousness that there are serviceable modes of driving not approved in the conventions of whips.

"I told you what sort of a town this is. Uncle don't know a soul out of his class."

"Oh, come now," said uncle, again tolerantly, "what is my class?"

But this Park smilingly waived, as if both he and uncle knew.

"It isn't you alone, uncle, it's the whole bloomin' town. Your class refuses to see that there's been anything new since the shipbuilding days. Meantime the population's shifted. There's a big percentage of Italians, Syrians, Lithuanians, Poles. They're citizens. They vote. Their bosses sway the vote. But uncle"—he was talking to Eaton now—"uncle only knows he meets shiny-eyed foreigners in the street when he's pottering down to the post-office to get an English review, and they make him think of Italy, and he goes off into a pipe-dream about his sabbatical spree, don't you, dad?" Park was very affectionate when he said "dad."

Mrs. Abergenny, listening, felt the angry color in her face. Her pretty hand found itself trembling as she lifted the fork, and she laid it down again with a delicate composure. She was afraid to look at her husband lest she should catch the quiver of eld shown up by youth. But Abergenny was explaining now to Eaton, and his unmoved, genial voice gave her a new thrill of partisanship. She was old enough to know composure costs something.

"Park told you about our sabbatical spree? We inherited a few thousands, and when I feel my joints stiffening and can't write (because I can't get a good pen), can't read (because my arm isn't long enough)—you know the reasons we find for getting turned out to pasture and keeping our self-respect—then my wife and I are going to Italy on a regular bat. It's going to be my last piggishness. She's doing it all for me and I'm letting her. She'd rather sit down here and see the grass grow, wouldn't you, Ellen?"

"I want to go very much," said she, but she didn't and she knew he knew it. These were the pious rites of her worship.

"Good scheme," said honest Eaton. "I tell father and mother to spend every cent they can for the next five years. After that it's all downhill. Sure to be."

Again Mrs. Abergenny flashed a hot look at her husband. It found him smiling.

"A bit of ham, Eaton?" he was saying. "See this little thin fellow with the ring of fat. Doesn't that tempt you, my boy?"

It did, and while Eaton's plate went up, Eaton himself insisted fatefully:

"What's the percentage of all the foreigners in the mills?"

"I don't know," said Park. "Phil could tell you. How is Phil?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Abergenny. She felt disconcertingly remote from her nephew at that moment. He seemed to be committing *lèse majesté* all round. "Philippa was here this afternoon. She has a college friend staying with her." An acrid impulse prompted her to add, "A girl who has been going about hiring

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herself out in mills and telling what she saw."

"By George!" said Eaton. He had lost muscular control of his eye-glasses, in his recognition of the distinguished Mary, and sat looking at Mrs. Abergenny with a myopic softness of gaze which seemed somehow to reflect Mary Crewe in person. "Mary Crewe!" he offered. Then he got his glasses on again and with them resumed his front of armed sufficiency.

"Of course it's Mary Crewe," said Park. "I'll telephone Phil and see if we can get 'em over here this evening."

"Parkman!" breathed his aunt. She had determined, after the first incursion of these redoubtable young Scythians, not to be surprised. The infant generations shouldn't catch her napping. She would even entertain their catchwords as legitimate English and not a bastard brood. But she had to add, because the discipline of manners demanded it, "Don't you think you'd better ask if you might call?"

Park was innocent of anybody's ban.

"They'd better come here," said he. "They're great girls. Dad'll love to hear 'em."

"Do you know Philippa's friend?" Mrs. Abergenny was asking Eaton, fixing him at the moment, all unconsciously, with a gaze of frigor bidding him beware how he spoke of young ladies with a laxity Park had so unhappily betrayed.

"Not personally," said Eaton. "Know her work, of course."

"Oh, we've got to have 'em," said Park, "unless they've something on to-night. Is Mary advertised to speak?"

"Not that I have heard," said Mrs. Abergenny, with an inclusive dignity encircling all young women who might speak.

Park did telephone, and the girls would be delighted to come, though late. They had to go first to the mystery-play rehearsal. And they did come by nine, after an interval of De Koven and Victor Herbert, rendered happily by the boys in turn at the piano.

"Fancy!" said Abergenny to his wife, in an incredulous delight at the moment when Park was letting the girls in at the door. "They don't bring their slippers now. They bring their brains."

By the time their hostess got to them they had their hats off in the hall, and instantly, in an incursion of youth tumultuously splendid, they were in before the fire. Philippa wore her morning suit, the tailored skirt, the shirt-waist and stiff collar, but Mary Crewe, a luscious type of beauty, was in blue silk, lacy and tumbled from long-continued packing and an imperfect understanding of what a hot iron can do. She had drooping slantwise lids and an irregular, enchanting mouth, full bloom of the cheeks, and an irresistible laugh.

"How that girl has escaped marriage!" Abergenny managed in an aside to his wife while the others were playing a quick game of question and reply. There they were at this village hearth, the shrine of security, loud in what seemed to be an investigation of turmoil in the corners of the earth. China and Morocco were pawns in their hands; Persia was a card of destiny. Mexico! they struck that like a warning note to summon the continent, all continents, to accountability for the condition of the man who worked with his hands. This man—he was known by a big generic Labor—seemed to be the atom for whom the earth was swung and the moon and stars created. Inga, pink from her run home after rehearsal, came in to bring a basket of wood for the fire, and Mrs. Abergenny glanced up at her sharply to see whether she wore another look. She must, if Labor was the true mistress of the world. She wouldn't have been surprised to see Inga with a definite circlet on her brow, such as queens used to wear with no foreboding, or Inga grown colossal like the Melian Victory. But Inga was unchanged, soft-footed, deft, and the others didn't see her at all. Only Philippa gave her a little smiling nod, and moved a chair slightly to let her pass, and Abergenny got up and took the wood from her and said:

"Don't do that again, Inga. It's too heavy. If Jake isn't there, call me."

But how the news of the world coruscated in sparks from the running wheel of talk! The air beat with the aroma of young blood, young breath. The four adventurers into their new continent of hope were triumphant with the working possibilities of the land. It was all promise within a hair of fulfilment. They named

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the new paths they had cut through the country of their conception. They brought big tales of smashing the natives and the toll of the slain: so many capitalists dead by the Mauser of investigation, so many railroads posted with cautionary guide-posts, "The way to hell." Abergenny, on the run, followed them like a game old dog at the wake of the pack. He had his special intoxication: the seething of young life, the glitter of untried knights athirst for battle.

"But don't slay more than you can resurrect," he caught himself murmuring. And then,

> "With my cross-bow
> I shot the albatross."

Nobody heard him, nobody but his wife, and when she called from her end of the semicircle:

"What is it, Rob?" he gave her a little crooked reassuring smile that bade her be silent as he meant to be. But presently there came a name he knew. It was an English name of some repute in ink. He did want to speak there. If anything was his province, it was the charted shore about the sea of ink. But they used their catchwords here too, and Abergenny had to remind himself that he had had catchwords in his day, imbibed from authority, forty years ago, only he had thought them academic.

"Galsworthy is It at present," said Mary, and Lang capped the verdict by pronouncement on Shaw: "the biggest thing since Aristophanes." Mrs. Abergenny wasn't entirely controlled by her husband's warning look. Here she did cast her trembling ballot, wondering why Rob couldn't represent her.

"Shaw is a very vulgar man. I saw one of his plays once, and I shouldn't willingly see another. If either of you girls are ever invited to go I hope you'll refuse."

"Dear Auntie!" said Park, generously.

He laid his hand on hers, and she let it lie there and hoped he didn't feel the pulses beating underneath. But Eaton was talking to Abergenny.

"You see, Mr. Abergenny, we can't ignore the tremendous movement over there in England among the younger men."

"There's always been a good deal of young blood in young men," said Abergenny, with a mild appearance of offering a dish likely to be refused.

"Oh, yes, but not like this, Mr. Abergenny."

"They've had their bread riots, they repealed their corn laws, they even abolished the slave trade in their dear old dominion. They've had some rather broad schemes of colonization. Had their visionists, too. Even old Southey dreamed about the Susquehanna. Also there was a very disquieting French Revolution next door and Boney imminent. Oh, there's been something doing in that vicinity for quite a number of years."

"But not like this," chanted the young voices, in a harmony almost too gay to fit the sombre theme. "No, it's not like this."

"No," said Abergenny, "I'm not prepared to say it was like this."

Mrs. Abergenny looked across the young pink faces in a rage of revolt against them all.

"It is like this," she wanted to cry out. "If Robert says it is, it is."

But for a moment then she was placated. For it appeared that Eaton Lang, who, with the precocity of the age had produced two plays, was putting the barrels of money he had amassed into a magazine, and she made no doubt, when he began to tout his scheme, that Robert was to come in for a serial. Park, it appeared, had two shares in the concern. He had written no play. All his potentiality for investment lay in his hand-to-mouth journalism. But he was investigating, organizing. He was "on to" a few things. He'd show them yet. But it also became obvious that Lang had no leaning toward serials, unless, indeed, they concerned the Syrian immigrant. Philippa, taking him to the mystery play, was conferring an editorial benefit.

"You know the sort of fellows he wants, Phil," said Parkman: "cobblers or mill-hands, that can sit down and reel off the facts. We'll dig out an interpreter and maybe get a stenographer, and we're made. It's a cinch."

Philippa knew perfectly. She could put her hand on half a dozen men, all conversant with want at home, all with the wit to remember the process by which unskilled labor was lured over here to the ideal con-

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

He made a distinguished figure.—Page 707.

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ditions that slumped to chaos, once the workman grappled with them. She had a fluent assemblage of strange names ready for him. These men were of her special friends.

It was throughout an evening of talk full of light and color and go. Though it began late it lasted into the night. At the end Park and Eaton took the young women home—Mrs. Abergenny wondered, with a flouting humor foreign to her, if Park would have to be prompted—and when they came back they were not talking about the general decadence of the world. They were discussing Mary Crewe's equipment for conquest.

"A very crumby little person," Eaton Lang was vociferating in a pleased excitement.

"Very crumby indeed," said Park succinctly. "Mary's all right. So's old Phil. Going to bed, Aunt Ellen? Guess we shall have to sit up a spell and smoke."

Abergenny, too, had meant to hang about for half an hour and smoke, partly to set his mind in order and, it might be, to meet his young Scythians man to man, with no womenfolk by to ease tensions and deflect the stream. He never had understood Park so little. In the eight months since he had seen him the boy had hardened into a mould of individual life. Still Abergenny thought even he, whose serials were not demanded, had a knack at meeting fellows under his own age, perhaps because he liked young wine as it frothed out of the butt. But he found himself going meekly up to bed with Aunt Ellen. In his dressing-room he stood a moment, hands in his pockets, and grinned.

"I wonder what made me do that," said he. "I wonder why I didn't say, 'Sit down, boys; try one of these. I imported them myself.'"

"Did you speak, Rob?" his wife was calling.

"No, darling," said he, grinning still, "I didn't speak." But he began talking then—profanely—about his cravat.

Mrs. Abergenny retained a very confused impression of that night. It was moonlight, and she sat up on the white island of her bed and saw the pattern of the curtain on the wall. Her husband, too, awoke and he saw her sitting there, a white fluff tied round her head because she was afraid of the night air, and she looked to him like some sort of angel with a frosty pow. But she was wringing her hands, and her voice seemed to wring itself too.

"Oh, Rob," she said, "Oh, Rob! I don't want them to love their brothers better than you do."

"Come here, old girl," said Robert. He left his white island and came to hers, and drew the fluff to his shoulder. "Don't you worry. They've formed a trust, that's all."

Then the alien tongue the others had talked that night grew hot in her mouth, and she heard herself saying:

"Has it got to be busted, Rob? Has that trust got to be busted, too?"

"No, dear," said Rob. "It can't be busted. It'll last as long as the leaves grow in the spring and there is a lover of his kind that wants to die. Not that these boys and girls want to die. They're topful of life. They're onto the game."

She found herself a little dizzy, even with that security of his shoulder.

"They seem to feel things so much," she said. "Do you suppose they feel them so much more than you do, Rob?"

"*Weltschmerz?*" asked Rob. "Some of them actually do feel it. There's always been your priest and your martyr. Some of them feel so because they like to be in the know. Some of them get a salary out of it. Some of them are sentimental. Some are forensic. Some are cocky. But the louder they talk the more it'll get into the ears of the world, and possibly the old world'll hypnotize itself into thinking it really does love its brother. And by and by there'll be things it'll be ashamed to do."

"Will they change it?" she heard herself moaning. "Will they change the world so we shan't know it?"

"Oh, we shall know it all right," said Rob rather grimly. "For the present they'll chiefly strike the fetters off one leg and put them on the other. They'll overthrow Dagon that is Capital and set up Dagon that is Labor. And as soon as Dagon that is Labor finds he's god, he will behave exactly as Dagon that is Capital did and snuff out of his brazen nostrils for human sacrifice."

"Don't, Rob," said she, for the moon-

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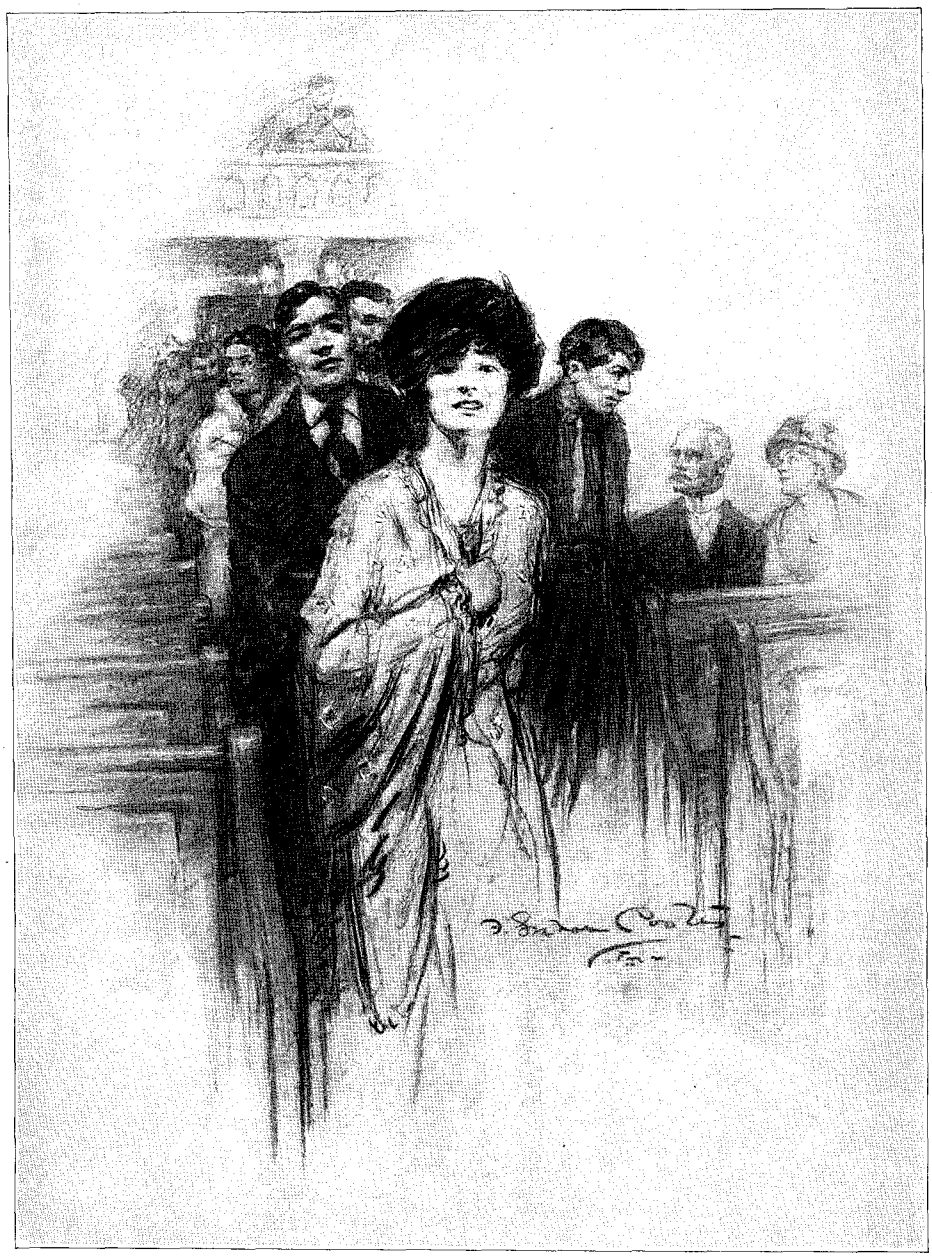

It was an incursion of the East.—Page 717.

light seemed to tremble on the wall. "God won't let them do such things. At least I hope he won't."

"Do you think any of it's done without him? Do you think it's these atomies of children that are making all the pother? It's God himself, you little Unitarian, you. He's increasing the police force. Lots of the force are being bribed, but still they've got the badge."

"Is God on their side?" Ellen was crying. "Is he in it, too?"

"He's on everybody's side, you simpleton," said Rob. "Didn't you know

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that? Also they've got science up their sleeve."

"I don't want science," said his Ellen. "I'm not accustomed to it. I'm accustomed to religion."

"Poor duckie," said the voice. "Poor old duck."

In the morning she awoke with that apprehensive feeling of expecting to see the spectres of the night before. But the room looked quite the same, and the sunlight on her pin-cushion was reassuring. Rob strode about whistling in his dressing-room, and she called to ask if he was all right.

"Yep," said he, a paraphrase he never used unless he was very right indeed.

Ellen, as soon as her hair was done, went in to give him his morning kiss.

"Did anything happen in the night?" she asked him.

Rob looked fresh-colored and agreeable. No, he told her. Nothing particular, he guessed. Same old night.

"I feel as if I'd talked in my sleep," said Ellen. "I wish I could remember all of it. Some of it I can. I'll try to tell you when there's time."

But after putting the pin in her lace collar she came back.

"Rob," she said, "don't you suppose Eaton will ask you to do a serial for his magazine? Don't you suppose that's what he's really here for?"

"No, child," said Rob. "Don't think it. He wants a serial on the way to tell ditch-diggers how to make railroad kings sit up. He doesn't want a story about common middle-class folks like you and me."

"It's outrageous," said Ellen, "and I'm very much hurt to find Park is every inch as bad. Nothing interests him—nothing—nothing—but finding out how wicked somebody has been and saying so in a magazine. And because you wouldn't do that—because you're a gentleman——"

Park and Eaton came to the table frothing over with the high spirits they had carried to bed with them. There were no lees in last night's cup, no monotonies, no lassitude. They seemed to be, from a temperamental point of view, perpetually pulling corks and tossing down a draught that vivified and never undermined. Yet even when they were kindest to her, Ellen found herself inwardly withstanding them. What were they, after all, but children endowed with a disproportioned power to change the fashion of serials as a tailor sways the mode of sleeves and collars? Ellen was having her eyes opened, and it hurt. Excess of light—was it light or only glare cruelly and ingeniously contrived from artificial surfaces?—half-blinded her. Hitherto she had piously believed that there was but one manner of serial, as it were the earthly similitude of a heavenly type (see Plato on serials) and that was Rob's. Others might differ from it as one star from another, but all were in harmony, for none could really contravene Rob's, which, with Dickens's and Thackeray's, fitted the heavenly archetype. And here were two boys sitting in the seats of authoritative selection, and Rob, since we must use the speech of the day, "not in it."

"We won't come back for luncheon," said Park. "I told Phil and Mary we'd drop in for rehearsal and see if there wasn't something we could do."

"By George," said Abergenny, "I'd like to butt in there."

"Sure," said Park. "Go to the play. We'll all go. Take you, Aunt Ellen."

"I'd like mighty well to see the rehearsal when the people are themselves," said Abergenny. "Why didn't I know this was going on? Syrians, aren't they?"

"Yes. All of 'em in the mill. They're taking the noon hour for a last go. Phil's ordered in crackers and coffee."

"I'd even bring some cheese if they'd take me in," said Abergenny humbly. He felt like a very little boy begging absurdly for what he mustn't have.

But Park wasn't refusing him. He didn't even see the little boy was begging.

"Be back by five, Aunt Ellen," he contributed. "There'll be something to do to the stage. Always is."

They went robustly down the path, each with his film of smoke behind him. Ellen spoke then, intemperately, as she used to speak when she and Rob were young married folks.

"I'm as mad as fire."

"Oh, no," said Rob, "they're only inheriting the earth in their turn. We heard Dickens read."

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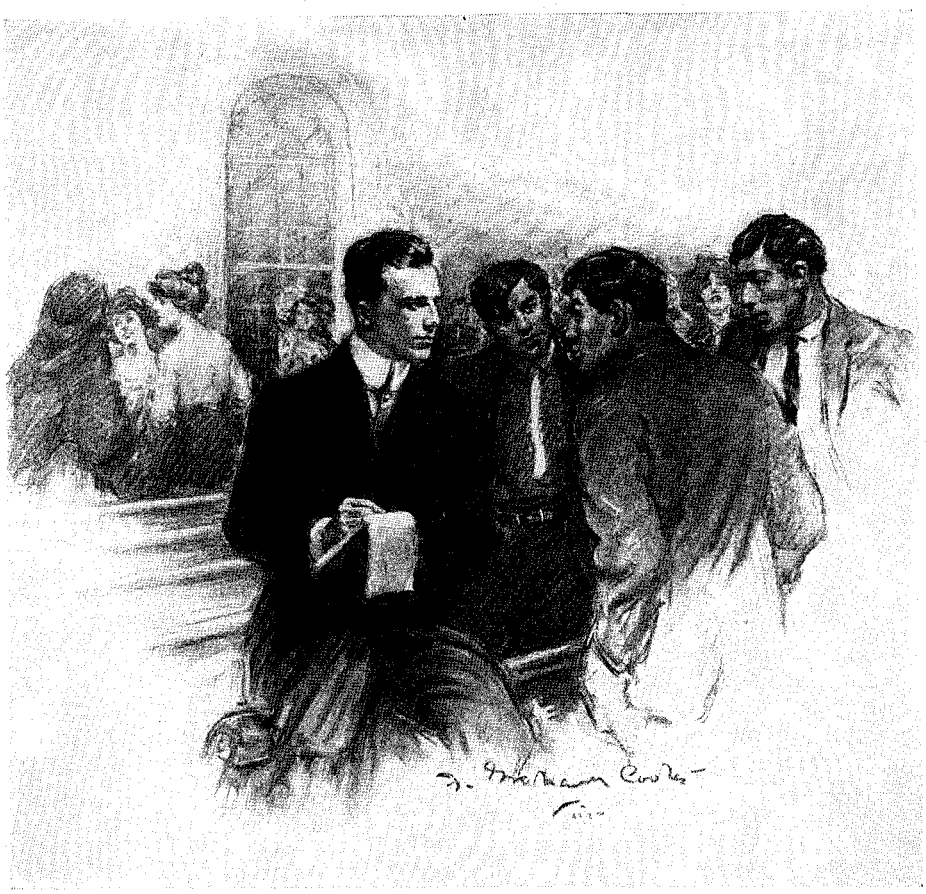

Eaton was put into the hands of three black-eyed men.—Page 720.

"But that," said Ellen, in a perplexed irrelevance, "was a long time ago."

"Yes," said Rob, "that's the mischief."

That night they did go to the play. Ellen washed off her temper in shame, wore her gray silk and amethyst pendant, and tried to be very soft to Park. Yet Park, in his defined preoccupations, didn't need her easements. He and Eaton disappeared behind the scenes, and Ellen, in the confusion and hammering before the prologue, guessed at their activities. But Rob wasn't thinking of the boys. He was looking about him in an even grateful delight over the picturesqueness of the new harmonious scene. This was a little old church built on the severe lines of the early meeting-house. The galleries were beautifully panelled. Topping the windows were fan-lights. The Unitarians, ever since they sold it, in a madness of prosperity induced by the gift of a new sandstone church righteously and inalienably Gothic, had been rather sore on not at least preserving it as a memorial of their faith. The Syrians had it now. An early comer that night might have looked to see New England ladies of an older time come rustling in, in softest silks and bonnets lined with rosy wreaths; but Ellen Abergenny was the only one of that dim lineage. When the audience did come, late, quick-breathed from the haste of preparation after work, it was an incursion of the East. Abergenny's eyes lighted fires of that delight the artist only knows: over the dusk of their hair, the flash of glance and teeth, their lithe symmetry, or the teeming physical life in them. They were, Ellen thought, noting their scarfs, over-

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laid in scales like spangled snakes, and, too, the encompassing modern hat, very much dressed. There were girls all beauty, made by nature for her imperious uses, as unconscious as the nymphs born only to lead in the dawn. The men came, most of them, in their working clothes, lustrous-eyed creatures, swarthy, certainly lowering, perhaps morose. That was the illusive story the type told of itself, its darkness, its terrifying brilliance. And then it smiled, and what sunshine, what ingenuous candor! Ellen was, she knew, even though so slightly, out of her element. None of her friends had come. She missed the warmth of neighborly recognitions. But Rob was happy. She felt the weather of it.

"Look at 'em," he whispered. "Everybody's young. No, they're not. There's a grandmother. But, hang it! the others flash so, you don't see anybody over thirty-five. And every man Jack of 'em's in the midst of his adventure, if it's only cobbling boots."

Then, before she could assemble half uncomprehending sympathies to meet him, the curtain was pulled aside and the play began.

The play was the story of the poor maid who sets her little room ready to receive the Christmas King, and then, in wistful sacrifice, gives the cot, the bread, the wine, to the wandering three, father, mother, and child, who have been turned from other doors. And later, when the kings and magi follow the star to her low roof, there wait the family she has sheltered, and it is Joseph and Mary and the little Jesus, in their right radiance. An interpreter rehearsed the story of each scene to his people in their own tongue. The actors had the sincerity of life. Even their clothes were shreds and patches of reality. The Abergennys knew this. Philippa had told them. These were not costumes hired from a shop. They were intimate bits of the old life at home, treasured heirlooms from chests in poor dark lodgings or lent by neighbors from as serious intent. The stage was lighted with candelabra only, but that insured a trembling beauty. The dim interiors were like priceless pictures mellowed, in the safety of old galleries, by the airs of time. Ellen Abergenny found herself floating back to Nazareth. The simplicity of the play beat at her heart. The painstaking, broken words, the oriental dress—what were these but the living memory of Sunday afternoons fifty years ago, when she had been allowed to turn the leaves of the great picture Bible and follow out the story? An indefinable harmony pervaded the room. Raucous winds of the present might be blowing outside these fan-lighted panes, but the minds of the people met and abode in consonance on an isle of inextinguishable beauty and so of calm. To Ellen Abergenny the little irritations that hurt the flesh became like pebbles on the road to pilgrimage. They bruised, but the flesh would heal, and in the pilgrimage accomplished even sharper ills would be forgotten. The water of life at that altar of unerring adjustment which eye hath not yet seen would wash and heal the sting. Still she felt the march of time, though now its kindliness. The fashion of this world was passing away. The stream was running and on it her little craft, so swiftly that when she sought to take her childish reckoning the spot where she would have recorded it had been sucked back into the abysm of time. Whatever peaceful backwater she might find, it would still be to see the stream rushing unendingly by. The stream had always been rushing, she knew; but once she had had the spirit to love the buoyancy of the boat, the strength to snatch at flowers low-growing on the shore. If there was stability anywhere, was it not this wherein she was bound by chains of inherited belief to Nazareth? And these were bound with her: the workmen out of the East, the uncomprehended obscurity of his mind the stage for this story of the God made man. Even when at the story's close the Virgin, with an ineffable welcome of humid eyes and smiling mouth, received the maid, now all amaze, it was no shock that Mary, Mother of God, was Inga. It was not Inga in the illusion of the flesh. It was Inga's inner self that used Inga's body for its working garb.

When it was over, Ellen wished she could have hurried home, her little pictures of the Nativity clasped to her breast. How should they stay unbroken when the shiny-eyed audience dissolved into the

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

Abergenny looked up and said, as if he had discovered a constellation to the good: "There's the dipper."—Page 720.

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gay fellowship of men and women relaxed after the tension of "sitting at a play"? The actors came from behind, still in costume, as immediately from the East. Park and Eaton came, and Mary and Philippa. The young Scythians were in high feather. Philippa was openly proud, her people had done so well. They went about among the crowd with most familiar greetings. Eaton was put into the hands of three black-eyed men who had facts to give him volubly though in this unaccustomed tongue: the special facts up-to-date editors are thirsting for. There were gay little encounters in swirls and eddies, and Abergenny and his wife, rather shaken from the quality of emotion the evening had brought, stood aside, quite out of it, yet not pathetically so. They were both carrying, in quickened minds, their little pictures of the Nativity. Ellen was wondering—she could not help it—from no sense of æsthetic privilege, if she and Rob were the only ones to have felt the beauty of it overwhelmingly. She asked him that, in a self-distrustful commonplace.

"Do you think they saw how lovely it was?"

Robert gave her his quick comprehending look.

"These people? Not a doubt of it. Park and the girls don't know much about it because they were pulling the wires. Don't you see, these boys and girls are too busy keeping the marionettes moving to get much effect of emotional beauty. They're doing things. They're doing everything. It's great—in a way."

Inga, the Virgin's veil put off for her black dress and jacket, came down the aisle. She was hurrying as well as she might for the greetings ready for her, hurrying away from the greetings, it seemed, for matters more immediate. There was nothing of the festival about Inga. A serious wistfulness made her pale face remarkable. Her eyes met Mrs. Abergenny's. They seemed to ask pardon for something: perhaps for not walking in her list slippers and being prepared with the little tray. Perhaps really they asked why Mrs. Abergenny was there. Mrs. Abergenny bent to her with an impulse outside her will.

"Don't hurry, Eva," she said.

"I shall be there before you, Mrs. Abergenny," said Inga, in her precise English. "Cook will be ready to serve."

"Stay here," said Mrs. Abergenny, "while the others do."

"Oh, no," said Inga. "Thank you, Mrs. Abergenny."

"Stay and talk," said Abergenny, his warm, kind smile upon her. "Stay as long as the rest do, as long as you like."

"When you come home," said his wife, "have something to eat and go to bed. I can manage supper. You're tired, child."

Inga looked her in the face. She had, perhaps, never done that before with so full an assurance. The eyes of the two women met and exchanged unfashioned messages, announcements that the souls of them might possibly understand and find no means of communicating to the outer selves that lived by formulæ. What Inga felt Ellen Abergenny could not know. But she knew one thing she thought of Inga. The blood had run into the girl's cheeks and trembled on her lips. In her face was something moved and humid.

"She is nothing," Mrs. Abergenny thought, with a shock of wonder, "but a child."

The glance broke. Inga gave a little "Thank you," and Abergenny and his wife moved out. They needn't wait for the dear Scythians who had forgotten them. At the door Abergenny halted and looked once more. Still the room was gay with talk. Eaton Lang, mobbed by Syrian eloquence, was listening, listening, and Mary Crewe stood by him, the solvent apparently between the workmen who knew and trusted her and the avid magazine man. Park and Philippa, too, had collected a group; theirs was comedy.

Abergenny and his wife turned again and went home to overlook their careful hospitalities.

"They seem to have paired off," said Abergenny. He put his hand over Ellen's lying on his arm. It was an old custom.

"You can't tell," said Ellen vaguely. "Manners are so different now. Still I believe Park and Philippa—if Park gets ahead."

Then they were silent, though Aber-

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genny looked up and said, as if he had discovered a constellation to the good:

"There's the dipper."

But they were thinking according things: of the whirling of the world and the constant stars that yet are whirling too, of the Nativity and the one star that had led them to this place.

"It'll be nice in Italy," said Ellen with no preface, when they came to their own door.

Abergenny had his hand on the latch. But he withdrew it and looked up at the heavens again.

"No," said he, "I sha'n't go to Italy."

"Not go!"

"No. We'll turn that money over to Park for shares in their freebooter magazine. I'll buy him a *pou sto*, and he shall push the world. Let 'em push. I'm willing to be their fulcrum. It's about all I can do for 'em. And, by George, I'm going to be in it. It's my last adventure."

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

JEAN-FRANÇOIS, Marquis de Beauvoisin, was one of the Forty Immortals. At the age of fifty-two the honor of it sat lightly upon his erect shoulders; and yet he was not of those who are wont to accept responsibilities with a smile and a shrug. He was as painstaking with his obligations toward his neighbor and his nation as he was in regard to the metre of his verse or the care of his person. Nevertheless, to be a stanch Catholic, a fervent Royalist, and a member of the French Academy is, to-day, no mean accomplishment; for at the present date the Forty is composed of two ecclesiasts, four aristocrats, six Jews, and twenty-eight sons of French peasants who have become men of letters. Like Cincinnatus, they left the plough to lead an army; and the pens they wield are as mighty as his sword and doubtless as awkwardly handled.

People who knew them both have said that the marquis was as young at fifty-two as his son at twenty-eight. The comparison, however, is of little value, since no one had ever seen the two together after the son's unfortunate marriage to "that person from one of the Americas," as the marquis used to designate her. The narrow old aristocrat had refused to attend the wedding, or to kiss the bride, although, goodness knows, she was kissable enough for the taste of the Bourbon pretender himself.

The marquis, then, after the death of his wife, lived alone on the Quai Voltaire, in an ancient hotel, the cracked, weather-beaten façade of which had overlooked the silent Seine for many generations—for so many, in fact, that it could afford to sneer across the river at the flaunting pavilions of the Louvre, as who should say: "Ha! Upstart! What right have you to preen yourself so finely over there? Who are you, my young one, to make so much show? You are naught but a hybrid and most of you is empire. *Nouveau, bah!*"

If I have stated that the marquis lived quite alone I must hasten to correct myself; for his roof-tree sheltered one other soul, his housekeeper, Eugénie. Eugénie, as her fathers (and mothers) before her, had been created to serve the house of Beauvoisin, and the marquis admitted that, like all old and faithful servants, she ruled rather than obeyed. His friend, Dr. Miromesnil, said that the marquis feared her wrath above that of any one but God.

After the death of the marquise, Eugénie promptly seized the reins of power, and, unlike that of her fatherland, her government gradually changed from a repub-

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lic to a monarchy, and thence to a tyranny. "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" that hoarse, Utopian cry of the people, meant naught to Eugénie. She was *par excellence* an aristocrat, referring to the estimable president of the republic and to his ministers and legislators as "*un tas de cochons.*" Morning and evening she prayed for his majesty, the king, who was, of course, the Bourbon pretender, inasmuch as the Beauvoisins were of no mere empire nobility.

The marquis, though born and bred a stanch Royalist, found himself perfectly comfortable and satisfied under a republic. He was not long in making the discovery that it is in republican countries that the nobility are most esteemed and sought after. If people, as sometimes happened, taunted him with being the "silken poet of the republic," he was inclined to ascribe the term to the style of his verse rather than to the material of his shirts. As descriptive of his work it was not inappropriate, for his endeavor was to put into printed words the spirit that Watteau and his contemporaries had depicted on canvas. Whether he succeeded is not for me to say; I can but refer you to his "Poésies Amoureuses," published by Lafitte, and leave the judgment to you.

If ever the disturbing imp of loneliness entered into the spirit of the marquis's dreams, he betrayed it neither by word nor sign. He was as proud and withal as sensitive as those magnificent sires of his who had been dragged in the tumbril, smiling, to death; and yet those who knew him best (and Eugénie was among them) realized thoroughly the double loss that he had undergone in the death of his wife and the estrangement with his son. When he sat down of an evening alone to his *croûte-au-pot* and his *entrecôte* Eugénie was wont to shake her head sadly and remark that loneliness makes a poor sauce. And Eugénie had moments of insight.

It was on a certain sweet-smelling April night that the marquis, having dined, sat at his desk by the half-opened window correcting the proofs of a sonnet destined for *Le Monde*. His pen was travelling listlessly across the sheets, and he was not annoyed when his servant, approaching noiselessly in her hygienic sandals, thrust a flushed and excited face through the portières. Before opening her lips she regarded the marquis with something in her eye that is difficult to describe—a knowing, admiring, villanous look, as who should say: "You sly old rascal, what a dog you are with the ladies, to be sure! And you in your fifties, too!" It is only Frenchwomen who attain this look, and they retain it long after the roses in their cheeks are painted and until their poor, sentimental old hearts have beaten for the last time. It was such a look that Eugénie cast upon him.

"A demoiselle to see m'sieu' le marquis," was all she said.

The marquis stared, thinking he had misunderstood, for she enunciated poorly with her two remaining teeth.

"A demoiselle to see m'sieu' le marquis," she repeated, and added: "*elle a l'air très bien. Elle a un chic*—" and up went her big, red hands to high heaven, doubtless in search of a superlative adjective.

"Her name?" ventured the marquis.

"She did not give it, m'sieu'."

"Tell her to come up," said the marquis shortly.

"At this hour—" Eugénie began.

"Enough," said the marquis.

The servant hobbled out muttering to herself: "It is that monsieur le marquis is still dangerous," might have been the trend of her remarks, but the marquis chose not to hear.

He was pretending to work when his visitor entered, so that he did not see until later that she was young and slim and fair; that she had Mediterranean eyes he might have written a dozen poems about; that she had a wide, humorous mouth, apparently made to reveal rather than to conceal two rows of white teeth as small as a child's. Later, too, he noticed that she possessed a child's dimple at each side of that smiling mouth. She was dressed as though she had just come from the opera—a cloak of dark-green velvet trimmed with ermine, which she held closely about her with her left hand.

"Madame," he said, and then, doubtfully: "Mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur." This with a short little nod and in a voice that would have been cold had it not been warmed by the sunshine of those unquiet dimples.

"I may talk in English?" she inquired.

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"I am told that you speak it perfectly. My French is too shockingly slangy to be employed in the presence of an Academician."

"You may speak Chinese if you wish," he hastened to assure her, for she was quite irresistible. "Meanwhile give yourself the pains to sit down."

She sat down gracefully but abruptly—all her actions were abrupt—and the marquis perceived that she wore American slippers. Even then he suspected nothing.

She regarded him steadily for several seconds, her chin resting in her hand and her elbow on the arm of the chair.

"You don't look like a monster," she remarked placidly at length. "A bit pompous, perhaps, and a bit vain. I imagine that you think a great deal more of conventions than you should. If I were a professor of palmistry I should say that you allowed your mind to govern your heart."

"In your presence, madame," murmured the marquis, "my heart is perforce a slave."

"Don't talk like a book," she returned emphatically. "Oh, if you could only forget for one minute that you are a marquis de Beauvoisin and an Academician, and that all the women in Paris adore your poetry, and all the men laugh at it—because they do, you know—I think that you would be a perfectly charming old gentleman."

It is to be doubted if the marquis relished the adjective.

"Madame," he said somewhat bitterly, "the *old* gentleman is overcome."

"I thought he would be," she replied and fell silent. Then she said abruptly: "Aren't you ever lonely? Don't you miss having friends—relatives about?"

"My friends are my books," he answered; "they have proven more satisfactory than the only relative I have in the world. And then there is always Eugénie."

"This only relative is your son, is it not?"

"But yes, madame."

"Why do you dislike him so? What has he ever done to you that you should have discharged him like a servant? Don't you love him at all? Don't you love him if only on account of his mother who loved him and whom you loved? Oh, forgive me—I am taking great liberties in speaking to you like this; but, you see, I am interested in this son of yours. He is everything to me that is glorious and beautiful in this world, and I feel that I robbed him of a father when I became his wife."

The marquis looked up at her sharply and his eyes softened; but he made no movement toward her. You could see Pride, hitherto firmly enthroned in his heart, doing battle with Sympathy and Admiration. "Are you about to throw aside all your traditions," whispered Pride, "on account of the first wheedling petticoat you encounter?" The marquis declared the battle a draw and temporized. He regarded her closely for the first time, and found much to praise and little to find fault with. What was he to do? How should he answer?

Finally he hit upon the most unfortunate remark he could have chosen.

"Has my son," he said, "sent you to me to intercede in his behalf?"

"Not he," she retorted hotly; "he is a Beauvoisin, like yourself, and far too stiff-necked."

He puzzled an instant over "stiff-necked" before grasping its connotation. As he was about to speak she continued hurriedly.

"No," she said, "I have come here to ask you a favor—but it is a favor of a different sort. Paul, my husband, requests you to cease sending him an allowance—those fifteen thousand francs, you know."

"To cease sending it!" echoed the marquis.

She nodded her head vigorously, but there was a smile lurking in her eyes.

"Exactly," she said; "you have grasped it."

"And pray why does he wish me to cease sending it?"

"You see," she began, "it is a long story. Paul is very fond of you, but he is more fond of me. Does that surprise you? I hope so. In fact, Paul would have done almost anything in the world for you except give me up. But there is just where the hitch comes. We feel that we ought not to live together on your money when you are not desirous that we should live together at all. Of course, I appreciate

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your position. I realize that I am nothing but an American, but it seems that my father was handling a railroad while you were handling a pen. I do not attempt to say which is the more lucrative; in any case the glory and the decorations are all on your lapel. But you have branded me as the daughter of a laborer, and hence not worthy to be the daughter-in-law of a poet. I wonder if you know how many poets were fathered by laborers."

"Excuse me, madame," interrupted the marquis; "pray do not allow this to become a discussion of the breeding of poets. God places them in every sphere of life, and the air that they breathe is neither that of the stable nor that of the salon, but the air of heaven. It is called the divine breath."

He felt immediately that he had scored, while she, for her part, rejoiced to have discovered a more human note in him. She rose to her feet and, coming quickly toward him across the room, seated herself on the arm of his chair and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"My dearest father-in-law," she said, "you are quite, quite right, and you really have some very nice ideas—all of which persuades me that you will listen to reason; because, you see, I came not only to ask you to stop making us an allowance, but also to beseech you to be friends again with your son. Now look at me! Am I such an impossible person to be the wife even of a Beauvoisin? After all, you know, you Beauvoisins are no great beauties. You, yourself, are sweet with your dear little pointed gray beard and your lovely mustaches, but your eyes are set too close together and your forehead is too high, and—dear me, you have lost a great deal of your hair. Of course I am not a paragon, but you must admit that I have all my teeth and am sound in wind and limb. Don't you think I am the least bit nice?"

She stood up and held out her hands—slim, white hands—and then laid them on his.

"I think," responded the marquis warmly, "that you are charming."

"Well, then," she continued briskly, "what is to prevent a reconciliation? We have a motto in America—in North America—which reads: 'United we stand; divided we fall!' Can you not apply that to the house of Beauvoisin and arrange a sort of Hague conference on a small scale? I, for one, am sure that you would rather have us around to bother your evenings once in a while than to play backgammon with some old spectacled high-brow. You *do* play backgammon, don't you?—and I bet that you consider it one of the world's greatest games of chance!"

"It is a game, I admit," said the marquis, "that I play with some success and no little pleasure. Allow me, though, to hint that backgammon, my dear madame, has little if any connection with the subject in hand. Although I cannot say that your appeal has left me unmoved, you must bear in mind that treaties of peace are seldom proposed and signed upon the same day; also, may I state, that hitherto I have received no direct appeal from my son, and it is with him that I am displeased. Against you yourself I could and would bear no grudge, for, although it is doubtless your fault that you are a most charming young woman, the responsibility of your marriage must rest upon the shoulders of my son. I hope I have made myself clear without offending your sensibilities. I find myself in a delicate and difficult position, and, as I have suggested, I must demand full leisure to consider the matter."

The marquis arose from his chair and bowed low, a kindly smile on his lips.

"And now, madame," he said, "may we not consider the hostilities at an end, and a truce declared while we ponder the terms of the peace?"

The girl thanked him with shining eyes, rose to her feet to collect her belongings, gave him her hand to be kissed, and turned to the door. Once there she paused and looked back at him over her shoulder.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said, "my name is Sarah; you and my other friends call me Sally."

He heard her footsteps go tapping down the stairs, and he sat alone, erect but rather wistful, behind his broad carved table with its litter of manuscript. About him floated like a sweetly subtle incense the scent that she used; and he sighed deeply as he turned to his work, for he felt very much alone.

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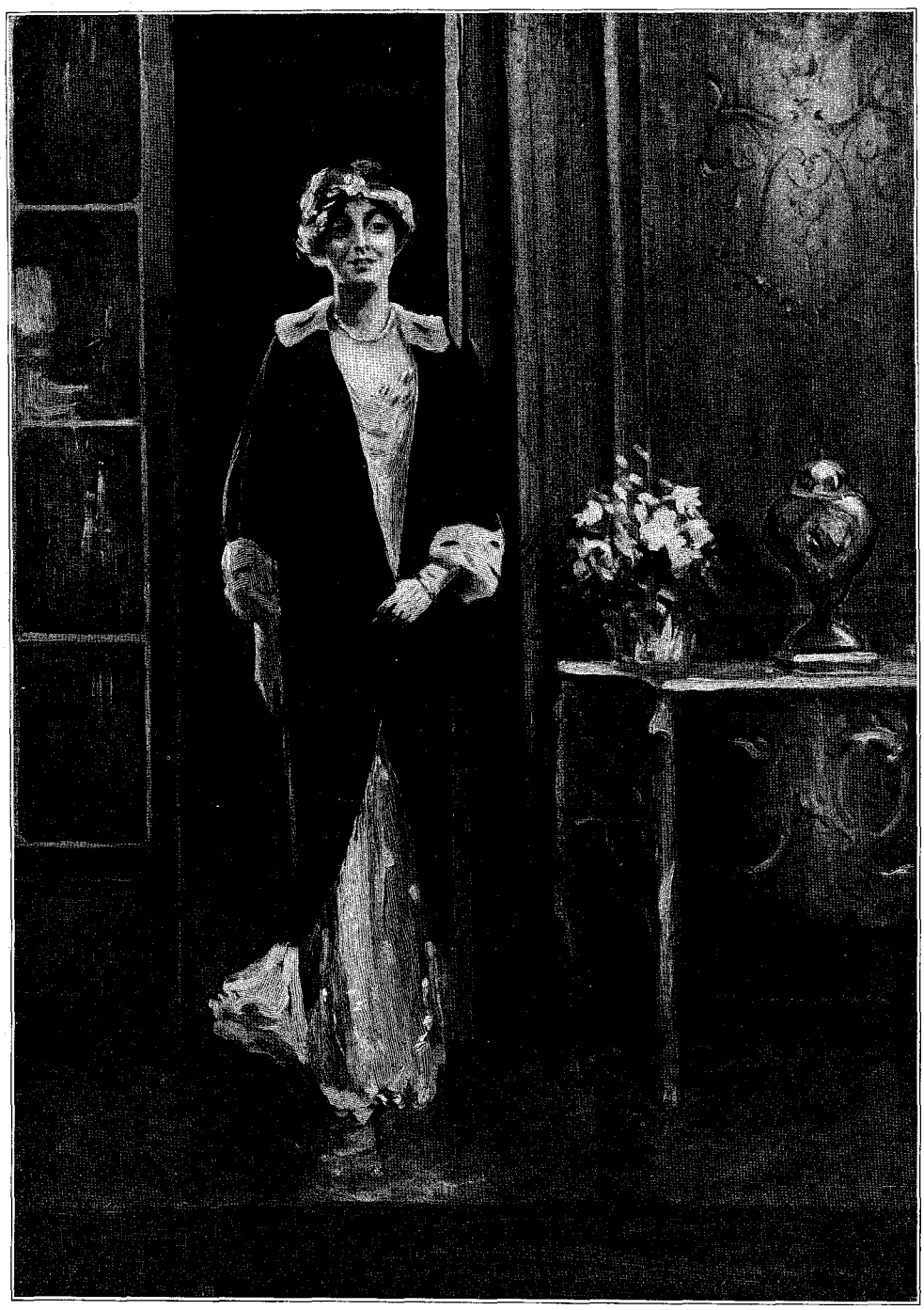

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

He was pretending to work when his visitor entered.—Page 722.

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It was not until the following day, however, that his loneliness was intruded upon by one of his few intimates, Dr. Étienne Miromesnil. The doctor entered with brusqueness that stamped him a man of energy. He wore, as usual, an immaculate frock coat with the red ribbon of the Legion glowing in the lapel. He was a heavy, much-bearded man and his small, gray eyes snapped and twinkled behind a pair of huge gold-rimmed eyeglasses. These eyes of his were the only indications his patients might have to lead them to suspect that he did not treat their imaginary ailments with the utmost seriousness; for the doctor was no disciple of the jocular bedside manner. Rather he became stern and monosyllabic in treating alike a cold or a cancer.

"To-night," he began without prelude, "I am taking you to dine with our friends, the Duc and Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray. Madame O'Brian is to be there. She is a delightful woman who suffers occasionally from slight affections of the tonsils. Her case is not serious; indeed, she has survived her husband."

The marquis had risen, for to him all formalities were instinct.

"How do you do, Étienne?" he said. "I am truly pleased to see you. We dine where did you say to-night?"

"With the Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray," repeated the doctor. "At present you lunch with me at Lapérouse."

"Why will you not lunch with me here?—it is more convenient."

"Here? Lunch here? Your Eugénie takes away my appetite. I continue to see those two remaining teeth of hers and, in sympathy with her, I also find it difficult to chew the *châteaubriand*. Besides, she cooks abominably and there is no pepper in anything. No, we will lunch at Lapérouse."

So the doctor, as usual, gaining his point, to Lapérouse they went and seated themselves in one of the low-ceilinged rooms that look out upon the quay.

The doctor, no sooner seated, rose quickly to his feet and, traversing the room in a few quick strides, bowed low to one of two women who were taking their after-luncheon coffee at a far table. She smiled on him, nodded her head, and then, evidently in reply to some question, glanced over toward the marquis. Again she nodded and smiled graciously and forthwith the doctor returned to fetch the marquis to her.

"It is Madame O'Brian," he said, "and her throat is much better. You must be presented to her. She is delightful."

The marquis had taken occasion to cast already an interested eye upon the lady in question. To a Frenchman all women are worthy of a glance, and, indeed, the woman who receives it not is crestfallen as a débutante whose first ball has been a failure.

Madame O'Brian was indeed worthy of a glance. She was a widow of perhaps forty, without a gray hair, without a wrinkle except for a few tiny lines about her eyes that had doubtless come from too much good humor; for she smiled often, and when she did so her lids came so close together that one could see nothing of her eyes save a narrow line of twinkling blue. Her hair was as black as ebony, but far brighter. Her lips I am afraid she rouged—oh, just a touch—but this hint of artificiality, which, indeed, was far from repellent, was offset by the comely naturalness of the tiny freckles that traversed the bridge of her nose from cheek to cheek. Irish she was, of course, for no Frenchwoman, thought the marquis, was ever guilty of freckles; and forthwith he decided that they were no blemish, but served, like the *mouches* of the Renaissance, to emphasize the true whiteness of the skin.

"And it's you that wrote 'Au Cœur de la Rose'!" exclaimed Madame O'Brian. "'Tis lovely poetry. I was reading it this morning. I read the whole of the book in an hour and a half, with never a look at my French-English."

The marquis was somewhat shocked at the rapidity of the perusal and somewhat mystified as to the meaning of "French-English."

"My pocket dictionary," she explained, laughing. "It and Baedeker and the poor are always with me. Also, if she will excuse me for including her in such a gathering, Fräulein Hüpper, who speaks three languages fluently and not one of them English, for which the saints be praised!" Thus she introduced the placid German woman opposite her with a graceful wave

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Madame," said the marquis, "you do me too much honor."—Page 728.

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of her hand. The Fräulein bowed her head stiffly and muttered things unintelligible in several different languages. Then she continued to drink her coffee with great zest and no little noise.

"But, bless you, marquis," Madame O'Brian continued immediately, "there wasn't a word in your book that I had to look up! A child could have read it, and a child could have written it—oh, don't be after misunderstanding me; I mean it's the simplicity of a child and the sweetness of a child that you have put into the words."

"Madame," said the marquis, "you do me too much honor."

"Marquis," she answered, "the little I can do is not enough." And with that they separated, each much pleased with the other.

The doctor ordered a lavish luncheon and ate like twenty men, as usual. The marquis was not hungry. Disturbing events had been crowding into his tranquil life of late, and he found that some of his stanchest prejudices were being woefully upset. Two American women in two days, and each of them as charming as the other. Was it possible, then, that Americans were not savages? Hitherto he had held them to be an uncouth, vociferous tribe, white-skinned, to be sure, and fully clad, but nevertheless little removed in mentality and breeding from the nose-ringed Hottentot. This decision apparently had to be reversed or at least modified.

The doctor spoke just before the salad appeared.

"Excellent book your son has just published," he said. "You will be having him soon in the Academy, I suppose." And he chuckled softly, for he was aware of the existing relations between the marquis and his offspring.

"Book?" queried the marquis. "What book? I have seen no book."

"It is called 'L'Indépendance,'" said the doctor. "The story of his own life, I should imagine. Don't worry, he's let you off easily; too easily, I think. In any case it is an excellent book."

The marquis made a mental note of the title, but answered nothing. There was a pause while the doctor devoured his endives. Then the marquis asked tentatively: "What is your opinion of Americans—er, North Americans, I mean?"

"Charming people," replied the doctor promptly, "charming people, charming ways, charming women, charming incomes."

"Hum," said the marquis.

After luncheon the two separated.

"You to hymn a lady's limb," explained the doctor, "I to amputate one."

On his return the marquis found waiting for him an informal note from the Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray, bidding him dine with her that night "to meet Madame O'Brian." He was strangely pleased and despatched an immediate acceptance; and then he said to himself in self-defence: "One cannot seem to avoid these Americans; they enter everywhere."

For several weeks after the dinner of the Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray the marquis was a frequent visitor at the apartment of Madame O'Brian in the Avenue du Bois. Frankly and with no circumlocutions she had invited him to come to see her as often as he cared to do so.

"Do not come," she had warned him, "on my days at home; there are too many people: penniless titles, and sticky musicians, and anæmic poets—no, you're not anæmic—and outcast Americans clad in cloth of gold. It sounds like the Tower of Babel with incidental music by Strauss. Come Friday at half-past five."

That night the marquis walked home down the Champs-Elysées with strange, new thoughts coursing through his brain. He felt delightfully bewildered and at the same time happily confident. He walked as a youth of twenty, inhaling with zest the cool, sweet air of the April evening. Already the green of the horse-chestnut trees was beginning to blur the gaunt outlines of the branches, and the soft, damp earth under foot had that elasticity that betokens spring. Ahead of him glowed the Place de la Concorde, a mass of garish light that paled the stars in the blue-black heavens.

He crossed the Pont Royal and then turned to the left down the quays. The river was high, swollen by March thaws and April rains, and, as he leaned over the balustrade, it seemed uncannily near him. Some scrub trees along the opposite bank, immersed to their middles, cast

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uncouth, wavering shadows upon the discolored torrent. Overhead a pale moon swung behind a streaming cloud.

"Ah, *belle nuit d'amour*," sighed the marquis, "what is coming over me, I wonder. Is it what the Americans call so delightfully 'Indian summer,' or is it that an old man is becoming young once more?"

And, strangely enough, it was that evening that the marquis, as he unlatched his apartment door, felt himself to be sadly lonely in a very happy world.

During several days that followed Eugénie noted with alarm and no little indignation various changes in the habits and the conversation and the dress of her master. Prominent among these innovations were several suits of clothes from an English tailor in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and perhaps half a dozen pairs of shoes, *forme américaine*, from a bootmaker in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Also she bewailed the fact that the marquis carried a stick instead of his customary umbrella, and that, even on rainy days, he scorned galoshes.

"It is a child that he is," she lamented.

One fine April afternoon she shuffled herself into the marquis's presence, disapproval on her face and a visiting-card in her hand.

"*Est-ce-que m'sieu' le marquis peut voir cette dame?*" she said, still retaining the card.

"What lady?" the marquis inquired quickly.

"I know nothing," answered Eugénie; "it is the one that came before—the little blonde."

"Ah," said the marquis, "yes. Show her in."

It was his daughter-in-law, Sally, of course, with April roses in her cheeks.

"Where did you pluck them?" said the marquis, bowing low.

"Pluck what?" asked she, puzzled.

"The roses," answered the marquis, pointing.

She laughed, looking at him critically with her head on one side.

"Young man," she said, "may I ask where *you* dropped ten years?"

"I think it must have been in the Luxembourg gardens this morning," he answered; "they are wonderful rejuvenators in springtime."

"Ah," she said, "so you feel it in your veins, too. Isn't it wonderful? How does it affect you, I wonder. Do you pat dogs and kiss babies?—that's what I do."

"No," he said doubtfully, "not quite that. I—er—read Musset, and put my fur coat away in camphor and write maudlin verse that the editors are wise enough to return."

"Nothing more?" she insisted.

"Sometimes I throw open this window—thus—and look out at the sun shining through the trees on my old friend, the Seine. And I see the lazy barges and the excited little pleasure-boats go by down the river to St. Cloud, and Suresnes, and up the river to Charenton; and I watch that old gray-bearded fellow incessantly dusting and arranging his books there, on the quay; and that line of cabs, each with its patient horse hanging his head to reach his feed-bag; and the fat *cochers*, dozing lazily on their seats or hurling at each other terrible epithets out of the fulness of their hearts. And I wonder to myself whether all those charming people, men, women, and beasts, are aware that it is April, and that spring is about to dress Paris for her gala season. Ah, April! Blessed month of April! Month of sprouting grasses and bursting buds, and laughing children, and all growing things! Month of tears and laughter, of rain and sun—laughter dancing through tears, and each more beautiful than the other. Month of lovers walking hand in hand in gardens, of birds singing to each other in the greening branches, of children rolling hoops and flying kites in the damp, earthy paths. Month when the good rain washes away the grime and crime of the winter, and the sun gilds the dome of the Invalides anew. Ah, Paris, let April dress you beautifully that you may gladden the hearts of the thousands of lovers who are soon to whisper such wonderful things to each other in your Elysian fields!"

"And you," said Sally softly—"and you? Do you never wish that you, too, might whisper something wonderful to some one—something that would cause poor, susceptible Paris to smile a little, and to cry a little, and to turn an approving deaf ear?"

"Ah, my dear," said the marquis, "I

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was young. Do you think me very old—too old?"

"Bless your heart," she said, "I'm not sure but what I think you too young."

He turned from the window to find her standing beside him, her hand on his shoulder. The scent that she used stole about him like a mist, and somehow out of that mist there rose before him the face of Madame O'Brian.

"God of the Bow," he exclaimed, "they use the same perfume! I am lost!"

He collected his wits with an effort.

"Forgive me," he said; "I have been talking a great deal of nonsense for an old gentleman. I am somewhat overwrought—nerves. I had a restless night."

"No," she said, "I think you are in love. Tonics are of no avail; you must nurse it carefully." And she kissed lightly the tip of his mustache and left him to his visionings.

When a lonely gentleman of fifty-two has dreams by day, and when those day-dreams invariably resolve themselves into the portrait of a charming Irish-American widow, then well may Cupid laugh, for his aim has been true. But, naturally enough, the marquis was slow in realizing his malady, and it was wellnigh the end of April before he summoned the courage and the resolution to recount his symptoms to Madame O'Brian.

She read his thoughts at first glance, for there was that in his eyes which admitted no misinterpretation. But, woman-like, she parried and evaded. With wanton cruelty she showed him a photograph of her former husband.

"It is six years now that he is dead," she said. "I mourned him deeply for eighteen months. But then it was my daughter that I had to be thinking of, for I had to be choosing a good husband for her, and young men avoid crape. I found the man, though—or, rather, she found the man."

She laughed and regarded him amusedly.

"He is lucky," said the marquis, "if the daughter resembles the mother."

"Will you listen to him!" she cried. "That is what we in Ireland call 'blarney.'"

"I had thought it a Gallic vice," said he.

"Perhaps," she answered, "but Gaul was once divided into three parts, and the Irish are Celts. '*In ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appelantur.*' So, you see, I am as Gallic as you in spite of the fact that you despise me for an American."

"Ah, madame," the marquis hastened to assure her, "I admire your race. In particular I admire the women of it; and more particularly still do I admire one woman."

She tried to stop him, but he was not to be stopped.

"Margaret O'Brian," he said resolutely, "I admire you and I love you, and I need you, for I am a very lonely old man."

She looked at him and his heart rejoiced, for she looked at him with eyes that were soft. Nevertheless she demurred.

"Is it quite sure you are that you want me?" she asked. "We are neither of us young."

"Love is immortal," he replied, "and it becomes gray hairs as well as golden. It adds buoyancy to age and dignity to youth. It is the end, the goal of all breathing things. It is for love that God, in his wisdom, made the springtime, and, behold, it is even now May."

"But," she said, laying her hand on his, "I am an American."

"You are a goddess," he cried; "they are cosmopolites."

"And so," she said slowly, "you want to marry me in spite of my age, in spite of my nationality, in spite of our brief acquaintance, in spite of my wealth."

"Are you wealthy?" he asked. "I did not know it; but I would marry you if you were as rich as Monsieur Rockefeller."

She smiled and he kissed her hand, and then rose, leaned over her, and kissed her lips. She still smiled—enigmatically, sphinx-like.

"There is one more thing," she said. "We shall have to ask your son and his wife to the wedding. Do you think they will come?"

"And why should they not come?" he questioned.

"Faith," she said, "it was you that would not think of going to theirs. Why should they be bothering to come to yours?"

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She stopped and held out her hands to the marquis.—Page 733.

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"But," he said, at a loss, "my son married an American too. He is fond of Americans, and his wife is quite presentable. I know her slightly. She has honored me with a visit or two."

"And you? You have not honored them with a visit or two?"

He stammered in some confusion. She gave his hand a kindly little squeeze.

"There, there," she said soothingly, "bless the man. He is all excited. He sees himself as the kettle calling the pot black. Never you be minding, it's not Margaret O'Brian that will be scolding you, but it's Margaret O'Brian that will be kissing you and be helping you into your overcoat and sending you home. And when you have asked your son and your daughter-in-law to meet her—why then it's Margaret O'Brian that will be marrying you; and God's blessing be on your head and hers."

The marquis was thus rendered the happiest man in Paris, which is perhaps next door to being the happiest man in Paradise. His Eugénie, toothless almost and sandal-shod, knew him no longer. For two days he strode about his little library in his new clothes, trying to whistle, attempting to sing, and radiating joy. And on the day preceding the reception, at which he planned to introduce his son and his son's wife to his delectable Margaret O'Brian, he summoned to him his house-keeper and cried: "Eugénie, tomorrow we entertain royalty; bring forth the fatted calf! *Igitur gaudeamus.*" Whereupon Eugénie once more raised her hands to high heaven and duly ordered an *escalope de veau.*

Mingled with the marquis's joy and anticipation was a certain anxiety which he strove to conceal even from himself; for, although a choice slice of the fatted calf may be the inevitable food with which to greet a returning prodigal who has sinned and is repentant, what one among us can cook the dish appropriate to the returning son who has perhaps not sinned, and who is certainly unrepentant?

But the marquis's fears proved unfounded. At four o'clock of the great day came Madame O'Brian, somewhat in advance, in order to see that everything was as it should be.

"Jean-François, Marquis de Beauvoisin," she said sternly, "I see fear written on your face."

"You have transformed it to admiration," said the marquis, gazing at her with all his eyes.

"I am glad," said she; "'tis the more worthy passion. But why *were* you anxious?"

The marquis swallowed hard, for pride is a huge mouthful.

"I fear," he said slowly—"I fear that I have wronged my son. I have been unjust. I disowned him when he married an American, and now I know that I should have gone on my knees and thanked God."

She came to him and kissed him.

"You are punished," she said. "You have atoned and are forgiven."

There was no time for more; Eugénie was ushering Sally and Sally's husband into the library. The marquis stepped forward to meet them. He laid his hands on his son's shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks.

"My son," he said, "I am sorry. Too much pride made me unfair."

He turned to look for Sally, and was somewhat disconcerted to find that she was kissing Margaret affectionately. It was then that he felt that something was afoot—something unusual and beyond his comprehension. It seemed to him as though he were assisting at some play of the plot of which he was completely ignorant. He heard Sally say calmly to Madame O'Brian: "Dear mother, what a delightful family gathering." As in a dream he saw his son advance toward Madame O'Brian, kiss respectfully her hand and say equally calmly, though in dubious English: "My homages, madame, and all my compliments on your spring-time face."

Margaret kissed Sally and smiled on Sally's husband. Then she turned to the marquis, and, out of a black chaos of astonishment he heard her soft voice saying: "Yes, Jean-François, it was a conspiracy. But, faith, if you are one of its victims, it is Margaret O'Brian that's the other. We were too clever, Sally and I, and my heart is after punishing me. Sally, my daughter, you didn't warn me against this father-in-law of yours—you that knew him. And it's a poor weak woman I am."

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She stopped and held out her hands to the marquis.

"Will you have me, Jean-François, as Sally's mother or——"

"I will have you as my wife, Margaret O'Brian," said the marquis, and his heart was singing, for he knew that he would never be lonely again.

WHY THEY MARRIED

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED PEGRAM

"God doeth all things well, though by what strange, solemn, and murderous contrivances."
—R. L. S.

I

JOHN COXETER was sitting with his back to the engine in a first-class carriage in the Paris-Boulogne night train. Not only Englishman, but Englishman of a peculiarly definite class, that of the London civil servant, was written all over his spare, still active figure.

Being a man of precise and careful habit, Coxeter had reserved a corner seat, for it was late September, and the rush homeward had begun; but just before the train had started a young widowed lady, a certain Mrs. Archdale with whom he was acquainted, had come up to him on the Paris platform, and to her he had given up his seat. Coxeter had willingly made this little sacrifice of his personal comfort, but he had felt annoyed when Mrs. Archdale in her turn had yielded the corner place with foolish altruism to a French lad exchanging vociferous farewells with his parents. When the train started the boy did not give the seat back to the courteous Englishwoman to whom it belonged, and Coxeter, more vexed by the matter than it was worth, would have liked to punch the boy's head.

And yet, as he now looked straight before him, sitting upright in the carriage which was rocking and jolting as only a French railway carriage can rock and jolt, he realized that he himself had gained by the lad's lack of honesty. By having thus given away something which did not belong to her, Mrs. Archdale was now seated, if uncomfortably hemmed in and encompassed on each side, just opposite to Coxeter himself.

Coxeter was well aware that to stare at a woman is the height of bad breeding, but unconsciously he drew a great distinction between what it is good taste to do when one is observed, and that which one does when there is no chance of being caught. Without his making the slightest effort, in fact by looking straight before him, Nan Archdale fell into his direct line of vision, and he allowed his eyes to rest on her with an unwilling sense that there was nothing in the world he had rather they rested on. Her appearance pleased his fastidious, rather old-fashioned taste. Mrs. Archdale was wearing a long gray cloak, on her head was poised a dark hat trimmed with Mercury wings; it rested lightly on the pale-golden hair which formed so agreeable a contrast to her deep-blue eyes.

Coxeter did not believe in luck; the word which means so much to many men had no place in his vocabulary or even in his imagination. But still, the sudden appearance of Mrs. Archdale in the great Paris station had been an agreeable surprise, one of those incidents which, just because of their unexpectedness, make a man feel, not only pleased with himself, but at peace with the world.

Before Mrs. Archdale had come up to the carriage door at which he was standing, several things had contributed to put Coxeter in an ill humor.

It had seemed to his critical British phlegm that he was surrounded, immersed against his will, in floods of emotion. Among his fellow passengers the French element predominated. Heavens! how they talked—jabbered would be the better word

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—laughed and cried! How they hugged and embraced one another! Coxeter thanked God he was an Englishman.

His feeling of bored disgust was intensified by the conduct of a long-nosed, sallow man who had put his luggage into the same carriage as that where Coxeter's seat had been reserved. Strange how the peculiar characteristics common to the Jewish race survive, whatever be the accident of nationality! This man also was saying good-by, his wife being a dark, thin, eager-looking woman of a very common French type.

Coxeter looked at them critically; he wondered if the woman was Jewish too. On the whole he thought not. She was half crying, half laughing, her hands now clasping her husband's arm, now travelling, with a gesture of tenderness, up to his fleshy face, while he seemed to tolerate rather than respond to her endearments and extravagant terms of affection.

"Adieu, mon petit homme adoré!" she finally exclaimed, just as the tickets were being collected, and to Coxeter's surprise the adored one answered in a very English voice, albeit the utterance was slightly thick: "There, there! That 'ull do, my dear girl. It's only for a fortnight, after all."

Coxeter felt a pang of sincere pity for the poor fellow; a cad no doubt—but an English cad, cursed with an emotional French wife!

Then his attention had been most happily diverted by the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Archdale. She had come up behind him very quietly, and he had heard her speak before actually seeing her. "Mr. Coxeter, are you going back to England, or have you only come to see some one off?"

But even then Coxeter had not "given himself away." He had felt a thrill of rather absurd delight on hearing that quiet question, but as he turned to her eagerly, over his lantern-shaped face, across his thin determined mouth, there had still lingered a trace of the supercilious smile with which he had been looking round him, aware, with a feeling of self-gratulation, how inferior in every way this French station was to any of the great London termini.

As he had helped Mrs. Archdale into the first-class compartment, and had indicated to her the comfortable seat he had reserved for himself, not even she—noted though she was for her powers of sympathy and understanding—had divined the delicious tremor, the curious state of mingled joy and discomfort, into which her sudden presence had thrown the man whom she had greeted a little doubtfully, by no means sure that he would desire her proximity on a long journey.

And indeed, in spite of the effect she produced upon him, in spite of the fact that she was the only human being who had ever had, or was ever likely to have, the power of making him feel humble, not quite satisfied with himself—Coxeter disapproved of Mrs. Archdale.

At the present moment he disapproved of her rather more than usual, for if she meant to give up that corner seat, why had she not so arranged as to sit by him? Instead of having done that, she was now talking to the French boy sitting in what should have been her seat. But Nan Archdale, as all her friends called her, was always like that. Coxeter never saw her, never met her at the houses to which he went simply in order that he might meet her, without wondering why she wasted so much of the time she might have spent in talking to him, and above all in listening to him, in talking and listening to other people.

Four years ago, not long after their first acquaintance, he had made her an offer of marriage, impelled thereto by something which had appeared at the time quite outside himself and his usual wise, ponderate view of life. He had been relieved, as well as keenly hurt, when she had refused him.

Everything that concerned himself appeared to John Coxeter of such moment and importance, that at the time it had seemed incredible that Nan Archdale would be able to keep secret to herself the peculiar honor which had befallen her—one, by the way, which Coxeter had never even thought of conferring on any other woman. But as time went on, he became aware that she had actually kept the secret which was not hers to betray, and, emboldened by the knowledge that she alone knew of his humiliating bondship, he had again, after a certain interval, written and asked her if she would marry him.

Again she had refused, in a kind, impersonal little note, much as if what he had asked her had been of the slightest moment in the world to him, if not to her—and this last time she had gone so far as to declare

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that in this matter she really knew far better than he did himself what was good for him, and once more something in his heart had said "Amen."

When he thought about it—and he went on thinking about it more than was agreeable for his own comfort or peace of mind—Coxeter would tell himself, with what he believed to be a vicarious pang of regret, that Mrs. Archdale had made a sad mistake as regarded her own interest.

He felt sure she was not fit to live alone. He, Coxeter, would have known how to detach her from the unsuitable people by whom she was always surrounded, for Nan Archdale—and Coxeter was much concerned that it was so—had an instinctive attraction for those poor souls who lead forlorn hopes, and of whom—they being unsuccessful in their fine endeavors—the world never hears. She also had a strange patience and tenderness for those ne'er-do-weels of whom even the kindest grow weary after a time. Nan had a mass of queer friends, odd protégés for whom she worked unceasingly in a curious detached fashion, which was quite her own, and utterly apart from any of the myriad philanthropic societies in which the world she lived in, and to which she belonged by birth, interests its prosperous and intelligent leisure.

It was characteristic that Nan's liking for John Coxeter often took the form of asking him to help these queer unsatisfactory people. Why, even in this last week, while he had been in Paris, he had come into close relation with one of Mrs. Archdale's "odd-come-shorts." This time the man was an inventor, and of all unpractical and useless things, he had patented an appliance for saving life at sea! Nan Archdale had given the man a note to him, and it was characteristic of John Coxeter that, while resenting what Mrs. Archdale had done, he had been at some pains when in Paris to see the man in question.

The invention—as he had of course known would be the case—was a ridiculous affair, but for Nan's sake Coxeter had agreed to submit it to the Admiralty expert whose business it is to consider and pronounce on such futile things. The queer little model which its maker believed would in time supersede the life-belts now carried on every British ship, had but one merit, it was small and portable; at the present moment it lay curled up, looking like a cross between a serpent's cast skin and a child's spent balloon, in Coxeter's Gladstone bag. Even while he had accepted the parcel with a coolly civil word of thanks, he had mentally composed the letter with which he would ultimately dash the poor inventor's hopes.

To-night, however, sitting opposite to her, he felt glad that he had been to see the man, and he looked forward to telling her about it. Though he was scarcely conscious of it himself, it always made Coxeter glad to feel that he had given Mrs. Archdale pleasure, even pleasure of which he disapproved.

And yet how widely apart were these two people's sympathies and interests! Putting Nan aside, John Coxeter was only concerned with two things in life—his work at the Treasury and himself—and people only interested him in relation to these two major problems of existence. Nan Archdale was a citizen of the world—a freewoman of that dear kingdom of romance which still contains so many fragrant byways and sunny oases for those who have the will to find them. But for her freedom of this kingdom, she would have been a very sad woman, oppressed by the griefs and sorrows of that other world to which she also belonged, for Nan's human circle was ever widening, and in her strange heart there always seemed room for those whom others rejected and despised.

She had the power no human being had ever had—that of making John Coxeter jealous. This was the harder to bear inasmuch as he was well aware that jealousy is a very ridiculous human failing, and one with which he had no sympathy or understanding when it affected—as it sometimes did—his acquaintances and colleagues. Fortunately for himself, he was not retrospectively jealous—jealous, that is, of the dead man of whom certain people belonging to his and to Nan's circle sometimes spoke as "poor Jack Archdale." Coxeter knew vaguely that Archdale had been a bad lot, though never actually unkind to his wife; nay more, during the short time their married life had lasted, Archdale, it seemed, had to a certain extent reformed.

Although he was quite unconscious of it, John Coxeter was a very material hu-

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man being, and this no doubt was why the woman sitting opposite to him had so compelling an attraction for him; for she appeared to be all spirit, and that in spite of her eager sympathetic concern in the lives which circled about hers.

And yet? Yet there was certainly a strong, unspoken link between them, this man and woman who had so little in common the one with the other. They met often, if only because they both lived in that most conventional quarter of old Georgian London, Marylebone—she in Wimpole Street, he in a flat in Wigmore Street. She always was glad to see him, and seemed a little sorry when he left her. Coxeter was one of the rare human beings to whom Nan ever spoke of herself and of her own concerns. But, in spite of that curious kindliness, she did not do what so many people who knew John Coxeter instinctively did—ask his advice, and, what was of course more seldom done, take it. In fact, he had sometimes angrily told himself that Mrs. Archdale attached no weight to his opinion, and as time had gone on he had almost, not quite, given up offering her unsought advice.

John Coxeter attached great importance to health. He realized that a perfect physical condition is a great possession, and he took considerable pains to keep himself what he called "fit." Now, Mrs. Archdale was recklessly imprudent concerning her health—the health, that is, which was of so great a value to him, her friend. She took her meals at such odd times; she did not seem to mind, hardly to know, what she ate and drank! She was also reckless—perhaps uncaring would be the truer word—of something which John Coxeter supposed every nice woman to value even more than anything concerning her health or appearance—that is, the curiously intangible, and yet so easily frayed, human vesture termed reputation.

One of the cardinal points of Coxeter's carefully thought-out philosophy of life was that in this world no woman can touch pitch without being defiled. And yet, on one occasion at least, the woman who now sat opposite to him had proved the falsity of this view. Nan Archdale, apparently indifferent to the opinion of those who wished her well, had allowed herself to be closely associated—and that over many weeks—with one of those unfortunate members of her own sex who at certain intervals in the history of the civilized world become heroines of a drama of which each act takes place in the law-courts, and of which every whispered word, every piece of "business"—to pursue the analogy to its logical end—is overheard and visualized, not by thousands, but by millions, in fact by all those of her fellow countrymen and countrywomen of an age to read a newspaper.

Had the woman in the case been Mrs. Archdale's sister, Coxeter with a groan would have admitted that she owed her a duty, though a duty which he would fain have had her shirk, or rather delegate to another. But this woman was no sister, not even a friend, simply an old acquaintance known to Nan, 'tis true, over many years, and Nan had done what she had done, had taken her in and sheltered her, going to the court with her every day, simply because there seemed absolutely no one else willing to do it.

When he had first heard of what Mrs. Archdale was undertaking to do, Coxeter had been so dismayed that he had felt called upon to expostulate with her.

Very few words had passed between them. "Is it possible," he had asked, "that you think her innocent? That you believe her own story?"

To this Mrs. Archdale had answered with some distress: "I don't know—I haven't thought about it. As she says she is—I hope she is. If she's not, I'd rather not know it."

It had been a confused utterance, and somehow she had made him feel sorry that he had said anything. Afterward, to his surprise and unwilling relief, he discovered that Mrs. Archdale had not suffered in reputation as he had expected her to do. But it made him feel, more than ever, that she needed a strong, wise man to take care of her, to keep her out of the mischief into which her unfortunate good-nature—that was the way Coxeter phrased it to himself—was apt to lead her. It was then that he had again asked her to marry him, and that she had again refused him. But it was since then that he had become really her friend.

At last Mrs. Archdale turned away, or else the French boy had come to an end of

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his eloquence. Perhaps she would now lean a little forward and speak to him, to the friend whom she had not seen for some weeks, and whom she had seemed so sincerely glad to see half an hour ago. But no, she remained silent, her face full of thought.

Coxeter leant back; as a rule he never read in a train, for he was aware that it is injurious to the eyesight to do so. But to-night he suddenly told himself that after all he might just as well look at the English paper he had bought at the station. He might at least see what sort of crossing they were going to have to-night. Not that he minded for himself. He was a good sailor, and always stayed on deck whatever the weather, but he hoped it would be smooth for Mrs. Archdale's sake. It was so unpleasant for a lady to have a rough passage.

Coxeter turned round so that the light should fall on the page at which he had opened his newspaper—which, it need hardly be said, was the *Morning Post*. As he did so, his right ear came perceptibly nearer to the passengers sitting opposite to him, and presently there floated over to him the murmuring of two voices: Mrs. Archdale's clear low utterances, and another's, guttural and full. Ah! then he had been right; the fellow sitting there, on Nan's other side, was a Jew; probably something financial, connected with the Stock Exchange. Coxeter of the Treasury looked at the man he took to be a financier with considerable contempt.

He began reading; but the conversation which was going on between Nan Archdale and the man next to her became more audible to him. Gradually he became aware that Mrs. Archdale was receiving confidences from the man to whom she was now speaking. The fellow was actually unrolling before her the whole of his not very interesting life, and by degrees Coxeter began rather to overhear, than consciously listen to, what was being said.

The Jew, though English by birth, lived in France. As a young man he had failed in business; then he had made a fresh start, apparently impelled thereto by his great affection for and sense of duty to his mother. The Jewish race, so Coxeter reminded himself, are admirable in every relation of private life, and it was apparently in order that his mother might not have to alter her style of living that this man had finally accepted a post in a Paris house of business—no, not financial, but something connected with the sweetmeat trade.

Coxeter gathered that the speaker had at last saved enough money to make a start for himself, and that now he was very prosperous. He spoke of what he had done with legitimate pride; and in reference to the struggle he had gone through, Coxeter heard the fellow use a very odd expression: "It wasn't all jam!" he said. Now he was in a big way of business, going over to London every three months, partly in connection with his work, partly to see his old mother.

Coxeter, behind his newspaper, told himself it was amazing that any human being should tell so much of his private concerns to a stranger. Even more amazing that a refined, rather peculiar, woman like Nan Archdale should care to listen to such a commonplace story. But listening she was, saying a word here and there, asking, too, very quaint, practical questions concerning the sweetmeat trade. Why, even Coxeter became interested in spite of himself, for the Jew was an intelligent man, and as he talked on Coxeter learned with surprise that there is a romantic and exciting side even to sweet-making.

"What a pity it is," he heard Nan say at last in her low, even voice, "that you can't now come back to England, and settle down there. Surely it would make your mother much happier, and you don't seem to like Paris so very much?"

"That is true," said the man, "but—well, unluckily there's an obstacle to my doing that——"

Coxeter looked up. The stranger's face had become troubled, preoccupied, and his eyes were fixed, or so Coxeter fancied them to be, on Nan Archdale's left hand, the slender bare hand on which the only ring was her wedding-ring.

"I trust you won't be offended if I ask whether you are a married lady?" The sweetmeat man's voice had a curious note of shamed interrogation threading itself through the words.

Coxeter felt surprised and rather shocked. This was what came of allowing oneself to become familiar with complete strangers! But Nan had apparently not so taken the

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impertinent question, for, "I am a widow," Coxeter heard her answer gently in a voice that had no touch of offence in it.

And then Coxeter, with increasing distaste and revolt, became aware that this Jewish tradesman was telling Nan Archdale the story of the woman who had seen him off at the station, and whose absurd phrase, "Adieu, mon petit homme adoré," had rung so unpleasantly in his, Coxeter's, ears. In as far as such a tale can be told with decent ambiguity, it was told by this man of whose refinement Coxeter had formed so poor an opinion; but still the fact that he was telling it remained—and it was a fact which, to such a man as Coxeter, constituted an outrage on the decencies of life. Mrs. Archdale, by her foolish good-nature, had placed herself in such a position as to be consulted in a case of conscience concerning a Jewish tradesman and his light-o'-love, and now the man was debating with her, as with himself, whether he should marry this woman, whether he should force on his respectable English mother a French daughter-in-law of unmentionable antecedents! In addition to his feeling of wrath that Nan Archdale should become cognizant of so sordid a tale, there was a feeling of shame that he, Coxeter, had overheard what it had not been meant that he should hear.

He glanced across at her. To his surprise her face was expressionless; but her left hand was no longer lying on her knee, it was supporting her chin, and she was looking straight before her.

"I suppose," she said at last, "that you have made a proper provision for your—your friend? I mean in case of your death. I hope you have so arranged matters that, if anything should happen to you, this poor woman who loves you would not have to go back to the kind of life from which you took her." Even Coxeter divined that Nan had not found it easy to say this.

"Why, no, I haven't done anything of that sort. I never thought of doing it; she's always been the delicate party, I'm as strong as a horse."

"Still—still life's very uncertain." Mrs. Archdale was now looking straight into the face of the stranger, into the heart of whose intimate concerns she had been thrust so strangely and suddenly.

"She has no claim on me, none at all—" The man spoke defensively. "I don't think she'd expect anything of that sort. After all, I haven't treated her badly."

"I'm sure you haven't." Nan spoke conciliatingly. "I am sure you have been very kind to her. But, if I may use the simile you used just now, life, even to the happiest, the most sheltered woman, isn't all jam!"

The man looked at her with a doubting shamefaced glance. "I expect you're right," he said abruptly. "I ought to have thought of it. I'll make my will when I'm in England this time—I ought to have done so before."

Suddenly Coxeter leant forward. He felt the time had come when he must really put an end to a most unseemly conversation.

"Mrs. Archdale!" He spoke loudly, insistently. She looked up, startled at the sharpness of his tone; and the man, whose eyes had been fixed on her face with so moved and doubting a look, sat back. "I want to tell you that I've seen your inventor, and that I've promised to put his floater before the right quarter at the Admiralty."

In a moment Nan was all eagerness. "It is really a very wonderful invention," she exclaimed. "I'm so grateful to you, Mr. Coxeter. Did you go and see it tried? *I* did; last time I was in Paris, the man took me to a swimming-bath on the Seine—such an odd place—and there he tested it before me. I was really very much impressed. I do hope you will say a word for it. I am sure they would value your opinion at the Admiralty!"

Coxeter looked at her rather grimly. "No, I didn't see it tested. I didn't see the use of doing so, though of course the man was very anxious I should. I'm afraid the thing's no good. How could it be?" He smiled superciliously, and he saw her redden.

"How unfair that is!" she exclaimed. "How can you possibly tell whether it's no good if you haven't seen it tried? Now I *have* seen this floater tried."

There was such a tone of protest in her voice that Coxeter felt called upon to defend himself.

"I dare say the thing's all right in theory," he said quickly, "and I believe what he says about the ordinary life-belts; it's quite true, I mean, that they drown more people

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than they save; but that's only because people don't know how to put them on. This thing's a toy—not practical at all!"

He spoke more irritably than he generally allowed himself to speak, for he could see that the man next to Mrs. Archdale was listening to all that they were saying. All at once, she actually included the Jewish stranger in their conversation, and most unwillingly Coxeter at last found himself at her request taking the absurd model out of his bag.

"Of course you've got to imagine this in a rough sea," he said sulkily, "and not in a fresh-water river bath."

"Well, *I* wouldn't mind trying it in a rough sea, Mr. Coxeter." Nan Archdale smiled a rather teasing smile as she spoke.

Coxeter wondered if she was really serious. Sometimes he suspected that Mrs. Archdale was making fun of him—but that surely was impossible.

II

When at last they reached Boulogne and went on board the packet, Coxeter's ill-humor vanished. It was cold, raw, and foggy, and most of their fellow passengers at once hurried below, but Mrs. Archdale decided to stay on the upper deck. This pleased her companion; now at last he would have her to himself.

In his precise and formal way he went to a good deal of trouble to make Nan comfortable; and she, so accustomed to take thought for others, stood aside and watched him find a sheltered corner, secure with some difficulty a deck chair, and then defend it with grim determination against two or three people who tried to lay hands upon it.

At last he beckoned to her to sit down. "Where's your rug?" he asked, and she answered meekly. "I haven't brought one."

He put his own, the best that money could buy—large, light, and warm—round her knees, and in the pleasure it gave him to wait on her thus, he did not utter aloud the reproof which had been on his lips. But she saw him shake his head over a more unaccountable omission, for on the journey she had somehow lost her gloves! He took his off, and with a touch of masterliness made her put them on her hands, himself fastening the big bone buttons over each of her small, childish wrists. His manner while he did all these things—he would have scorned himself had it been otherwise—was impersonal and business-like. But Nan Archdale found herself looking at him with unwonted kindliness. At last she said, a little tremulously, and with a wondering tone in her voice: "You're very kind to me, Mr. Coxeter." Those who spend their lives in speeding others on their way are generally allowed themselves to trudge along alone; so at least this woman had found it to be. Coxeter made no answer to her words—perhaps he had not heard them.

Even in the few minutes which had elapsed since they came on board, the fog had deepened. The shadowy figures moving about the deck only took substance when they stepped into the circle of brightness cast by a swinging globe of light which hung just above Nan Archdale's head. Coxeter moved forward and took up his place in front of the deck chair, protecting its occupant from the jostling of the crowd, for the sheltered place he had found stood but a little way back from the passage between the land gangway and the iron staircase leading to the lower deck.

There were more passengers that night than usual. They passed, a seemingly endless procession—moving slowly out of the darkness into the circle of light, and then again into the white engulfing mist, and so down to the lower deck and cabins.

At last the spaces round them became clear of moving figures; the cold, raw fog had driven almost every one below. But Coxeter felt curiously content, rather absurdly happy. This was to him a great adventure.

He took out his watch. If the boat started to time, they would be off in another five minutes. He told himself that this was turning out a very pleasant journey; as a rule, when crossing the Channel, one meets tiresome people one knows, and they insist on talking to one. Then, just as he was thinking this, there suddenly surged forward out of the foggy mist two people, a newly married couple named Rendel, with whom both he and Mrs. Archdale were acquainted, at whose wedding indeed they had both been present some six or seven weeks ago! So absorbed in earnest talk with one another were the

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bride and bridegroom that they did not seem to see where they were going; but when close to Mrs. Archdale they stopped short, and turned toward one another, still talking so eagerly as to be quite oblivious of possible eavesdroppers.

John Coxeter, standing back in the shadow, felt a sudden gust of envious pain. They were evidently on their way home from their honeymoon, these happy young people, blessed with good looks, money, health, and love, for their marriage had been the outcome of quite a pretty romance.

But what was this they were saying? Both he and Nan unwillingly heard the quick interchange of words, the wife's shrill, angry utterances, the husband's good-humored expostulations:

"I won't stay on the boat, Bob! I don't see why we should risk our lives in order that you may be back in town to-morrow. I know it's not safe. My great-uncle, the admiral, always said that the worst storm at sea was not as bad as quite a small fog!"

Then the gruff answer: "My dear child, don't be a fool! The boat wouldn't start if there was the slightest danger. You heard what that man told us. The fog was much worse this morning and the boat was only an hour late."

"Well, you can do as you like, but *I* won't cross to-night. Where's the use of taking any risk? Mother's uncle, the admiral—" And Coxeter heard with shocked approval the man's "Damn your great-uncle the admiral!"

There they stood, not more than three yards off, the pretty, angry little spitfire looking up at her indignant husband. Coxeter, if disgusted, was also amused; there was also the comfort of knowing that they would certainly pretend not to see him—even if by chance they recognized him, intent as they were on their absurd difference.

"I shall go back and spend the night at the station hotel. No, you needn't trouble to find Stockton for me—there's no time." Coxeter and Nan heard the laughing gibe, "Then you don't mind your poor maid being drowned as well as your poor husband," but the bride went on as if he hadn't spoken. "I've quite enough money with me; you needn't give me anything—*good-by!*"

She disappeared into the fog in the direction of the gangway, and Coxeter moved hastily to one side; he wished to save Bob Rendel the annoyance of recognizing him; but then, with amazing suddenness, came the quick patter of high-heeled shoes over the deck, and Mrs. Rendel was back again close to where her husband was standing.

"I've made up my mind to stay on the boat," she said quietly. "I think you are very unwise as well as very obstinate to cross in this fog, but if you won't give way, then I'd rather be with you, and share the danger."

Rendel laughed, not very kindly, and together they went across to the stair leading below.

Coxeter opened his mouth to speak, then he closed it again tight. What a scene! What a commentary on married life! And these two people were supposed to be "in love" with one another. The little episode had shocked him, jarred his contentment. "If you don't mind, I'll go and smoke a pipe," he said stiffly.

Mrs. Archdale looked up. "Oh, yes, please do," and yet she felt suddenly bereft of something which had been warm, enveloping, kindly. The words formed themselves on her lips: "Don't go too far away," and when, as if in answer to her unspoken words, Coxeter called out, "I'm just here, close by, if you want anything," she had a curious feeling of security.

He remained in her thoughts. Almost alone of those human beings with whom life brought her in contact, he made no demand on her sympathy, and very little on her time. In fact, his first offer of marriage had taken her so much by surprise as to strike her as slightly absurd; she had also felt it, at the time, to be an offence, for she had given him no right to encroach on the inner shrine of her being.

She had supposed that being a man who evidently ordered his life according to some kind of system, he had believed himself ripe for the honorable estate of marriage and had chosen her as being "suitable."

His second offer, conveyed, as had been the first, in a formal letter, had found her in a very different mood, for it had followed very closely on something done by her of which he, John Coxeter, had greatly disapproved. She had been touched this second time, and not at all offended, and gradually they had become friends.

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To-night Nan could not help wondering if he would ever again ask her to marry him. She thought not—she hoped not. She told herself quite seriously that he was one of those men who are far happier unwedded. His standard, not so much of feminine virtue as of feminine behavior, was too high. Take what had happened just now: she had listened indulgently, tenderly, to the quarrel of the newly married couple, but she had seen the effect it had had upon John Coxeter. To him it had been a tragedy, and an ugly, ignoble tragedy to boot.

The deck was now almost clear of passengers; out in the open sea the fog had become thicker. The boat groped its way, heralded by the mournful screaming of the siren. Mrs. Archdale was roused, rather startled, by a man bending over her, while a voice said gruffly: "I think, ma'am, that you'd better get into shelter. The deck saloon is close by. Allow me to lead you to it."

Nan rose obediently. With the petty officer on one side and Coxeter on the other, she made a slow progress across the deck to the large, brilliantly lighted saloon. There the fog had been successfully shut out, and some fifteen or twenty people sat on the velvet benches, among them the sweetmeat merchant to whom Nan had talked in the train.

"We sha'n't be there till morning," Coxeter heard a man say—"till morning doth appear, at this rate."

"I suppose we're all right. There's no *real* danger in a fog, not in the Channel; there never has been an accident on the Channel passage—not an accident of any serious kind."

"Indeed there was. A very bad one to a Dieppe boat!" The man who recalled this could be heard, self-assertive, pragmatical, his voice raised above that of those round him. "I've been all over the world in my time, and when I'm caught in a fog at sea I always get up, dress, and go on deck, however sleepy I may be."

Coxeter, sitting apart by Nan's side, listened with some amusement. His rather thin sense of humor was roused. This delay was not pleasant; it might even mean that he would be a few hours late at the Treasury, a thing he had never once been after a holiday, for Coxeter prided himself on his punctuality in the little as well as in the great things of life. But of course all traffic in the Channel would be delayed, and his absence would be accounted for by the fact. Sitting there, close to Mrs. Archdale, with no one sufficiently near to attract her attention, or, what was more likely, to appeal to her for sympathy, he felt he could well afford to wait till the fog cleared away. He felt a little possessive thrill of pride. Mrs. Archdale, alone among the people there, looked content and at ease; indeed she was now smiling; and following the direction of her eyes, he saw that they rested on a child lying asleep in its mother's arms.

Coxeter became dimly conscious of what it would mean to him to have Nan to come back to when work and the couple of hours he usually spent at his club had been done with. Perhaps if Nan were waiting for him he would not wish to stay as long as two hours at his club. But then, of course, he should want Nan all to himself. He was far too sensible a man to feel jealousy, but he would expect his wife to put him first—a very long way in front of any one else. It might be old-fashioned, but he was that sort of man.

Coxeter's thoughts leapt back into the present with disagreeable abruptness. Their Jewish fellow-traveller, the man who had thrust on Mrs. Archdale such unseemly confidences, had got up. He was now heading straight for the place where the other two were sitting. Coxeter quickly decided that the fellow must not be allowed to bore Mrs. Archdale. She was in his, Coxeter's, care to-night, and he alone had a right to her sympathy and attention. So he got up and walked down the saloon. To his surprise, the man, on seeing him come near, stopped dead. "I want to speak to you," he said in a low voice, "Mr.—er—Coxeter."

Coxeter looked at him, surprised, then reminded himself that his full name, John Coxeter, was painted on his Gladstone; also that Mrs. Archdale had called him "Mr. Coxeter," at least once, when discussing that life-saving toy. Still, sharp observant fellows, Jews! One should always be on one's guard with them. "Yes?" he said interrogatively.

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"Well, Mr. Coxeter, I want to ask you to do me a little favor. The truth is I've just made my will—only a few lines, as you see. I want you to be my second witness; I've no objection, none in the world, to your seeing what I want you to witness."

He spoke very deliberately, as if he had prepared the form of words in which he made his strange request, and as he spoke he held out a sheet of paper, apparently torn out of a note-book.

"I asked that gentleman over there"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"to be my first witness, and he kindly consented. I'd be much obliged if you'd sign your name just here. I'll also ask you to take charge of this—only a small envelope, as you see. It's addressed to my mother. I've made her my executor and residuary legatee."

Coxeter felt a strong impulse to refuse. He never mixed himself up with other people's affairs; he always refused to do so "on principle."

The man standing opposite to him divined what was passing through his mind. "Only just while we're on this boat. That's all, of course. You can tear it up and chuck the pieces away once we're on land again." He spoke persuasively, a touch of pleading in his voice. With contemptuous amazement Coxeter told himself that the fellow was *afraid*.

"Surely you don't think there's any danger?" he asked. "D' you mean you've made this will because you think something may happen to the boat?"

The other nodded his head. "Accidents do happen," he said, and he smiled rather foolishly as he said the words, pronouncing the last one, as Coxeter noted with disapproval, "habben." He was holding out a fountain-pen; he had an odd, ingratiating manner, and Coxeter, to his own surprise, suddenly gave way.

"All right," he said, and taking the paper in his hand he glanced over it. He had no desire to pry into any man's private affairs, but he wasn't going to sign anything without first reading it.

This odd little will consisted of only two sentences, written in a clear, clerkly hand. The first bequeathed an annuity of £240 (six thousand francs) to Léonie Lenoir, of 106 Rue Lafayette, Paris; the second appointed the testator's mother, Mrs. Solomon Munich, of 9 Scott Terrace, Maida Vale, residuary legatee and executor. The will was signed "Victor Munich."

"Very well, I'll sign it," said Coxeter at last, "and I'll take charge of it till we're on land. But look here—I won't keep it a moment longer." Then, perhaps a little ashamed of his ungraciousness, "I say, Mr. Munich, if I were you I'd go below and take a stiffish glass of brandy and water. I once had a fright, nearly run over by a huge brewer's dray at Charing Cross, and I did that—took some brandy, I mean—" He jerked the words out, conscious that the other's sallow face had reddened.

Then he signed his name at the bottom of the sheet of paper, and busied himself with putting the envelope carefully into his pocket-book.

"There," he said, with the slight supercilious smile which was his most marked physical peculiarity, but of which he was quite unconscious; "your will is quite safe now. If we meet at Folkestone, I'll hand it you back; if we miss one another in the—er—fog, I'll destroy it, as arranged."

He turned and began walking back to where Nan Archdale was sitting. It was Nan who had brought this about! She had touched up the Jew fellow's conscience—frightened him about that woman—the woman who had so absurdly termed him her "petit homme adoré." That's what came of mixing up in other people's business; but Coxeter's eyes nevertheless rested on the sitting figure of his friend with a certain curious indulgence. Odd, sentimental, sensitive creatures—women! But brave—not lacking in moral courage, anyway.

As he came close to her, Mrs. Archdale moved a little, making room for him to sit down by her—it was a graceful, welcoming gesture. John Coxeter's pulse began to quicken. His eyes fell on her right hand, still encased in his large brown glove. As he had buttoned that glove he had touched her soft wrist, and a wild impulse had come to him to bend yet a little closer and press his lips to the white triangle of yielding flesh. Of course he had resisted the temptation, reminding himself sternly that it was a caddish thing even to have thought of taking advantage of Nan's confiding friendliness. Yet now he wondered whether

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he had been a fool not to do it. Other men did these sort of things. . . .

There came a dragging, grating sound, the boat shuddering as if in response. Coxeter had the odd sensation that he was being gently but irresistibly pushed round, and yet he sat quite still, with nothing in the saloon changed in relation to himself. Some one near him exclaimed in a matter-of-fact voice: "We've struck. We're on a rock." Every one stood up, and he saw an awful look of doubt on the faces of the men and women about him. The fog-horn ceased trumpeting, and there rose confused sounds, loud hoarse shouts and thin shrill cries, accompanying the dull thunder caused by the tramping of feet. Then all the lights in the saloon went out, all but the yellow flame of a small oil lamp, which none of them had known was there.

The glass-panelled door was opened widely, and a burly figure, holding a torch which flared up in the still moist air, was outlined against the steamy waves of fog.

"Come out here," the officer said; and then, as some of them tried to push past him: "Steady, keep cool. There'll be room in the boats for all the passengers on board"; and Coxeter, looking at the pale glistening face, told himself that the man was lying, and that he knew he lied.

They stumbled out, one by one, each man and woman there, and joined the great company which was now swarming over the upper deck, forlorn and lonely as human beings must ever be when individually face to face with death.

Coxeter's right hand gripped firmly Mrs. Archdale's arm. She was pressing closely to his side, shrinking back from the rough crowd surging about them. Coxeter was filled with a fierce protective love and tenderness which left no room in his mind for any thought of self. His one thought was how to preserve his companion from contact with those about them: wild-eyed, already distraught creatures, swayed with a terror which set them apart from the mass of quiet, apparently dazed people who stood patiently waiting to do what they were told.

Close to Nan and Coxeter two men were talking Spanish; they were gesticulating, and seemed to be disagreeing angrily; presently one of them drew out of his breast a long knife, which glittered in the torch-light; with it he made a gesture as if he meant to cut his way through the crowd toward the spot, already railed off with roped barriers, where the boats were being got ready for the water.

With a quick movement Coxeter unbuttoned his cloak and drew Nan within its folds; putting both his arms round her, he held her loosely and yet firmly clasped. "I can't help it," he muttered apologetically. "Forgive me!" As only answer she seemed to draw yet closer to him, and then she lay, still and silent, within his sheltering arms—and at that moment he remembered to be glad that he had not kissed her hand.

They stood there, encompassed by a living wall—and yet how strangely alone. The fog had become less dense, or else the resin torches which flared up all about them cleared the air.

From the captain's bridge there whistled every quarter-minute a high rocket, and soon, from behind the wall of fog, came in answer distant signals full of a dreadful mockery to the people waiting.

But to John Coxeter the drama of his own soul took precedence of that going on round him. Had he been alone, he would have shared to the full the awful, exasperated feeling of being trapped, of there being nothing to be done, which possessed all the thinking minds about him.

But he was not alone—Nan lying on his breast, seemed to pour virtue into him, to make him extraordinarily alive. Never had he felt death, extinction, so near, and yet there seemed to be something outside himself, a spirit informing, uplifting, and conquering the flesh. Perceptions, sympathies, which had lain dormant during the whole of his forty-three years of life, now sprang into being. His imagination awoke. He saw that it was this woman who now stood with such complete trust in the niceness of his honor and in his chivalry, heart to heart with him, who had made the best of that at once solitary and companioned journey which we call life. He had thought her to be a fool; he now saw that if a fool she had been a divine fool, ever engaged while on her pilgrimage with the only things that now mattered. How great was the sum of her achievement compared with his! She had been a beacon diffusing light

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and warmth, he a shadow among shadows. If to-night he were engulfed in the unknown—for so death was visioned by John Coxeter—who would miss him, who would feel the poorer for his sudden obliteration?

Coxeter came back into the present; he looked round him, and for the first time he felt the disabling clutch of physical fear. The life-belts were being given out, and there came to him a horrid vision of the people round him as they might be an hour hence, drowned, heads down, legs up, done to death by those monstrous yellow bracelets which they were now putting on with such clumsy, feverish eagerness.

He was touched on the arm, and a husky voice with which he was by now familiar said urgently: "Mr. Coxeter—see, I've brought your bag out of the saloon." The man whose name he knew to be Victor Munich was standing at his elbow. "Look here—don't take offence, Mr. Coxeter—I think better of that"—he hesitated—"that floater you've got in this bag of yours than you do. I'm willing to give you a fancy price for it—what would you say to a thousand pounds? I dare say I sha'n't have occasion to use it, but of course I take that risk."

Coxeter, with a quick unobtrusive movement, released Mrs. Archdale. He turned and stared, not pleasantly, at the man who was making him so odd an offer. Damn the fellow's impudence! "The floater, as you call it, is not for sale," he said shortly.

Nan had heard but little of the quick colloquy. She did not connect it with the fact that the strong protecting arms which had been about her were now withdrawn, and the tears came into her eyes. She felt suddenly alone. John Coxeter, the one human being who now ever attempted to place himself on an intimate, personal plane with her, happened, by a strange irony of fate, to be her companion, her fellow victim, in this awful adventure. But even he now turned away from her. . . .

Nay, that was not quite true. He was again looking down at her, and she felt his hand groping for hers. As he found it and clasped it, he made a movement as if he wished again to draw her toward him; gently she resisted, and at once he respected her feeling of recoil. Nan, with a confused sense of shame and anger, felt herself intimately hurt by his submission; she knew that most men in his place would have made short work of her resistance, would have taken her, masterfully, into the shelter of their arms.

There came a little stir among the people on the deck. Coxeter heard a voice call out in would-be cheery tones: "Now, then, ladies! Please step out—ladies and children only. Look sharp!" A sailor close by whispered gruffly to his mate: "I'll stick to the ship anyhow. No boats for me. We're best here. I expect she'll be a good hour settling—perhaps a bit longer."

As the first boat-load swung into the water, some of the people about them gave a little cheer. Coxeter thought, but he will never be quite sure, that in that cheer Nan joined. There was a delay of a minute, then again the captain's voice rang out, this time in a sharper, more peremptory tone: "Now, ladies, look sharp! Come along, please!"

Coxeter unclasped Nan's hand—he did not know how tightly he had been holding it. He loved her. God, how he loved her! And now he must send her away—away into the shrouding fog—away, just as he had found her. If what the sailor whose words he had overheard were true, might he not be sending Nan to a worse fate than that of staying to take the risk with him?

But the very man who had just said that he would stick to the steamer now came up to them. "You'd best hurry your lady forward, sir; there's no time to lose." There was an anxious, warning note in the voice.

"You must go now," said Coxeter heavily. "I shall be all right, Mrs. Archdale," for she was making no movement forward. "There'll be plenty of room for the men in the next boat. I'd walk across the deck with you, but I'm afraid they won't allow that." He spoke in his usual matter-of-fact, rather dry tone, and Nan looked up at him doubtingly. Did he really wish her to leave him?

Flickering streaks of light fell on his face. It was convulsed with feeling, with what had become an agony of renunciation. She withdrew her eyes, feeling a shamed, exultant pang of joy. "I'll wait till there's room for you, too, Mr. Coxeter." She breathed rather than actually uttered the words aloud.

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Another woman standing close by was saying the same thing to her companion, but in far more eager, more vociferous tones. "Is it likely that I shall go away now and leave you, Bob? Of course not—don't be ridiculous." But the Rendels pushed forward, and finally both found places in this, the last boat but one.

Victor Munich was still close to John Coxeter, and Mrs. Archdale, glancing at his sallow, terror-stricken face, felt a thrill of generous pity for the man. "Mr. Coxeter," she whispered, "do give him the floater! Did he not ask you for it just now? We don't want it."

Coxeter bent down and unstrapped his bag. He handed to Nan the odd, toy-like, sinuous thing by which he had set so little store. Now he let it go with a touch of reluctance. He saw her move close to the man whose name she did not know. "Here is the floater," she said. "I heard you say you would like it."

"But you—" he stammered. "How about you?"

"I don't want it. I shall be all right. I shouldn't put it on in any case."

He took it then, avidly; and they saw him go forward with a quick, stealthy movement to the place where the sailors were now getting the last boat ready for the water.

"There's plenty of room for you and the lady now, sir."

Coxeter hurried Nan across the deck. Suddenly they were pushed roughly back; the roped barriers had been cut, a hand-to-hand struggle was taking place round the boat, an ugly scrimmage to which scarce any allusion was made by any of those who gave evidence at the inquiry that afterward took place into the circumstances of the wreck. To those who looked on, it was a horrible, an unnerving sight, and this time Coxeter, with sudden strength, took Nan back into his arms. He felt her trembling, shuddering against him; what she had just seen had loosed fear from its leash.

"I'm frightened," she moaned. "Oh, Mr. Coxeter, I'm so horribly frightened of those men. Are they all gone?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "most of them managed to get into the boat. Don't be frightened. I think we're safer here than we should be there with those ruffians."

Another man would have found easy terms of endearment and comfort for almost any woman so thrust on his protection and care, but the very depth of Coxeter's feeling seemed to make him dumb; that and his anguished fear lest by his fault, by his own want of quickness, she had perhaps missed her chance.

But what he was lacking another man supplied. This was the captain, and Nan, listening to the cheering, commonplace words, felt her nerve, her courage, come back.

"Stayed with your husband?" he said, coming up to them. "Quite right, ma'am! Don't you be frightened. Look at me and my men; we're not frightened—not a bit of it! My boat will last right enough for us to be picked up ten times over. I tell you quite fairly and squarely, if I'd my wife aboard I'd have kept her with me. I'd rather be on this boat of mine than I would be out there, on the open water, in this fog." But as he walked back to the place where stood the rocket apparatus, Coxeter heard him mutter, "The brutes! Not all seconds or thirds, either. I wish I had them here; I'd give them what for!"

Later, when reading the narratives written by some of the passengers who perforce had remained on the doomed boat, Coxeter was surprised to learn how many thrilling experiences he had apparently missed during the long four hours which elapsed before their rescue. And yet the time of waiting and suspense probably appeared as long to him as it did to any of the fifty-odd souls who stayed, closely massed together, on the upper deck, waiting with what seemed a stolid resignation for what might next befall them.

From the captain, Coxeter, leaving Mrs. Archdale for a moment, had extracted the truth. They had drifted down the French coast. They were on a dangerous reef of rock, and the rising of the wind, the lifting of the fog, to which they all looked so eagerly, might be the signal for the breaking up of the steamer. On the other hand, she might hold together for days. It was all a chance.

Coxeter kept what he had learned to himself, but he was filled with a dull, aching suspense. His remorse that he had not hurried Mrs. Archdale into one of the first

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boats became almost intolerable. Why had he not placed her in the care even of the Jew, Victor Munich, who was actually seated in the last boat before the scramble round it had begun?

More fortunate than he, Mrs. Archdale found occupation in tending the few forlorn women who had been thrust back. He watched her moving among them with an admiration no longer unwilling; she looked bright, happy, almost gay, and the people to whom she talked, to whom she listened, caught something of her spirit. Coxeter would have liked to follow her example, but though he saw that some of the men round him were eager to talk and to discuss the situation, his tongue refused to form words of commonplace cheer.

When with the coming of the dawn the fog lifted, Nan came up to him where he stood, apart from the place where the other passengers crowded round a fire which had been lit on the open deck. Together in silence they watched the rolling away of the enshrouding mist; together they caught sight of the fleet of French fishing-boats from which was to come succor. As he turned and clasped her hand, he heard her say, more to herself than to him, "I did not think we should be saved."

III

JOHN COXETER was standing in the library of Mrs. Archdale's home in Wimpole Street. Two nights had elapsed since their arrival in London, and now he was to see her for the first time since they had parted on the Charing Cross platform in the presence of the crowd of people composed of unknown sympathizers, as well as acquaintances and friends, who had come to meet them.

He looked round him with a curious sense of unfamiliarity. The coloring of the room was gray and white, with touches of deep mahogany. It was Nan's favorite sitting-room, though it still looked what it had been ever since Nan could remember it, a man's room. In his day her father had been a collector of books, medals, and engravings connected with the most severe kind of eighteenth-century art and letters. In a sense this room always pleased Coxeter's fancy, partly because it implied a great many things that money, and even modern culture, cannot buy. But now, this morning—for it was still early, and he was on his way to the office for the first time since his return from what an aunt called his merciful preservation from death—he seemed to see even this room in another light. Everything which had once been to him important had become, if not worthless, then unessential.

Nan came into the room, and he saw that she was dressed in a more feminine kind of garment than that in which he generally saw her. It was white and, though girdled with a black ribbon, it made her look very young, almost girlish.

For a moment they looked at one another in constraint. Mrs. Archdale also had changed; changed far less than John Coxeter, but she was aware, as he was not, of the changes which long nearness to death had brought her, had wrought in herself; and for the first time she was more absorbed in her own sensations than in those of the person with her. Seeing John Coxeter standing there waiting for her, looking so like his old self, so absolutely unchanged, confused her, and made her feel desperately shy.

She held out her hand, but Coxeter scarcely touched it. After having held her in his arms he could not take her hand in formal greeting. She mistook his gesture—thought that he was annoyed at having received no word from her since they had parted. The long day in between had been to poor Nan a nightmare of nervous horror. Relations, friends, acquaintances had come in troops to see her, and would not be denied; but each time Coxeter had called to inquire, she had been what her servants, unconscious of the irony, had called resting.

"I am so sorry," she said in a low voice, "that when you called yesterday I was supposed to be asleep. I have been most anxious to see you"—she waited a moment, and then added his name—"Mr. Coxeter. I knew that you would have the latest news, and that you would tell it me."

"There is news," he said, "of all the boats—good news—except of the last boat." His voice sounded strangely to himself.

"Oh, but that must be all right too. The captain said the boats might drift about for a long time."

Coxeter shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said. "In fact—" He waited a moment, and she came close up to him.

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"Tell me," she commanded in a low voice, "tell me what you know. They say I ought to put it all out of my mind; but I can think of nothing else. Whenever I close my eyes I see the awful struggle that went on round that last boat."

Coxeter was dismayed. He looked down at her. She was very pale, her eyes filled with a bright feverish light. How wildly she spoke, how unlike herself she seemed to-day; above all, how unlike what she had been during the whole of their terrible ordeal! Already that ordeal had become, to him, something to be treasured. There is no lack of physical courage in the breed of Englishmen to whom John Coxeter belonged. Pain, entirely unassociated with shame, holds out comparatively little terror to such as he.

There was something rueful in the look he gave her.

"The last boat was run down in the fog," he said briefly. "Some of the bodies have been washed up on the French coast."

She looked at him apprehensively. "Any of the people we had spoken to? Any of those who were with us in the railway carriage?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say that one of the bodies washed up is that of the person who sat next to you."

"That poor French boy?"

Coxeter shook his head. "No, no—he's all right; at least, I believe he's all right. It was that of your other neighbor;" he added unnecessarily, "the man who made sweets."

And then for the first time Coxeter saw Nan Archdale moved out of herself. She turned and pressed her hand to her face as if to shut out some terrible and pitiful sight.

"Ah," she exclaimed in a low voice, "I shall never forgive myself over that! Do you know, I had a kind of instinct that I ought to ask that man the name, the address"—her voice quivered and broke—"of his friend—that poor young woman who saw him off at the Paris station——"

Till this moment Coxeter had not known that Nan had been aware of what had, to himself, been so odious, so ridiculous and grotesque, a scene. But now he felt differently, about this as about everything that touched on the quick of life. For the first time he understood, even sympathized with, Nan's concern for that majority of human beings who are born to suffering and who are bare to the storm. . . .

"Look here," he said awkwardly, "don't be unhappy. It's all right. That man spoke to me on the boat—he did what you wished; he made a will providing for that woman; I took charge of it for him. As a matter of fact, I went and saw his old mother yesterday. She behaved very well."

"Then the floater was no good after all?"

"No good," he said, and he avoided looking at her. "At least, so it would seem. But who can tell?"

There came a sharp knock on the door. "Mrs. Eaton, ma'am. She says she only heard what happened to-day, and she's sure you will see her."

Before Mrs. Archdale could answer, a woman had pushed her way past the maid into the room. "Nan! Poor darling! What an awful thing. I *am* glad I came so early; now you will be able to tell me all about it."

The visitor, looking round, saw John Coxeter, and seemed surprised. Fortunately she did not know him, and feeling as if, had he stayed, he must have struck the woman, he escaped from the room.

As Coxeter went through the hall, filled with a perplexity and pain very alien from his positive nature, a good-looking, clean-shaven man, who gave him a quick, measured glance, passed by. There had been no parleying at the door as in Coxeter's own case.

"Who's that?" he asked, with a scowl, of the servant.

"The doctor, sir," and he felt absurdly relieved. "We sent for him yesterday, for Mrs. Archdale seemed very bad last night." Coxeter suddenly told himself that it behooved him to see this doctor and ascertain from him whether Nan was really ill.

He crossed the street and began pacing up and down, and unconsciously he quickened his steps as he went over every moment of their brief interview. All that was himself—and there was a good deal more of John Coxeter than even he was at all aware—had gone out to her to-day in a rapture of memory and longing, but she, or so it seemed to him, had purposely made herself remote.

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At last, after what seemed a very long time, the doctor came out. Coxeter crossed over and touched him on the arm.

"If I may," he said, "I should like a word with you. I want to ask you—I mean I trust that Mrs. Archdale is recovering from the effect of the terrible experience she went through the other night." He spoke awkwardly, stiffly. "I saw her for a few minutes just before you came, and I was sorry to find her very unlike herself."

The doctor went on walking; he looked coldly at Coxeter.

"It's a great pity that Mrs. Archdale's friends can't leave her alone! As to being unlike herself, you and I would probably be very unlike ourselves if we had gone through what this poor lady has just gone through!"

"You see, I was with her on the boat. We were not travelling together," Coxeter corrected himself hastily. "I mean we happened to meet on the journey. My name is Coxeter."

The other man's manner entirely altered. He slackened in his walk. "I beg your pardon," he said; "of course I had no notion who you were. She says you saved her life. That but for you she would have been in that last boat—the boat that was lost. I may tell you that I'm very worried about Mrs. Archdale, in fact seriously concerned at her condition. If you have any influence with her, I beg you to persuade her to refuse herself to the endless busybodies who want to hear her account of what happened. She won't have a trained nurse, but there ought to be some one on guard—a human watch-dog warranted to snarl and bite!"

"Do you think she ought to go away from London?" asked Coxeter in a low voice.

"No, I don't think that—at least not for the present." The medical man frowned thoughtfully. "What she wants is to be taken out of herself. If I could prescribe what I believe would be the best thing for her, I should advise that she go away to some other part of London with some one who will never speak to her of what happened, and yet who will always listen to her when she wants to talk about it—some sensible, commonplace person who could distract her mind without tiring her, and who would make her do things she has never done before. If she was an ordinary smart lady I should prescribe philanthropy"—he made a slight grimace—"make her go and see some of my poorer patients—come into contact with a little *real* trouble. But that would be no change to Mrs. Archdale. No; what she wants is some one who will force her to be selfish, who will take her up the Monument one day, to a music-hall the next, motor her out to Richmond Park, and make her take a good long walk, and then sit by the sofa and hold her hand if she feels like crying—" He stopped, a little ashamed of his energy.

"Thank you," said Coxeter very seriously. "I can see the sense of what you say."

"You see, in spite of her quiet manner, Mrs. Archdale's a nervous, excitable woman"—the doctor was looking narrowly at Coxeter as he spoke.

"She was perfectly calm and—and very brave at the time——"

"That means nothing! Pluck's not a matter of nerve—it ought to be, but it isn't! But I admit you're a remarkable example of the presence of the one coupled with the absence of the other. You don't seem a penny the worse, and yet it must have been a very terrible experience."

"You see it came at the end of my holiday," said Coxeter gravely, "and, as a matter of fact"—he hesitated—"I feel quite well. In fact, remarkably well. Do you see any objection to my calling again, I mean to-day, on Mrs. Archdale? I might put what you have just said before her."

"Yes, do! Do that by all means! Seeing how well you have come through it"—the doctor could not help smiling a slightly satirical smile—"ought to be a lesson to Mrs. Archdale. It ought to show her that after all she is perhaps making a greal deal of fuss about nothing."

"Hardly that," said Coxeter with a frown.

They had now come to the corner of Wigmore Street. He put out his hand hesitatingly; the doctor took it, and, oddly enough, held it for a moment while he spoke.

"Think over what I've said, Mr. Coxeter. It's a matter of days. Mrs. Archdale ought to be taken in hand at once." Then he went off, crossing the street.

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Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"I'm frightened," she moaned. "Oh, Mr. Coxeter, I'm so horribly frightened of those men."—Page 745.

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"Pity the man's such a dry stick," he said to himself. "Now's his chance, if he only knew it!"

John Coxeter walked straight on. He had written the day before to say he would be at his office as usual this morning, but now the fact quite slipped his mind.

Wild thoughts were surging through his brain, they were running away with him, and to such unexpected places! The Monument? He had never thought of going up the Monument; he would formerly have thought it a sad waste of time, but now the Monument became to John Coxeter a place of pilgrimage, a spot of secret healing. A man had once told him that the best way to see the city was at night, but that if you were taking a lady you should choose a Sunday morning, and go there on the top of a 'bus. He had thought the man who said this very eccentric, but now he remembered the advice and saw that it was worth following.

By the time Coxeter turned into Cavendish Square he had travelled far further than the Monument; he was in Richmond Park; Nan's hand was thrust through his arm as it had been while they had watched the first boat fill slowly with the women and children.

Coxeter has not often occasion to go the little round he went that morning, but when some accidental circumstance causes him to do so he finds himself again in the heart of that kingdom of romance from which he was so long an alien, and of which he has now become a naturalized subject. As most of us know, many ways lead to the kingdom of romance; Coxeter found his way there by a water-way.

When he reaches the turning off Wimpole Street, there seems to rise round him the atmosphere of what Londoners call the city—the city as it is at night, uncannily deserted save for the ghosts and lovers who haunt its solitary thoroughfares after the bustle of the day is stilled; for it was then that he and Nan learned to wander there. From there he travels on into golden sunlight, he is again in Richmond Park as it was during the whole of that beautiful October.

Walking up the west side of Cavendish Square, Coxeter again becomes absorbed in his great adventure, a far greater adventure than that with which his friends and acquaintances still associate his name. He sees himself as he was that morning, carried wholly out of his usual wise, ponderate self, and perhaps he wonders a little how he could ever have found courage to do what he did.

Unwillingly he lives again through those doubtful moments when he knocked at Mrs. Archdale's door, when he gave the surprised maid the confused explanation that he had a message from the doctor for her mistress. He hears the young woman say: "Mrs. Archdale is just going out, sir. The doctor thought she ought to take a walk," and his muttered answer: "I won't keep her a moment. . . ."

Again he feels the thrill of victory, of ecstasy which seized him when she slipped, he hardly knew how, into his arms, and when the sentences he had prepared, the arguments he had meant to use, in his hurried rush up Harley Street, are all forgotten. He hears himself imploring her to come away with him now, at once. Is she not dressed to go out? Instinct teaches him for the first time to make to her the one appeal to which she ever responds. He had meant to tell her what the doctor had said—to make that explain his great temerity—but instead he tells her that he wants her, that he cannot go on living apart from her. Is there any good reason why they should not start now, this moment, for Doctors' Commons, in order to see how soon they can be married?

So it is that now when John Coxeter stands in Wimpole Street, so typical a Londoner belonging to the leisured and conventional class that none of the people passing by even glance his way, he lives again through the immortal moment when she said, "Very well."

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AN ANGEL UNAWARES

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

GOODRICH had not always been a time-keeper on a half-built Central American railway. Now, with an ex-soldier's cynical appreciation of mutiny and rebellion, he told his tale, while Savage kept on signing pay-rolls in duplicate—a purely mechanical task which left his mind free to grapple with this new problem.

"So Gibbon won't stay banished?" commented Savage, when Goodrich's story showed signs of coming to an untimely end.

"You see, sir, it's this way." Goodrich, finding that his chief was really listening, took heart and continued. "He's had it in for you ever since that time you burned his blind tiger across the track, sir."

Savage grinned a hard little grin, and his pen trembled the least bit in the world on the last curve of the letter S. There were circumstances connected with that burning of which even the memory brought him as near to fear as he had ever come.

"Well?" he queried.

"And when he thinks that business has blown over a bit he treks back into the country quiet-like. Nor he ain't content with just selling white-eye to the niggers; he preaches mutiny and strikes to them, and sets up half a mile back in the bush like a blooming king, sir. Fourteen of the navvies on Mile Twenty-eight asked for their time yesterday and quit, and that makes thirty-nine of 'em gone from the works since he got back. They've knocked up a lot of bamboo shacks in the clearing around him, an' he tells 'em you're afraid to come after 'em."

Savage looked up in the middle of a signature, the perpendicular lines inside of his eyebrows deeper than ever.

"Afraid?" he asked. "Why?"

"Partly because they're all British subjects, sir. Gibbon says King George will protect 'em. And—" Goodrich hung fire.

"And?" demanded Savage.

"He claims that you're afraid. You personally. The other niggers are beginning to believe it."

"H'm!" Savage's face twitched again into the smile that expressed anything but mirth, and his eyes as he turned them on Goodrich were cold as a northern sea. Then he signed the last pay-roll and stacked the lot of them carefully on the corner of his desk, weighting them with a railroad spike. He stepped to the far end of the shack, where hung a blue-print of the railroad, and beckoned Goodrich to his side.

"Put your finger on the place where Gibbon is playing 'I'm King of the Castle,'" he said.

Goodrich measured the scale, found Mile Twenty-eight, and indicated the spot.

"There, sir."

"A trail?"

"A bad one. Here." He traced the line of it with a pencil.

A quick though rather heavy step rattled over the boards of the tiny veranda.

"There's Hillis," said Savage.

"Nice thing, this Gibbon business," said Hillis, as he stooped to clear the lintel of the door and sat down in a hammock chair that creaked under his lean bulk. Savage looked like a child beside him, but in the eyes of both was the same gray flame.

"It's all to do over again," went on Hillis.

"That'll do, Goodrich," said Savage to the time-keeper. "Come around about half-past eight if you want to help me get Gibbon."

"Thank *you*, sir," Goodrich started to salute, remembered just in time he was a civilian, nodded and went out.

"Wonder why he ever left the Eng-

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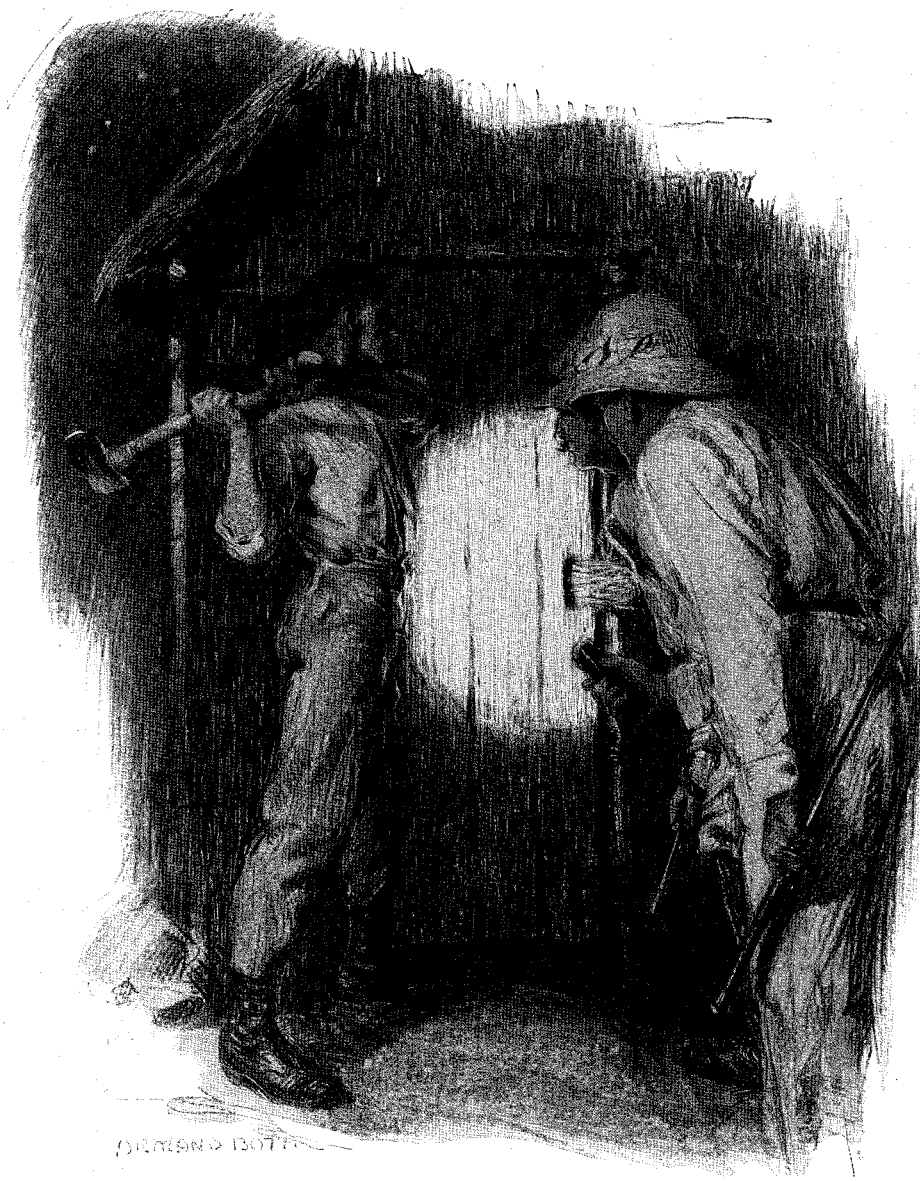
lish army?" mused Savage, taking a native cigarette from a loose yellow bundle of them on the desk. "Yes," he continued in answer to Hillis, "it seems as if the Gibbon business was all to do over again. I'll get him to-night."

"You?" Hillis knew his dapper little superintendent of labor well enough to insult him about his size. "You?"

"Me," responded Savage. "It's my job, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," admitted Hillis reluctantly. "But the man's a giant. Better let me take it on for you."

"You couldn't do it." Savage was a little nettled. "It's a question of brains, not beef. Besides, the cuss says I'm afraid."



"Who daht?" demanded a voice as Goodrich lifted his weapon for a second blow.—Page 756.

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"Do you care what niggers say about you?"

"Generally not—only what they say to me. This is different. What would I be worth on the line if I let you make good for me? I'd have a general strike on my hands in less than twenty-four hours."

"I could fix that all right."

"You won't have to."

"You can't get a warrant before night."

"Don't need one. I'll take the comandante and four of his soldiers."

"All right as far as it goes, but the comandante's authority stops with the railroad concession. And he can't put you right with the government of British Valdepenas. Remember Hewitt's case?"

Savage took a turn up and down the room, while worry displaced determination on his face. He stopped by the desk and arranged a few scattered papers on it.

"I remember it well," he said slowly. "It was most uncomfortably like this one. He had to get the man to save his face, and he had to slug him before he could get him. That was about the way of it, wasn't it?"

"Yes. And the Valdepenas government took the niggers' evidence instead of ours, and tried to extradite him on a criminal charge. We got him away by the Pacific, you remember."

"What a fetich the black man is to the British! Any sort of a perjured charge will settle a white man's hash in the Valdepenas court."

Savage sat down in the desk chair and meditatively bit off the twisted end of a second yellow cigarette. He did not light it at once.

"If I can get him without hitting him—" he murmured to himself. "Anyway," he continued aloud, "it's just a choice of how I'd rather lose my job. If I don't go after him, the niggers will make the country too hot to hold me. If I go and get him, and have any kind of luck, it may be only—unpleasantly warm for a while." He struck the match and looked through the flame at Hillis. "See my point? The comandante will legalize matters somewhat. He can take charge of Gibbon after we get him out."

"We?"

"You didn't think I was going alone, did you? Goodrich and I and one other man. Not you—but almost any one else."

"Confound you!" complained Hillis. "Are you going to leave me out of it entirely?"

"Sure. I can't have the engineer-in-charge interfering in my department. Your name is Alice—or Hillis—Sit-by-the-Fire till eleven o'clock to-night."

"And then?"

"If I'm not back you can come look-see what's the matter."

"You'd better change your mind and let me do it for you." Hillis, genuinely fond of Savage, saw little hope that the superintendent would come successfully off.

"Not ever. I don't want it bungled."

"Go ahead then, and be damned to you!"

Tempers wax hot below Capricorn; the conversation of Anglo-Saxon friends there more closely resembles the recrimination of Latin enemies than in any other place in the world. Hillis strode out to the shower bath; Savage stepped to a window which commanded a stretch of finished track. Some distance down it he saw the white shirt of a man on muleback, and presently heard the ring of hoofs on the metal ties.

"The very man," said Savage to himself, "if he'll only come."

He put on his helmet, for even the late afternoon sun is a menace in Epinosa, and strolled down to the track.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Brien," he said as the man on the mule pulled his mount to a walk. "Can you stop for a minute, or are you in a hurry to get to your camp?"

"Never in a hurry," responded O'Brien. He swung from the saddle and gave his reins to the Epinosan hunter, who rode behind him.

"Any luck to-day?" asked Savage.

"Not a bit. I wish I was a Jew, and then these wild pigs of yours wouldn't be so shy of me."

He slipped the strap of his shotgun from his shoulder and took out the shells. "Same ones I put in this morning—not even a turkey or a tepisquintle."

"How about a little man-hunt for a change?" asked Savage as they went into the shack.

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"Sure he won't run away like the pigs? Who is the beggar?"

"A big nigger. We deported him six months ago—perfectly legally, as things go here. The government's building the road, and gives us leave to get rid of any undesirable characters. This man Gibbon was running a blind tiger and talking too much. Now he's back again—same old game. If I don't get him, I can't hold my job."

"Got a warrant?"

"No. It takes a week to get a warrant here. *Mañana*—you know—and the history of your life. I've got to act quick. The comandante's coming along, or I hope he is, and he'll help some."

"An English nigger, I suppose?"

"Yes. British Valdepenas. He'll try to make an international matter of it, but that comes afterward. Are you with us—Goodrich and me?"

"I am that. Three's a good traditional number. What time will you be starting?"

"Nine o'clock or a little before. But you'll eat here, won't you?"

"Glad to. Meantime I'll trot up to camp and change."

"Till six-thirty, then."

"Right. I'll be here—and then we'll see if you have at least one variety of game in this country that doesn't run away."

At supper Hillis was as pessimistic as ever about the success of the expedition—more so, if anything. He made no further attempts to dissuade Savage, but ate his food in an atmosphere of Cimmerian gloom. His dubiety was so extreme that it came near being funny, and from being funny it became in the highest degree encouraging, for nothing under the sun could be so black as Hillis painted this. Savage said little, though he grew more and more cheerful as the meal progressed; O'Brien, resplendent in a white mess-jacket and white breeches with top-boots, talked a great deal, though he said little about the matter in hand. The comandante, who made a fourth in their party, was volubly determined to do all he could to aid them, and searched a well-stocked memory for oaths elaborate enough adequately to express his opinion of the superiors whose orders confined him to a strip of a hundred yards on each side of the track. He was tragic about it and sincere, for he was a brave little gentleman, even though he lacked the sheer Donnybrook gayety that beckoned O'Brien to war. The other three sympathized with him, and under the urge of their sympathy his vituperation took on splendor—became epic, Oriental. With tears in his eyes, he swore that he would disobey orders, and imperil his commission—that there was no worth in a commission held under these sons of a thousand fatherless poltroons. This was the decision he reached with his coffee, and Savage had a hard time persuading him to change it. He had no intention whatever of turning his quiet little punitive expedition into a campaign; to capture Gibbon he must break into a house by force of arms and without a warrant. The fewer the witnesses the smaller the chance that he or the company would be mulcted in heavy fines.

Goodrich came for them sharp at half past eight, and was followed a quarter of an hour later by four of the comandante's five-foot soldiers with their five-foot rifles, and twenty rounds of ball cartridge apiece. News flashes through Epinosa like a bush-fire, and although the huts that clustered about the section-house showed not a single light, the little party picked their way through the settlement with the least possible noise. Savage led the way, in his hand a silver-topped mahogany walking-stick which was not so light as it looked. When they were clear he looked back and discerned a white-clad figure seated on the veranda.

"Hillis sits by the fire," he whispered to O'Brien.

"Come back with your shield or on it, eh?" replied the Irishman. Savage chuckled.

There was a sliver of warm moon in the sky—enough to show them the opening of the trail. Here they left the comandante, sitting disconsolate on the end of a tie, with his long sword between his knees, and complaining to the trunks of the banana-trees that he was very, very heart-broken—"*muy, muy, desgraciado.*" Nevertheless he bade them go with God. At a little distance the cigarettes of his four privates punctured the darkness.

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"Bash him!" yelled Savage.—Page 757.

A little way up the trail the three paused for a council of war.

"You're armed, of course?" queried Savage.

O'Brien and Goodrich nodded.

"Take this too." Savage handed O'Brien a slungshot encased in polished brown leather. "It's handier than a gun-butt if it happens to come up to you to knock him out, but don't hit him if you can possibly help it. If we can get him without hurting him, there'll be less trouble with the paternalism of Valdepenas."

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"It's a well-balanced weapon," commented O'Brien, weighing it in his hand.

"It was the chief treasure of a famous yegg in New York," answered Savage.

"Was he Irish?"

"He was—God bless him. You've got the axe, Goodrich?"

"Here, sir. And a pair of bracelets."

"Good. Come on, then."

They picked their way up the narrow, winding trail. The buttress roots of giant trees caught their feet in the uncertain moonlight; vines thick as a man's wrist swayed in front of them at heights difficult to gauge accurately; in the narrower parts of the track, and upon the several occasions when they stepped out of it for a pace or two, thorns and the barbed fronds of low-growing palms snatched at their clothing. Quite suddenly at last they came out into a clearing where loomed a dozen or twenty huts of bamboo and minaca palm.

"'Fore Gawd!" ejaculated Goodrich in a whisper. "It's a Zulu kraal! Just like old times."

He spat on his hands and rubbed the axe-handle affectionately.

"Any idea which hut?" asked O'Brien, twirling the slungshot by its strap as a patrolman twirls his club.

"The big one in the middle, I think," answered Savage. "We'll try it anyhow."

They stepped toward it, past the glowing embers of cook-fires where now and then a lazy flame rose, licked at the charcoal of a half-burned log, and sank again. Savage pressed the button of his electric torch, threw the circle of light on the doorway, and tried the latch. The door was tightly fastened to the bamboo posts.

"This is it," he whispered. "Evidently he expected visitors. Go to it, Goodrich."

He stepped back to give room for the swing of the axe.

"Who daht?" demanded a voice as Goodrich lifted his weapon for a second blow.

"Quick! Time counts now!" exclaimed Savage.

The axe descended; the latch broke and the middle of the door swayed inward. A yell rose from the inside—two yells in fact, for Gibbon had his woman with him. Goodrich, unperturbed, shifted his grip on the axe helve and attacked the top of the door. Lights flared in the neighboring huts; questions and answers, high pitched and hysteric, leaped from one to another like a running flame. Negroes by twos and threes, half blind with new sleep, came stumbling toward the central hut, calling out and muttering to themselves, so that from them rose that unceasing rumble and murmur which betrays the moment at which a crowd coagulates into a mob. Near by a woman kicked together the coals of a fire and threw on them an armful of dry twigs; the fire revived suddenly and was thrown back from the ring of teeth and eyeballs that surrounded Savage. He stood facing them, hands on hips; he did not yet draw his revolver though his hand rested near it. Behind him the door cracked inward, and with the tail of his eye he saw O'Brien and Goodrich follow it into the hut. Inside, Bedlam broke loose, but in front was the contracting circle of black faces; the shrill voices of the women urging the men on from its outer circumference formed an overtone to the hum that increased and grew in menace as the minutes slipped by. Savage knew that if he took his eyes from them for a single moment, they would crash across the invisible barrier which confined them and break against him like a wave—a wave with a force more irresistible than the thrust of a thousand miles of sea. His original plan had been to arrest Gibbon himself, but the quick alarm had forced a change; it was for him to stand off the negroes, while O'Brien and Goodrich dealt with Gibbon. He stood quite quietly and easily, though his hand slowly slipped downward till his fingers closed about the grip of his revolver. The circle swayed as elephants sway at their hitching-chains, and from it rose the thick, musky odor of a pigmented race.

The shrieks of the woman in the hut continued without a pause, interlarded with her foul cursing, and punctuated by the crash of overturned furniture, the quick shift of wrestling feet, and the yielding crack of the bamboo wall-poles as the fight carromed against them. O'Brien and Goodrich could have ended it long since had they but disobeyed orders and

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knocked Gibbon over the head. Finally came a sharp crash of cooking-pots; as at a signal, a man jumped from the circle just in front of Savage.

"Bash him!" yelled Savage, drawing his revolver and firing in the air. The negro stopped in front of him, two paces inside the circle.

"They'll make hash of you, sir!" protested Goodrich.—Page 758.

At the shot, the mob-growl ceased for a moment, and on the heels of the silence came the clean slap of a blow sent home. The woman in the hut shrieked once more and then began a wailing that rose and fell in a cadence old as the Congo. O'Brien and Goodrich appeared at the door, their white coats black and wet in the fireglow, supporting between them a seven-foot negro, who bled profusely from a contused wound in his forehead. The blow would have killed a white man; it did no more than make Gibbon very sick indeed. The fight was entirely gone out of him.

"My word!" panted O'Brien. "Look at the animal bleed! I didn't bash him till you yelled, but I began to think you'd never yell. What now?"

Savage, with Gibbon and the other two behind him, advanced toward the crowd; a lane opened for them, though sulkily.

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Savage stood aside to let the others precede him through it, for the rear was now the dangerous point, and they had all they could do with their half-stunned captive. Somewhere in the crowd a machete flickered; Savage fired toward it. He aimed high, but not so high that the whistle of the bullet was inaudible. When he cleared the outer rim of the circle, his assistants were already entering the trail; he ostentatiously paused by one of the fires, threw the empty shells from his revolver, reloaded and returned it to his holster. For the first time he realized that the measured surf-beat of anger had ceased and given place to the many-keyed voice of a crowd that is no more than a crowd. The tension of his nerves relaxed suddenly, and it was all he could do to stroll nonchalantly to the edge of the clearing.

The others had stopped and were waiting for him just inside the clearing; halfway to the track they met the comandante.

"You are safe, then—no?" he exclaimed when he had greeted them. "I 'ave 'ear' the shots, an' I could not estand to wait. I say to myself, 'To 'ell weet' orders,' an' I come."

"Thanks, Don Hermanez," replied Savage. "But we got away with it. There's your man."

"You 'ave arrest heem? Ah, how you are brave, you Gringos! From now I tak' all responsibeelity."

"As you will, Don Hermanez. I must trespass a little further on your time and your good nature, and ask you to wait here for me a little while. I must go back."

"Go back?" exclaimed O'Brien. "Are you crazy? What for?"

"I've left my walking-stick, and I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"They'll make hash of you, sir!" protested Goodrich.

"No," answered Savage. "No, I think not. They were quite quiet when we left. Wait here and I'll be back in no time."

"I'm going with you," announced Goodrich.

"You're not. Wait here."

Savage turned and began to pick his way up the trail again. O'Brien, ejaculating something far from complimentary, strode after him.

"You haven't any authority over me," he said, "and if you're going to be that kind of a fool, you need a nurse."

"I wish you'd stay with the others," replied Savage, his voice full of annoyance.

"I'll not."

Savage gave in with a shrug, and they went on together. Like all trails, this one seemed shorter the third time of travelling. When they reached the clearing it was still populated, though some of the more phlegmatic negroes had gone back to bed. A group was standing about the fire that still blazed near Gibbon's hut; one of the number held Savage's stick in his hand.

"Are you satisfied, you young fool?" demanded O'Brien.

"Confound his impudence!" commented Savage, and swung rapidly toward the group. To O'Brien he looked like nothing so much as a belligerent fox-terrier; the Irishman shook his head, smiled, and followed.

The men swung about as Savage approached them; O'Brien noticed that they all gave back a step.

"Fe de Lard's sake!" ejaculated the one with the stick, his mouth hanging open with an almost imbecile expression of surprise.

"Hand over that cane," ordered Savage quietly. "I was afraid I'd lost it."

Not one of the astonished group moved till Savage and O'Brien had entered the trail. Safe in the woods again, O'Brien chuckled and then laughed aloud.

"Was that all bravado?" he asked.

"Not at all!" answered Savage indignantly. "They've been saying I was afraid, and I didn't have a chance tonight to prove that I wasn't. It's all in the day's work."

"Oh!" was all O'Brien's comment.

They rejoined the others and took Gibbon to the cuarcel, where Savage bound up his head as well as he was able. This done, he must needs join his two aids, and help the comandante finish a quart of execrable claret, the while they listened to their host's profuse commendations of their valor. It was after eleven before they were able to leave him without offence.

They found Hillis at the desk in the

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section-house; before him stood two Valdepenas negroes, voluble and unintelligible with indignation. One of them held in his hand a soft hat with a round hole in its crown, and the other cherished a bent length of lead pipe, the which articles they ever and anon thrust forward under Hillis's nose.

Which articles they ever and anon thrust forward under Hillis's nose.

"They haven't lost any time," said Savage to O'Brien. "If they push a criminal charge as far as Valdepenas, it's all up with me in this country."

"Really? But they have courts there, and I'd be only too glad to testify in your favor."

"That might help—if you were black." Savage was bitter and despondent. "No, I guess it's all up."

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"You got Gibbon, I hear," interrupted Hillis, speaking to them over his shoulder. "And now the trouble begins. Exhibit A," he added, indicating the lead pipe, "and Exhibit B," pointing to the hat. "The pipe you bent over Gibbon's head—did you know that? The hat proves you a bad shot." He swung his back to the complainants. "But, my Lord, boy, I'm glad to see you back with a whole skin!"

"Yahs, chief," put in the man with the pipe. "Hit's assahlt han bahtery." He pronounced the charge as though it were one word, and repeated it with pride. "Hassahlt han bahtery. We shahl make de case bring come right to de governor hof Breetish Valdepenas, fe we hahl Breetish subject, chief."

"Take it to King George himself," rejoined Hillis with a contempt which he was far from feeling, "and you can't change the facts. We have too many witnesses, mon. Don't you know the comandante was there?"

It was a chance shot and it failed. The two black men shook their heads.

"We bring twict has many witnesses," said the spokesman. "Missa Sahvage make 'im 'ead broke, han' King Jarge don' like dat."

"How do you know?"

"Missa 'Ewitt 'ave to go," went on the negro, "han now Missa Sahvage."

Hillis gave up the fight.

"We'll have to pray for a Daniel in judgment," he said to Savage; "but the beggars are right—it's the number of witnesses that counts, and the color of them."

O'Brien stepped forward, the blackjack in his hand. He seemed suddenly to have grown in dignity, and his manner was the manner of one having authority.

"I broke your friend's head—with this," he began. "That piece of pipe had nothing to do with it. And I'm an Englishman, even if I am an Irishman."

"Yahs, buckra," rejoined the negro, insolent with what looked like easy victory. "We know you hin hit ahlso."

"Better keep clear, O'Brien," advised Hillis in a whisper.

"I hold the ace of trumps," answered the Irishman in the same tone. "Get up and give me your chair."

Hillis gave it to him, mystified.

"Now, then, tell your story," commanded O'Brien, "and see that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

His words and the tone of his voice held the complainants silent. He went on sonorously.

"By royal warrant of George the Fifth, king of Great Britain and Ireland and of the dominions beyond the seas, I am the governor of British Valdepenas."

He went on from that, choosing his words with the accuracy of an artist in sarcasm, and continued for a full five minutes.

"Now, go," he said.

When the scared and wilted accusers had trickled out of the room, Savage and Hillis shook O'Brien enthusiastically by the hand. A moment later the ghost of a doubt assailed Savage.

"Don't tell me you're really the governor?" he said.

"Me bhoy," responded O'Brien, the indelible hue of the brogue coloring for the moment his usually cosmopolitan accent, "I am just that."

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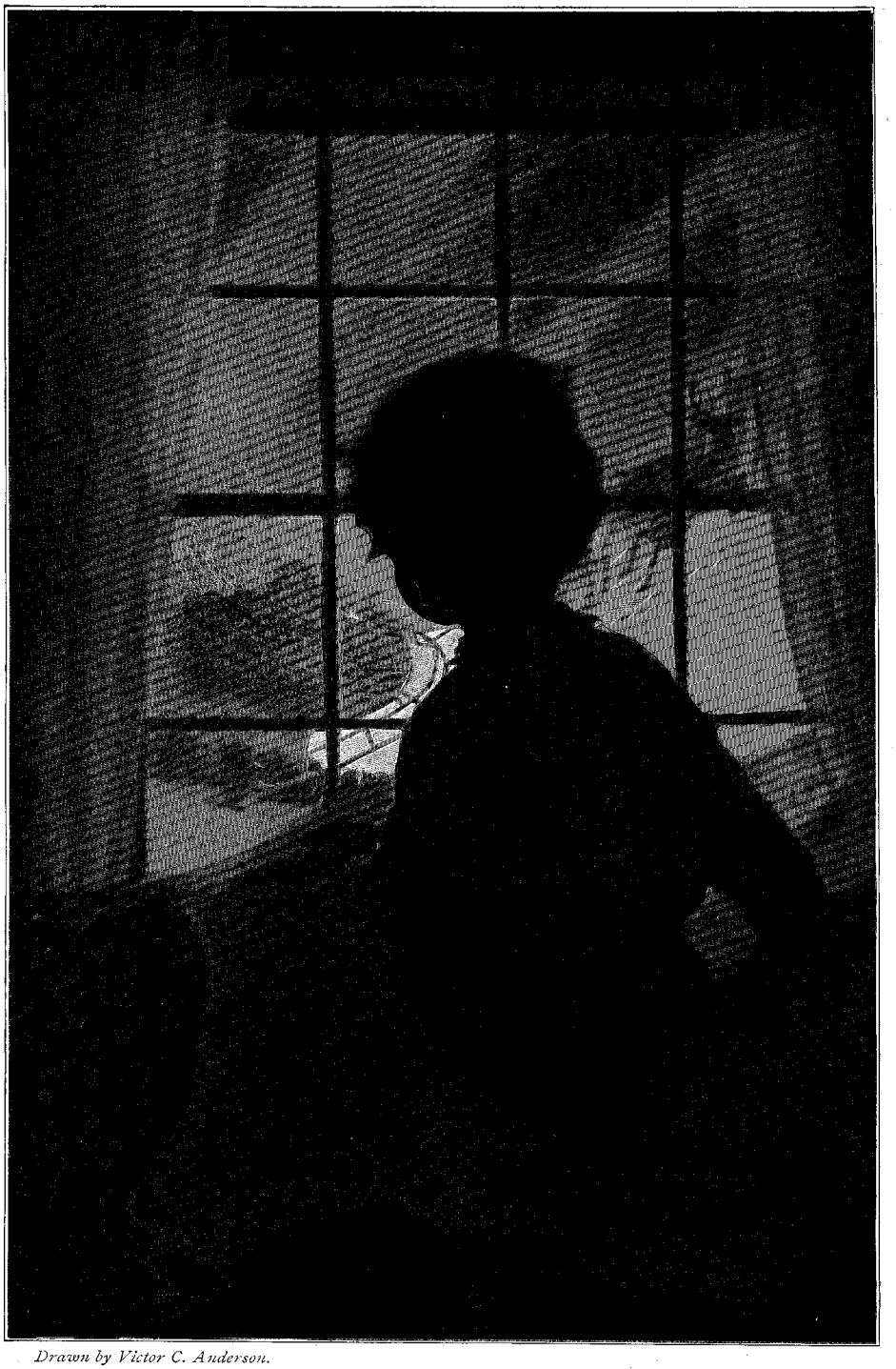

Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

A Christmas Dream.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE witty person who remarked that the correct form of national salutation for an American at the present should be, "How goes the fourth act of your play?" might also have observed that the interest in dramatic things that has of late become so noticeable is throwing some curious side-lights on American characteristics. No one who has had the opportunity of knowing is in doubt as to the genuineness and, at certain points, the almost comical intensity of the interest. Evanston, Ill., and Boston and Cambridge, Mass., may be as unlike as one chooses in some respects, but they are quite alike in the ambient in which their dramatic leagues have their being. Those young men, usually with portfolios under their arms, who may be seen attending *en masse* some "special performance" of a play with "modern" tendencies, and who make their professional and technical comments between the acts, are, east and west, brothers under the skin. They suggest something new in the air. They give the feeling that those enthusiasts may be truthful prophets who foresee a period of great dramatic achievement for the American people. Not that it need be so. There was a time, in England, when everybody "made music," just as, in certain places, everybody now, with us, appears to be writing a play. Yet England, while it still produces probably the largest proportionate number of persons prepared to sing (mostly badly) on every occasion, never has supplied a great musical genius to the world. Whether or not the analogy be discouraging for the American drama, what seems to be clear is that we may come to a measure of national self-realization through our making of American plays, such as our novels, somehow, have always failed to give us.

Americans and Their Plays

Why should most American novels have a sectional effect by the side of an American play like "The Great Divide"? The answer would lead far, especially as there are people who would not agree that the best American novels did only have a sectional range. But the means by which the American play seems to be likely to bring us a measure of national self-realization is by more sharply and concretely placing before us certain national limitations, and doing so inevitably because of reasons that belong inherently to the technical construction of plays. A novel like the "Scarlet Letter" is a good novel, but it makes a poor play. It makes a poor play because the especial outlook on questions of love, duty, morality, on which the entire action hinges, has not, with that peculiar shading of rigidity, been held universally by mankind, or even generally; but has, owing to one influence or another, been tempered or assuaged, and the audience, even without knowing it, is uneasily conscious of that fact, and consequently dissatisfied—or, rather, unsatisfied. The same subject makes a good novel, on the other hand, because the novelist's emphasis is laid on the turmoil in the individual souls, not on the outward conditions surrounding them and forcing them to act; and if he is sympathetic and skilful enough he can command attention in that field for as long as he likes, for we all know how far one can go in the individual soul without striking bottom. The spectators, looking on at such a play, are unconsciously trying to relate the community in which the theme unfolds itself with other communities, and concluding that, self-righteous as it is, it is no better than some other communities; therefore they have a feeling of something partial and false; in other words, of something provincial and, as it were, boxed in—without adequate relations to the outside. The soul is sufficient unto itself; and the novelist can create a masterpiece without concern, if he so chooses, for any relations whatever to the outside.

Now, it is precisely in the matter of such outside relations that American plays are sometimes deficient as yet. And this does not mean that plays artistically satisfying must necessarily have a cosmopolitan, a

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metropolitan tone. It does mean, however, that they must have that sense of free relations with the outside which idealism gives. A play like the "Playboy of the Western World" can be as local as the pebbles and weeds by the wayside, but the wind that blows through it circles the globe. There have been American plays in the last few years technically brilliant, extraordinarily faithful to sympathetically interpreted types, through which there stirred never a breath. And it must occur to one that this cannot always be the fault of the playwrights. If too many of our plays, however clever, are "boxed in," this doubtless throws just that side-light on some national American characteristics of which there was mention made. A further side-light may very thinkably come from the fact of the popularity attending on dramas of the underworld. Analytical study of produced plays will show a rather disproportionate amount of material taken from that underside of American life. Why? The more obvious answer is that the playwright in search of incident, black-and-white contrasts, "something doing," would find them more easily in the shady than in the respectable portions of the community. But there is another answer: it is that the underworld still preserves antiquated, picturesque notions concerning certain human characteristics. Heroes, however "tough," must be "noble" at certain junctures (showy or otherwise). Women must be "loyal." Some one, here and there, must be willing to go "any length" to serve another. This, at least, in the underworld of the stage. But sacrificial, until-death sentiments have had little place in current stage portrayals of the American life of law and order. And this is worth thinking about. It is, in fact, worth remembering that idealism has, at times, a curious way of "paying." That it has, indeed, been known to beat materialism at materialism's own game.

HOW often, in my childhood, when the evening shut us in to the cosiness of the family sitting-room, and we gathered about the table and the big lamp, when checkers and dominoes had ceased to be exciting, some inspired member of the group suggested, "Let's read in the Reading Book!"

And then we "chose" and read aloud our favorite poems—it was always the poems which were selected.

> "At midnight, in his guarded tent,
> The Turk was dreaming of the hour
> When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
> Should tremble at his power."

What was there so entrancing about that? We listened spellbound from the moment when Jack—Jack always selected "Marco Bozzaris"—started in with those magic words; and when he came to the hero's battle call— In the old Reading Books.

> "Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
> Strike—for your altars and your fires,
> Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
> God, and your native land!"

it was with difficulty that we kept our hearts within our breasts. I'd give two dollars for an orchestra seat any time now to experience such a thrill as that; but alas, those thrills are not sold with the tickets!

"The Eve of Waterloo" was apt to follow, the same elocutionist usually giving us several numbers in succession, and Jack was partial to midnight excitements.

> "There was a sound of revelry by night."

Ah, Belgium's capital! Whatever other delights you have to offer, my chief interest in you will always lie in the fact that you "gathered then" your beauty and your chivalry!

My heart almost stood still at the words,

> "But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

and I am certain that my own cheeks grew pale, though they had never had a chance to "blush at the praise of their own loveliness."

With what fine effect Jack read, with due rhetorical pauses,

> "The Midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
> The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day
> Battle's magnificently stern array!"

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" was frequently next on the list, and by the time that Ned's turn came, the funeral odes were quite in order.

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."

I for one had no idea who Sir John Moore might have been, but I attended his obse-

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quies with deep reverence, and felt it very solemn and beautiful that

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

But "The Burial of Moses"! Ah, there was poetry for you!

My affection for a writer already well beloved was definitely strengthened when I read, only the other day, that ever since his boyhood Mark Twain had counted "The Burial of Moses" as one of his favorite poems. He read it in a Reading Book first, I am almost certain. I suppose that it must have appeared elsewhere originally, but I find it impossible to associate it with any other book than a well-thumbed old reader.

"But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there."

What a sense of majesty filled us, with the stately march of those lines!

"The Execution of Montrose" was a favorite with Ned.

"There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die."

That was very splendid, of course, but that "ghastly gibbet," even though it was cheated of its spoils, had such a depressing effect upon my imagination that I was glad when Nell's turn came.

We could count on her selection every time:

"So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

We certainly never had, but we girls, especially, had definite anticipations of meeting his equal at some future day.

"Lord Ullin's Daughter" had a sadder fate than fair Ellen, it is true, but there was a chance for a thrill of despair and remorse which was quite worth cultivating, as we stood on the shore with the distracted father.

It disturbed me somewhat. I remember that

"One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover."

That seemed to indicate a division of sentiments of which I could not quite approve.

"The Arab's Farewell to His Steed" was never overlooked. That was frequently my choice. There were several "gulpy" places in that to read:

"Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to meet,"

and

"'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

One had to keep remembering the glorious ending, to steady one's voice through such passages as that, and I can still recall how my throat ached as I triumphantly panted out the lines,

"Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false!—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!"

The S. P. C. A. could go out of business if all children were brought up on such poems as that!

We admired Roland in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix!" What a splendid creature he was, to be sure; but it was the galloping of the verse that pleased us most.

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;"

how those words pounded out!

As time went on and our educations made progress, we had more than one Reading Book. The older ones were never replaced in our affections, but our new Fifth Reader, I remember, contained selections that promptly became favorites.

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled."

We read that with hushed voices. Our own recollections did not go back to the days of the Civil War, but those of our parents did, and when we read

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray,"

tears sometimes came to the eyes of the older ones who were listening.

"The First Snow-fall" gave us tender thoughts, also, but after Nell and I had chosen a few verses of that order, Ned or

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Jack was pretty sure to demand, "Let's end with 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead.'" We girls thrilled at that likewise, and declaimed, "This is my own, my native land," with a spirit that would be applauded in any suffrage meeting.

Those were great hours, and I question if in any other way we could have gained so naturally a response to high thoughts of heroism and a vigorous taste for the very sound of heroic words and stately rhythm.

I wonder sometimes what is the matter with my nieces and nephews. They are bright and original youngsters—how could Jack's or Nell's children help being that?—but when I ask them what they like best to read they look stunned for a second, and evidently are wondering what they can say that will be both polite and truthful! After a little questioning, Dorothea remembers that she likes "The Child's Garden of Verses," and Jack, Jr. thinks "Hiawatha" is pretty good. I find that the construction of the canoe is what he especially appreciates. Margaret prefers "The Idylls of the King" to Carpenter's Geographical Readers!

I find, further, that they are reasonably intelligent about the *lives* of authors and about lists of their works, and that they have really read a good many books—but there isn't a thrill in the family!

"I wish you would bring home your Reading Book to-night, Jack, and read a little to me if you have time," I once ventured to say.

"Why, we can't," Jack replied; "they're collected!" showing well-bred surprise at such a bold request.

"Free text-books, you know, my dear," Jack, Sr. explains. "We don't have to buy school-books any more, except as we pay taxes."

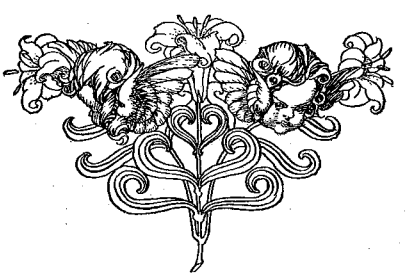
Is that the trouble? I suspect it has much to do with it. The children of this generation keep their Reading Books in hand only during the twenty or thirty minutes of recitation; then they are "collected," and "Arithmetic by a Rational Method" takes their place.

How can the children have any *friendship* with books under those circumstances?

I don't know what should be done about it. I surely do not want hard-worked and underpaid Mike Finnegan to have to go without a pair of shoes in order to furnish Mike, Jr. with an anthology of poetry. But I am sorry for Mike, Jr. I don't see how he can help having a "soul so dead" if he never has a chance to read, over and over again, "Marco Bozzaris" or "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed."

As for my nieces and nephews, they are perhaps to be pitied nearly as much. They have a pretty array of illustrated editions of children's books upon their shelves, but they have no great sense of familiarity with them. They "like" this or that story, but they have no such love of high-sounding words, expressing valiant sentiments, as thrilled the hearts of their parents once upon a time.

I suppose that they may become useful citizens, but I shall always be sorry for them. They will never know, I am convinced, quite that fine rapture which might have been theirs if they had been brought up with a National Preceptor or a Fifth Reader of their very own.



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·THE FIELD OF ART·

A Glimpse of the Sea. By A. H. Wyant.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

SUBJECTS FOR THE PAINTER IN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

ANY American artist who has resided long abroad and who is returning again to Europe after a visit home will be sure to note a certain subtle change in atmospheric conditions as his ship approaches the English Channel. There is a softening of the skies, a blurring of the horizon-line, a diaphanous veil, as it were, drawn across the whole face of nature. This increases steadily, and when the shores of Holland are finally reached, the very sunlight has lost its strength and brilliancy, and appears only as a sort of caressing luminosity which irradiates but does not dispel the universal and all-pervading haze.

This is the beloved European "atmosphere" which is supposed to make of Holland, of Belgium, and of northern France the landscape-painter's paradise.

If, on the other hand, the voyage is westward instead of eastward, the process is reversed. As the ship approaches the American continent the skies are swept and burnished, the haze disappears and the atmosphere becomes clear and vibrant. Nature states her meaning sharply in unmistakable accents, firm, incisive, and perhaps a little staccato to one who has been accustomed to the dreamy suggestiveness of her European language. And observe how clear-cut and defined are the shores when they appear on the horizon—gay and brilliant, and singing in color, if you will, but without the slightest reticence in either color or outline.

When, after a residence of some ten years abroad, I myself returned to America, with the firm resolve thenceforth to devote myself wholly to our own home landscape, I experienced a certain dismay in face of the sharp, crystalline, uncompromising atmospheric conditions which I found prevailing here. The season of my return, moreover, chanced to be mid-October, and the riotous color-scheme which met me on my first trip to the country left me dazed and bewildered. I found myself mentally agreeing with a French artist friend, who had made the trip from Chicago to New York at the same period of the year, and who, in reply to my question as to his impressions of our beautiful autumn coloring, said: "*Mon ami, je n'aime pas la nature dans ses robes de harlequin.*" Would it be possible, I asked myself, to produce poetic or sympathetic pictures where the facts of nature were flung in one's face so crudely, where every line was an edge and every color a glare.

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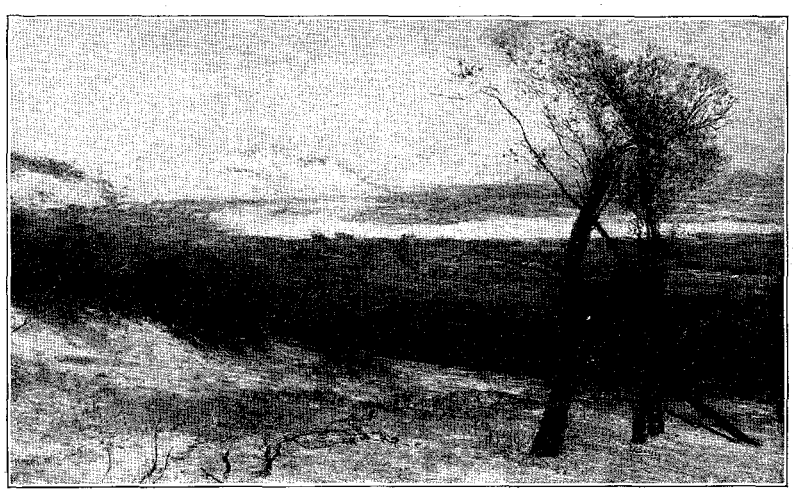
Fortunately, during this first distressing week, I was shown some pictures by the elder Inness. I saw at a glance, of course, that here were works of art of the highest quality—pictures which were most certainly beautiful, although quite as certainly painted under conditions of light and atmosphere with which I was wholly unfamiliar. The owner of these pictures kindly introduced me to the studio of the eccentric old master who had produced them. It was the lunch hour, and we found him munching a graham cracker while he continued painting furiously upon a large picture of Niagara Falls, which stood upon his easel. But in kindly response to my appeal, he presently laid aside his brushes and brought forth from the apparently inextricable confusion of piled-up canvases more of the masterpieces which I had seen in my friend's house—and still more. In half an hour my distress of mind had entirely vanished, had cleared away as if it had never been; for, I thought, if one painter could evolve out of the crude material of American landscape such splendid pictures as I had before me, surely another might hope to draw inspiration from the same source.



Sand Dunes, Lake Ontario. By Homer Martin.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

These pictures were of the kind we have so long known and admired from the same master hand—idyllic effects of sunset, moonlight, gray day, or dawn, whose theme was always some simple pastoral motive of meadows, streams, or spreading trees. I was, therefore, somewhat astonished when, in reply to my question whether he could not direct a young fellow-craftsman to some good painting-ground, not too far from the centre of New York city, he said: "Painting-ground? Go right down into the street; any artist worth his salt can find the material for a lifetime without wandering more than a quarter of a mile from Madison Square."

However, when I put his advice to the test I met only with disappointment. The outlines of the buildings appeared to me hopelessly crude and the color-scheme harsh and unsympathetic. It was only some time later that I discovered the fault to be my own. I was all the time looking for that European atmosphere, which did not and could not exist over here. Not finding this, I was blind to everything else.

But as I wandered about the streets and the parks, studying them under the constantly shifting and kaleidoscopic effects which are peculiar to our changeable climate (it might be at twilight, with the lights reflected in long streamers from the wet pavements, or perhaps twinkling through a blur of snow—on rainy days, at night, or during the Indian-summer days, when the tall sky-scrapers showed only as towering ghosts through the universal purple haze), I came gradually to perceive that here was another kind of beauty which, however much it might differ from that to which I had been so long accustomed abroad, was none the less intrinsic and admirable. As time went on I became more and more fascinated with this strange new loveliness. And now, after thirty years, I have come to hold New York the most beautiful city in the world! Not Paris, nor

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London, nor Rome, nor Antwerp can, in my opinion, compare with it, either in color, in effect, or in the unexpected character and beauty of its piled-up buildings. Even the admitted charm of Venice becomes somewhat petty by comparison; for mere picturesqueness does not necessarily connote *beauty*, and a scene which will make an excellent picture-postal-card will not always make an excellent picture.

I soon found that what was true of New York City was equally true of our American landscape in general. The quality of its beauty differed wholly from that of northern Europe, but it was equally adapted to pictorial expression on canvas. It had only to be approached by a sympathetic temperament and with unprejudiced eyes to yield limitless material for the painter's art. And, inasmuch as nature's moods on this side of the ocean are infinitely more varied than they are abroad, they lend themselves to the most divergent artistic temperaments and permit of a very wide range of personal expression in art.

Finally, it can safely be stated that the field has as yet scarcely been prospected. Between Quebec and New Orleans, between the coast of Maine and California, there are countless beauty spots which are still virgin soil for the artist—each offering motives as different from those of Inness, Wyant, Homer Martin, and Winslow Homer as theirs were from the motives employed by Corot and Mauve, and Millet and Monet. But if our effects are more varied than those of Europe, it must be admitted that they are generally more evanescent and elusive, often hiding away in the mysterious half-lights of dawn and twilight or glimpsing for a fractional moment through some rift in the floating mists. They frequently endure but for a few short minutes, and must be caught, as it were, on the wing. For this reason it is of the first importance that our landscape painters train their memories so thoroughly that they will be able to render in the studio an effect which there is small probability of their ever seeing for a second time in nature. Indeed, all of our strongest men have done this instinctively; and the poetic quality which is a distinguishing feature of the best American landscape is largely due to this habit in our painters.

Autumn Oaks. By George Inness.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

With this wonderful storehouse of beautiful and absolutely new material at our doors, and with a sensitive and highly temperamental race to draw upon for the personnel of our artists, it is fairly safe to predict that the American landscape school of the future is destined to take a very high place in the art annals of the world. Indeed, to those who are in close touch with the current art movement, and especially to those whose privilege it has been to come into intimate contact with our younger generation of painters, it seems certain that before many decades America will have developed a school of landscape art whose output will be sought for as eagerly in Europe as the pictures of the

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Barbizon school are now sought by our own connoisseurs.

If this statement is regarded as unduly optimistic—if it is pointed out that here in America the pictures of our greatest painters still bring pitifully small prices in comparison with the vast sums paid for the work of such foreign masters as Millet, Corot, and Troyon, one can only reply that this has been the rule since art began. The prophet in his own country, or the artist in his own times, has generally received scant honor. The great artist is a seer, whose vision of beauty is always in advance of that of his age. In æsthetic matters he is necessarily the leader, and it could hardly be expected of the mass of humanity, whose eyes have become accustomed to the beauty of the past, that they should at once readjust their vision to the beauty of the future. In the end, however, they can always be depended upon to "catch up," and it thus happens that the iconoclastic innovation of to-day becomes the classic convention of to-morrow. In the meantime the pioneer in art must be content if he receive the plaudits of his fellow-craftsmen, coupled with a very modest competence from the few true connoisseurs among the buyers of pictures.

In company with the lamented Theodore Robinson, I once attended an auction sale of a collection of pictures by Millet, at the old Hôtel Drouot, in Paris. The highest figure reached during the sale was a trifle under three hundred dollars, and certain little masterpieces were knocked down at forty and fifty dollars each. Two of these same canvases have since sold for fifty and sixty thousand dollars, respectively. Corot, it is true, received fairly good prices during his lifetime; but it must be remembered that Corot lived to the age of eighty-seven. Had he died at sixty he would have died a poor man, as did Millet and others of the famous Barbizon school. Here in America, at about the same period, Inness was receiving from one to three thousand dollars for his best landscapes; and even higher prices are being paid to-day by American buyers for landscapes by living American painters. It would therefore appear that the charge of lack of appreciation of our native art by American connoisseurs does not hold. The truth is that in no other country has exceptional artistic ability received more immediate and more substantial recognition. The "Field of Art" in a recent issue of this magazine published a long list of the new art museums and art associations which have been founded in America during the past few years, and to this list others are being added almost monthly. Indeed, the growth of the movement is so rapid that ten years hence there will scarcely be a town of any importance in the country without its public art centre. The chief object of these institutions is to make permanent collections of pictures which shall be at all times open to the public, and in the formation of these collections the preference is almost invariably given to the work of American painters. In some instances very important sums have been set aside exclusively for the purchase of American pictures. Two notable examples of this sort are the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars a year in St. Louis for the purchase of works by American artists, and a fund of nearly equal importance raised in Chicago by the "Friends of American Art" for a like purpose. And as every such movement is an educational centre, fostering in the individual a love of beauty and a desire to possess beautiful things, it seems highly probable that in the near future the energies of our painters and sculptors and architects and household decorators will be taxed to the utmost to fill the growing demand for their output. It would therefore appear that the two conditions essential to the development of a great national art—the demand and the ability to fill this demand—have met here in our own day and our own country. It would, of course, be a difficult task to fix with precision the position of contemporary American art in comparison with the current art of the various European nations; but I shrewdly suspect that if it were possible to establish the exact art centre of the world—as statisticians establish a centre of population—the present focal point would be found to be somewhere near the centre of the Atlantic Ocean. In an article describing the art exhibit at the Roman International Exposition, Mr. Harrison Morris classed the nations in the following order: First, America, leading easily; second, England; third, Germany; fourth, France; and the others strung along as you please. If this estimate should be challenged as the somewhat chauvinistic report of an interested observer, no one, at any rate, will question its sincerity; and that it should be advanced at all is an interesting indication of the change that has taken place since the time of our own Centennial Exhibition, when American art had perforce to be content with the lowest place on the list.

BIRGE HARRISON.

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